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SILK AND SCARLET.

SILK

AND

SCARLET.

BY

THE DRUID,

AUTHOR OF "SADDLE AND SIRLOIN," "SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT," ETC.

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SILK AND SCARLET.

CHAPTER I.

DICK CHRISTIAN AGAIN.

"A gentleman who practically explains all the above accomplishments, to the great edification of young horses, and the no less astonishment of weak minds."

DICK CHRISTIAN had practically sounded the depth of every ditch and brook in Leicestershire, for more than half a century; but its foxhunters had never half sounded him in return. They little knew what a capacity for authorship, which was not destined to blossom until its seventy-eighth spring, lurked in that thickset frame and merry twinkling eye; and until, when a graver task was ended, I sought him out at Melton last summer, and discussed the chances of a second Lecture with him, I was nearly as much in the dark myself. Seated beneath the chestnut shade of "Norton, by Beningboro'," I found him as remarkable in his language as he had been when I gave him his first trial eighteen months before, and firmer than ever in his hero-worship of Mr. Assheton Smith, Sir James Musgrave, and Captain White. It was not for any lack of epistolary stimulants on his part, that I delayed my visit so long. He fairly thirsted to be in print once more; and the post had brought me an admonition to this effect, "You don't

know what injury you're doing yourself, delaying my lecture so long." It seemed to me that we had indulged enough in mere table-talk; and hence I determined to make a gig survey of Leicestershire with him, and ask him to point out to me the leading hunting features in that Waterloo of his existence, where he had so often fallen and fought again to-morrow. The season was hardly in character with the trip. Thorpe Trussells was radiant with dog-roses, and honeysuckles clustered amid the hedges of Ashby Pasture; but he assured me that his hunting recollections were just as vivid, summer or winter, and soon sketched out a pretty comprehensive journey, through the Belvoir, the Cottesmore, and the Quorn. Three sunny mornings we sallied merrily on our way; and although Dick added another tumble to his Mammoth bead-roll, and the jolting occupation-roads threatened at intervals to play havoc with my notes, I found his geography of the most jocular order, and travelled over his memory as follows.

RIDE THE FIRST.

"What gallant run did brave Meltonians share,
But thou wast 'forward,' or the foremost there?"

Dick gives a general sketch of his health.

I'M right glad you've come. What a many have been asking me when they're to have this new lecture of mine. In Essex they were always at me. What fun I've had down there at Sir Thomas's! We were jumping all day, doubles, rails, stake and bounds, never off it. Grand horse that Sir John of his. I was there nigh three months; but I got a bad cold. The doctor was sent for to me. He comes, and I tells him my age; he handles me. "*One of your lungs*," he says, "*is as sound as wax, but the other's not quite the thing.*" Then he asks me which side I sleeps on, and I says,

"I used to sleep on my right side, now I goes on my left." "*Ah!*" he says, "*I have it: you're as sound on your left side as any child; it's a touch of the liver;*" bad cold, something like the agey. So I come back to Melton.

They've got quite to call me "*The Emperor*" down here. I heard nothing of it till Mr. Kirk, he comes to me at Croxton Races, and he says, "*Why, Dick, you've got a new name. It will be from that lecture of yours.*" One or two of them were on me about it at the cricket match. The Quorn and Cottesmore farmers, on a market day, they give me no peace of my life. They've all got my lecture; and they learn bits out of it, and keep pitching 'em at me; I can't walk up the street but one or another begins with me. It's just the same at the meet; and the gentlemen is quite as fond of the game. The ladies make much of me. They've took to that lecture uncommonly. They say they never just properly know'd before what an owdacious man I'd been.

The effect of his "*Post and Paddock*" Lecture on society in general; and on the ladies in particular.

I once jumped a whole flock of sheep near Gadesby, in Mr. Osbaldeston's time. I think we'd found at the Coplow. They had scruddled into a corner, just like that near those pens. The hounds were running like mad. I was leading. I sends my horse at the rails, and clears the sheep, every one of 'em. My horse he hits the top of the rail, and goes clean bang on to his head. The shepherd, he shouts, "*Now hang you, that just sarves you right.*" I says, "So it does, old fellow," and I gathers myself up, and goes on, and we kills the fox at Ragdale. No one would credit it; it's as true as I've this whip in my hand. Deary me! how horses has rolled on me times and often—squeezed—bones broke—all that sort of thing! If I were to tell all the good runs I've seen, it would fill a ledger. I

He jumps a flock of sheep.

began hunting when I was eight years of age, and I've never missed a season since. I rode second horse for Sir Gilbert. Mr. George Watson, he once said to him, "*You'll kill that boy, riding day after day without stirrups.*" I wasn't hurt a bit in that sheep job. Bless you, I could turn a somersault in them days, when I felt the horse going. I throwed myself clean over his head, and always ketched on my legs; no end of gentlemen saw it. I sold that horse that very day to the Duke of Montrose; he was Marquis of Graham then; he lodged along with Colonel Powis, where the lawyer lives now.

Recollections of Sysonby Hall.

There's Sysonby Hall, first place you comes at. Wellesley Pole, they made him Lord Maryborough, lived there. Lord Maynard lived at it once. Wright was at Sysonby Farm. He was a great man with Lord Plymouth. This was all his land where we are now—(it wasn't Bill Wright, of Uppingham, the dealer; nothing of the sort); he sold Sir Harry a many horses. Lord Plymouth gave him Juniper to travel with, and Breny Hawken, coal-black all over; wide in his ears; I broke 'em both, and a sight of trouble they gave me. Captain Ross bid my lord a thousand guineas for Juniper, to run the steeple-chase against Clasher. Blythe of Sysonby Hall, was a very hard-riding man. There's a Wright at this farm now, no relation of the other.

He discusses ages with Mr. Cradock.

Now, there's Mr. Cradock; dash me, but we must have that in. Him and I's hunted the country longest of anybody. No; blame me, there's Lord Jersey; I musn't forget him; and Parson Empson. We met at this very Sir Harry's cover, and he says, "*Well, old boy, how are you? I forget which is oldest, you or me.*" "*I'll speak presently,*" I says.—"*I was born in March '79, and I think, sir, you would have comed about August '78;*" and he says, "*I'll be bound you're right.*" Them were the very words we had, plump before all the gentle-

men at the side of this very cover. That Wright I was telling you of, this was his farm we're driving over. There's a litter of foxes in it this year. I'm glad of it. They talked of doing away with it; it's been blank so often. There'll be some seventeen acres of this cover. When I first knew those trees round it, they were no higher than my knee, now they're toppers. We'll pull up at this gate. There you've just got a proper view of the covers. Yonder's Ashby Pasture, right on there. Well, I never did see so much keep in the country. My eyes! what a crop of peas! You wouldn't like any farming remarks?

Goodricke's Gorse.

That's "The Great City," just below you—Welby; some people call it that. See what a funny old church! There's not half-a-dozen houses in the parish. Over there's Six Hills. I've known 'em come from Shoby Scholes, right over all this fine country to Belvoir. Look, what a nice view you get of that great church now! That's Goodyer's Gorse, just over the hill. Old Mr. Goodyer made it. I knew him well; he was a terrible keen foxhunter; like the stay of Melton at that time. That's his house where Mr. Coventry is now: where Sir Harry lived. He made a terrible noise out hunting; he used to enjoy it so; he'd holler the moment he could; gruff rather, but very good language, only so noisy. He was a great cock breeder; fight with anybody. He always rode in yellow breeches, and a groom's scarlet coat, with great laps, and a white collar; his hat was as round as a plate; he'd cuff along uncommon; heavyish man; such a droll good sort of fellow; he made the gentlemen laugh; he was particklar noticed for hollering, all in fun; he was a quiet man enough; it raised his spirits so, but he never spoiled no hunting.

The late Mr. Goodyer.

I used to come here reg'lar to practise in the season. That's a nice little brook. Many's the time

I've made them hop over it. When I was with Mat Milton, I've actually been here of a morning before I could see the fences. Mat gave me five guineas a week, board and lodging. I just lived as he did, meat and drink; best as was. He lent me King Richard, by Dick Andrews. He was Crockford's horse, and a great favourite for the Derby, but the lad lamed his leg the night before the race; he was, no doubt, hired to it. I used to make all Mat's hunters. Many a thousand times I've been three hours over these fields before we went out hunting; two or three tumbles reg'lar before breakfast. We had sometimes nine horses out; we rode three half-way to cover, then three were posted for the other half, and three when we got there; we jumped 'em all the way; for all that, we couldn't get them ready quick enough. He sold ninety-six horses to the Melton gentlemen one season I was with him. It's as true as I'm sitting in this gig alive.

His Mat Milton engagement.

Poor little Matty! I killed him. He used to cry sadly. Old Matty would make him follow me. I well nigh drownded him two or three times. My reg'lar orders were to "*go and ketch 'em*," and the little chap was never to leave me. Mat always said that he would lick him, if he stopped; but he never did, that I heard of; he was a kind-hearted man, only such a blackguard, and always bankrupt; never out of that mess. Blame me, he would get him home after hunting, and nurse him like a woman. How he did take on if he was ill! he was such a nice little boy, only fourteen, and never an ounce above five stone. I was ten stone then; I never got heavier till I had the small-pox second time, when I was fifty years of age, just about; wasn't it curious? I brought him up just as I wur brought up myself. That was what Matty wanted. I mind when old George the Third died, he put us both in mourning alike; he was a loyal sort of fellow, with all his coarse

Education of little Matty.

talk; and gave us both new green suits, with black buttons, to hunt in. Nice little lad! he was quite broke down with consumption early, and he only came for a very little bit the next season. A frost come, and I went with him as far as Northampton; he went on horseback; he said he'd never see me no more. I was grieved, just. His father lived where Quartermaine does now. At those very owdacious places, poor little fellow, he used to holler out, "*Where are you?*" He couldn't spy me, for them bulfinches; he didn't know if I wur up or down. We never turned the horses' heads, but went bang at them. Lucky if we only got three falls a day. He was so light, he used to bound up again like a ball. Captain White and Mr. Maxse, they did so enjoy seeing us at it. When they got to one of them reg'lar stitchers, they used to say, "*Here's Dick and Matty coming; they'll have it.*" They'd served us that way so often, we know'd what they meant. I was not so forward in those days, with the lad to mind. When I see them, I says, "*Matty, here's a rum un on afore us; take fast hold of his head, and don't fear nothing.*" I always put him on those I knew to be perfect. Sir James Musgrave used to back us against the fences. Once I sees them coming on the road to meet us, I thought there was something up, and there it was, a great big stile and steps, and a deep ditch. I hears Sir James say to Mr. Maxse, "*I'll bet you twenty guineas he comes over it;*" and my word we won it for him.

On the Turnpike.

We've got pretty well out of this rough travelling now. There's a place we must have a touch at. Wright's Lodge, it's called. He was a great man with Sir Harry, bred lots of cocks, always a good sporting chap, but he never kep a hunter. Now, we're on the Nottingham road; we'll go spanging along. There's Scalford Gorse, that was, just behind Old Hills. Them's the Duke's, mind you, both of 'em. It's a beautiful country, but not like

Ranksboro'. That's your country. There's a bit of a peck I had in this hollow, if it's worth while putting down. It was in a ditch full of mud. I was on Marigold, the mare I jumped down that hill with. I was only schooling of her. She went right backards, plump in. I claps my hand on the saddle, and vaults clean over her head. Flat on her back she lays, and I held her head up, or she'd have been smothered. Dal! that's the very place. There was some of them ditching; one of 'em—Judd—John Judd—that's it—he says, "*I hear some one a hollering; I'll lay any money it's Christian in that 'ere ditch.*" They gets cart-ropes, and pulled her out. The mud was wedged in like mortar from the pommel to the cantle. It did her good; she never drops short in a ditch no more. That's Old Hills—they never miss finding; nice great place. That's the Holwell Honey Clump, it's a mark for fox-hunters thirty miles away.

Marigold's Mud Bath.

I had a queer go near here one day in Matty's time. I had three horses out, two of 'em placed for me. The first stood still with me, going through those sheep pens on the right yonder; the second was close by, and then I tires it. Two farmers, John Parkes and Jack Perkins—them were two owdacious boys at that time of day—had been riding against me like fury, and never left me. I gets on to my third horse, and rode him to the end of the run. Matty sold him for 300 guineas; he wasn't worth a hundred. What luck it was! The other horses nicks in so handy that day, they didn't know but this was the same horse I started with; you couldn't tell the three asunder; all of 'em bays. It's a real fact, I did the changing so sly; be hanged if they knew. How pleased old Mat was! He popped it on stiff; but the gentlemen, they'd just as soon then give two or three hundred as one. Blame me, the more you asked them, the better they liked it.

He does the hard-riding farmers.

This is Kettleby. You see this public, the Sugar Loaf — it was my walking ground. Gad! it made me puff up these hills. Many's the time I've done it with three stone of clothes on my back; going into Melton so beat. I had a drop of warm gin-and-water in here, and then off back again. I walked hard for Clinker, not so much to get off flesh as to keep in wind. I could do it like nothing then. I often got off 4 or 5lbs. in a walk. The gentlemen used to be all along this road before Croxton Park. Captain White was a grand walker. "*Sharpish work for me, old boy, this morning,*" he used to say when I meets him. They didn't like that muzzling work. Sir Harry Goodricke and me was in training three weeks for that match with Mr. Osbaldeston, which never come off; he'd not have rode less than thirteen, saddle and all together; stout, fine-made fellow; always took a deal of exercise, or he'd have been very lusty. The Waste Walk,

I've done a good deal of wasting; hot weather, hot liquor; heat agin heat, as long as ever you live; in hot weather gin-and-water, strong as blazes, as hot as ever you can; I've experienced it. I once kept to nothing but gin and gingerbread for a whole week to get to my weight. That steeple-chase come off close against London. Beecher won on Eliza, and Jem Mason was second; and Grimaldi beat off. I rode Caliph again at Ross. I hurt my hand; you see the mark there to this day. That all comes of trying a four-pound saddle. I was in dreadful pain, but they ties it up, and I comes out to ride Bones for the next race. General Gilbert was the starter. You see, he knew me so well. So I says to him, quietly, "General! give us an item." Just as he drops the flag, I kept a watching of him, and he tips me the wink, and I jumps off with a thundering good start. It was twice round, but they never fairly and its suggestions. Steeple Chasing.

reached me. One of them, a mare, I forget her name, gets to my knee, but never no farther. They wanted to chair me round the town; but I says, "*I'll have none of that, I'm not a Parliament man, it may do well enough for such likes as them!*" I thought they'd have killed me with drink; every one wanting to stand. An apple's a grand thing to bite when you're very much beat after a race. I had rode those heats for Mr. Lorraine Smith, at Leicester. I wasn't prepared, never knew I was to ride till I got there. I was all but fainting in the weighing-house. There was a doctor or two wanted to be on with brandy-and-water, and all that; but I says, "*Bring me an apple;*" and I bites it and comes round entirely. He didn't write all the Billesdon Coplow song, did Mr. Lorraine Smith. They say Mr. Bethell Cox, of Quorley wrote part;* he was such a queer old boy, with one hand; one day he forgets, and he unscrews the false one while he is dancing a quadrille, and it comes off while a lady were holding it; she were sore afraid, poor thing.

Jem Mason.

I know'd Jem Mason well. He used to be at the Dove House, at Pinner, with Tilbury, when he was a lad. I'll be bound he wouldn't be above fifteen when he first rode up from Stilton there. The whole place was laid out with fences, and a race course. They tell me the railway cuts clean across it now, somewhere nigh the Pinner Station. Tilbury had as many as two hundred hunters at one time. Lots of them came down here; Captain Fairlie's Wing was one of them. He mounted Count Sandor, did Tilbury; him that Mr. Ferneley drew all those pictures of. I mind Jem first rode The Poet in the St. Alban's Steeple-chase. The boys at Harrow rigged him out, and talked about nothing else for

* From inquiries we have made, we believe there is no doubt that Mr. Lowth, son of Robert Lowth, Bishop of London, wrote the whole.

a month. He had to carry three stone dead weight. The horse stopped at his first fence, but he beat them in a canter; nineteen on 'em. Old Tilbury and Jem used to come to Brixworth every year with horses. Jem jumped Winwick mill-dam one journey, and set the whole field. The hounds killed four fields on. My word, Sir Thomas Whichcote regularly did him and a lot of hard riders two seasons ago. They run from Colston cover. Jem gets first to a high gate, near Buckminster, and he gets off to open it; Sir Thomas comes up, and jumps it clean on Kegworth—him that he bought at Sir Richard's sale. Sir Thomas says, when the gentlemen talks of it, "*Precious hard if* 320 *guineas can't pound somebody.*" It was a deal spoke of. Jem never did no good with Lottery till he rode him with Josh Anderson's stag-hounds. He always had a double-reined snaffle and martingale. I see Jem once come down here for a match; I don't mean that Abd-el-kader one. It was Tilbury had the match on, but the gentleman run back; same ground as Clinker and Clasher; the horse had to go over the ground. I had one of Watson of The George's horses then, and I galloped the ground with him as if we were racing. Blame me, if he could have licked me; he was not a horse of much vally, no fashion, but a clipping jumper. He'se driving a roaring horse trade now, is Jem, in London.

How Sir T. Whichcote pounded him on Kegworth.

Yes, I remember Bill Wright of Uppingham: he was a good-hearted chap, but such very vulgar language. Bill and me were always partickler intimate; boys together in the racing stables. We once quarrelled out hunting with Lord Lonsdale! If we didn't get to horse-whipping each other! We did indeed; for three miles, and straight across country; cut for cut. It was from Preston Gorse in the Prior's Coppice country; all the gentlemen shouting "*Well done, Dick!*" "*Well done, Bill!*"

Affray with Bill Wright;

It pleased them uncommonly. We took our fences reg'lar all the time ; if he was first over he stopped for me ; if I had fell he'd have jumped on me ; and blamed if I wouldn't have jumped smack on top of him. We fought back-hand—this way—any way we could cut. Dal! I was as strong as an elephant then ; we pulled our horses slap bang up against each other ; he gives me such tinglers on the back and shoulders ; but I fetches him a clip with the hook-end of my whip on the side of the head—such a settler—and gives him a black eye. Then I says, "*Bill, will you have any more, I'm ready prepared for you?*" We were like brothers almost, after that. It was all a mistake ; he thought I had been finding fault with a grey horse he wanted to sell. It would be six weeks before we spoke. It was Reeve, of the Falcon Inn at Uppingham, brought that about. We had left off at Launde Wood, and I stopped there for gruel. Reeve says, "*What's this between you and Bill? I'll stand a bottle of wine to see you make it up ; let me send for him, and see you shake hands in this very parlour?*" "*Well!*" I says, "*I don't malice him, if he don't malice me.*" So he comes, and we had a glass together, all right. We were the biggest of friends after that, Bill and me. Wright of Sysonby, sold lots of horses to Lord Plymouth, for great prices. Mr. Greene got Sysonby of him before he come of age, and the two could go just. He was nearly as good as "the bay mare ;" (singular thing Mr. Greene never gave her a name) ; but not so great through dirt. Sysonby gave Mr. Smith and Shac-a-bac a rare showing up in the Harboro' country ; it was a strange wild day ; they found in a patch of gorse near Gumley. The wind blew the scent, and the hounds flashed over it. Mr. Smith rides Gadesby first, and then on to Shac-a-bac ; they had an hour and twenty minutes racing all the way. There was only him and Mr. Greene left. All on a sudden Shac-a-bac starts a

and their Happy Reconciliation.

Mr. Greene and Sysonby.

grunting, and stops; Mr. Greene whips off Sysonby, and says, "*You get on my horse, they're running for their fox.*" On Mr. Smith goes with Sysonby, and then Mr. Greene nicks in with Gadesby, and gets on him and finishes. There they was, at the kill, same horses they'd started on, only riders changed; singular thing, wasn't it?

The Flying Blue Coats.

Bill Wright was one of what they called "The Blue Coats;" nothing stopped 'em; such crashers, they'd hardly wait for hounds to get on the scent; long blue coats and gilt buttons. Let me see: give me time; I'll have 'em all. There'll be George Marriot, Jonathan King of Beeby (he bred Tilton and a many first-raters), Wright of Sysonby, Jack Wing, the two Gambles, Jack Fryatt (the Julius Cæsar and Vivaldi man), John Woodcock, Jack Deverill, Bramley of Bushby, Bill Blower of Rotherby; (I tutored him; his father gave me many a sovereign for noticing him; what a sight of money he's made by hunters!) Tomlin of Lye Lodge, Williamson of the Coplow, Sam and Bill Henton of Ragdale, Gamboy Henton of Hoby, Frank Needham, Carver of Ingoldsby—he made nigh 2000 guineas for seven colts out of one mare. I can't think of no more; Heycock came after these. What a fellow Heycock was to ride! Dash me, I knew such a break with him and Sir James. He'd just got a new Shropshire horse, had Sir James; always went there for them if he could; as like as apples they all were; a great man for a grey if he could get one—he bought a many of Tom Smart—he'd give three or four hundred, as soon as look at it. So Heycock comes up to him, out hunting, "*How d'ye like your new horse, Sir James?*" "*Pretty well,*" Sir James says, "*only he makes me a little nervous; he hits his timber.*" "*I'll tell you what to do,*" says Heycock. "*Take him out by yourself, quite private, and give him two or three heavy falls over timber; I always do it.*"

Mr. Heycock's Recipe.

There was such a laugh; he was such a desperate chap that way. "*God bless me, Mr. Heycock, you make my hair stand on end.*" Them was Sir James's very words; and he was a precious hard un too was Sir James. Sir Charles Knightley teached his noted black horse Benvolio that way; he sends him like a gun through two gates, and he jumps the third clean enough. Heycock rode Clinker in that great steeple-chase from Noseley Wood to Billesdon Coplow, nearly four miles. He'd have won if the bridle hadn't come off. He would have the double bridle changed for a snaffle. They hadn't taken up holes enough; and when it come off at a fence, the horse wouldn't let him put it on again. One horse came from Essex; a cobby-looking thing; they told him at starting he wouldn't tell, at the end of three fields, where they'd gone, and it came out true. King of the Valley gave me a deal of trouble that day; he was such a great big horse I couldn't get him up at his fences. We had all an hour given us to see the ground after we'd weighed in Mr. Greene's laundry. Bill Wright wouldn't stir, but sat on with his pipe and porter, and rode as well as any of us.

The Steeple-chase from Noseley Wood.

That's Holwell Mouth—we'll be there directly; ain't it almost like a punch-bowl? The Quorn can't come no further than here; they're a bit jealous of each other, and they're never done drawing it. It's really in the Duke's Hunt, but I've seen the Quorn draw it for years and years. The gentlemen get all along at that side, and some at the other corner. There's such a spring of water down there, if you can find it. There's been an old rusty bowl chained to it this many a year—didn't I tell you it was first-rate? Clawson Thorns is a great cover—what a cover it is! That Marigold leap of mine's close here; people came to see it from Nottingham, when it got into the paper. Dash me! only to think

Holwell Mouth and The Vale.

it's a plantation now, and they've filled it up from bottom to top. She was a beautiful mare, this Marigold, but very bad to break; she throwed two of my sons, and no end of grooms, but she never got rid of me. Mr. Coke had another bay mare with her; he gave 300 guineas for the pair, at three years old. They were both bred by one farmer at Scalthorpe, just by here. Field Nicholson had them in Lincolnshire, to learn them fencing, but he was too hasty with them; so Mr. Coke sends them to me, and I had a tough fortnight's job of it. Field Nicholson was always a great man with Sir Harry Goodricke; him and Tom Brooke of Croxby first come for a fortnight to Melton together, and stopped at The George. The fences in the Vale are tremendous, when you comes at them—stake and bounds—wide ditches—timber very big, as big again as these 'ere, when you get where the grazing ground is. I once hear a great shooter—a reverend gent—say he fairly stood and trembled before a Vale fence, to think how he could get over. Sometimes they goes right away for Widmerpool—by Broughton, Hickling, and Colston Bassett way—and sometimes they bends short to Piper Hole. That's Wartnaby Stone Pits— good laying—gorse and thorns-like; it's been a great meet ever since I can remember. Sir James Musgrave, he was always uncommon fond of the Ranksboro' country, and the Rolleston country; Mr. Osbaldeston, he liked Barkby Holt, and Dalby and Gartree; poor Sir Richard, I think he'd be more for Six Hills and them parts—we'll be at them directly. It's precious hot. Blame me, if you ain't dropping off to sleep! You'd nigh missed Cant's Thorns—that's one of them bye-covers; what a country they have to Harboro', thirty miles right on end! I've ridden in a run from it, and grass all the way. Not half a mile from that's Lord Aylesford's cover: rare things I've seen from that, right away to

The Road to Six Hills.

Oakham. That's Mundy's Gorse—small, enclosed country, and plenty of foxes. Lord Suffield had such a clipper from here; fourteen miles clean away to Colwick, side of the Trent. See! that's Shoby Scholes—there, on the other side of the trees. There's a reed pond in one part; that's where Tom Sebright put the double on "Perpetual Motion." I think he was a Belvoir fox; he mostly took off that way. I've seen a many good runs from it, and bushels of beaten horses; they so often brought a fox from other places there.

The Six Hills Country.

This is the Six Hills country. Dal! there's nothing that's not happened to me in it; the fences are quite jumpable, but most of it's plough. The horses can't stand on above half an hour, if they keep straight on without a check. The fields are small, none of them above ten acres. They're always a jumping; single fence with a ditch; some of them a ditch on both sides; ditches not very wide, but wide enough to throw a horse down. The slower you ride at them the better; they only want a handy horse, a perfect hunter, not a flying horse.

His Huntsman Career.

I had a long time with hounds, as whip to Sir Gilbert. I never did much as a huntsman, except once or twice when Abbey was not out. I could tootle a bit. Bedad! you should have heard Sir Richard blow his horn; that was music, I believe you. Old Abbey was a bit of a musician, that way; I couldn't blow much. Jack Davis, of the Rufford, he can make it rally out. I could holler, and speak to a hound pretty well, but I had only a middling voice. I once made a bit of a hit when I had hold of the hounds, just over a road. Lord Lonsdale was out. "*Richard*," he says (he always spoke that way), "*Richard, that's as fine a cast as I ever saw made; you quite deceived me.*" We brought the fox from Mankrie Wood, close to The Bull at Witham Common, seven or eight miles, slap through Woodwell

Head, right away to Melton Spinney. My horse was so beat, he could just trot—that was all he could do. Blame me, he couldn't walk, and he couldn't gallop; if he offered to walk, he slipped down. Mr. Charles Manners and one Flintham were out, and they went and stopped the hounds. It's truth; I never told a lie in my life, that I know of.

His Bulfinch Meditations.

That's a bulfinch, not half a good one though; not stiff enough through. Come, there we have it at last. Them's the bulfinches; them's the stitchers. They're thickest about Ashby Pasture and Barkby Holt. In old times, we used to go slap-bang at them, hollering like fun, to cheer up horses and men. Captain White was a good un at that game. How he would holler, to be sure! Those are rails, just; a horse 'ud want a deal of handling at them; if we didn't get their fore legs high enough, their knees 'ud get below it, and over they goes; their tails often came clean bang into my face; my word, it made you look out sharp. What a one the Captain's Merry Lad was for rails in a corner! he popped over, for all the world like a deer. You see Mundy's Gorse over there, it's got regular earths, and Ella's Gorse beyond it. Walton Thorns' to our left; it's a square cover, all gorse. Now we're on the Foss Road; they call that Thrussington Wolds. It's a long woody cover, not a gorse.

A Day with Marigold.

I had a good bit of fun from this cover in Mr. Hodgson's time. I'll tell you how it was. Mr. Coke, he was partickler proud of this Marigold, and he wanted her to do something to be talked about. So I gets a message by his groom that I was to ride her at Six Hills next day. "*You've to wait,*" says the groom, "*whiles Mr. Coke comes.*" I was quite struck what the deuce he meant; I thought her so perfect a mare. So I waits, and up comes Mr. Coke. "*I want you to ride her,*" he says. "*Mind you do your best with her; go into the cover with the*

hounds, and never leave them." So in I went; and I'm blamed if he wasn't waiting to see me come out—great dry ditch, and cut and bound hedge. "*Now, that's well done,*" he says; "*go on, and keep with the hounds.*" It was the beautifullest run of an hour and a half; they viewed him the last mile afore they killed him, close by the water-mill in the Navigation by Ratclyffe. Mr. Burbidge, he rides up to me. "*What, Richard, you've had a glass too much, to go that way; you never stopped at gates or nothing, and you beat us all clean out.*" The gentlemen comes up when we had killed, and they says, "*Now, Coke, what do you think of it?*" He says, quite short, "*It's very satisfactory, I think.*" So there was something in it I didn't know of. Captain White was up to it. I hears him, about a field behind me, hollering all the way, "*Go along, old fellow! go and ketch him, gentlemen!*" The Captain was always for me; he kept hardening me on. I don't think I'd ever have gone at such fences, but he had such a pleasant way with him; never done hollering at me. I couldn't help going a tickler.

Influence of Captain White on his character.

This Thrussington was a shiny place in Sir Harry's time; capital doings there. They've pulled all the kennels down. They're not much of cooks at that public-house; they cut the ham as thick as my thumb; you didn't make much way with it. Barkby we can't see from here. This is Brooksby; nice place, ain't it? Hay smells prime, don't it? There's land as is land! General Grosvenor lived here, and then Lord Cardigan a bit. It was a great meet in Mr. Meynell's time. They drew Cream Gorse and Ashby Pastures; it was all open like a common; there was no trotting by bridle-roads then.

Brooksby.

Mr. Meynell and Mr. Noel, I mind they once joined in the Ranksboro' country. Noel's had all the best of it: Arthur Abbey hunted

Lord Lonsdale's Hounds.

them. Mr. Smith and Lord Lonsdale clashed three times, when I was out, and Mr. Smith got the fox every time. Lord Suffield's once crossed Lord Lonsdale's when they were a going from Tilton to Owston Wood; Lambert drew his hounds into a corner of a field, and let 'em pass. Lord Lonsdale's were not so quick in the open, but they had the longest runs. They had a fine wild country, and they were capital killers. They went off latterly; I've seen 'em run tail for a mile. They was never so good after the madness; that would be in 1830. Lambert wasn't so keen. My lord, he built a kennel at Stocking Hall; then he brings them back to Cottesmore, and lived there a many years. He was a grand man for hounds, was his lordship; there are many who think they know, but it's not thinking as will do it.

The Packs of old.

The oldest gentleman as kept hounds in this county was that Mr. Noel, of Exton. The hounds were still kept at Cottesmore. Arthur Abbey was his huntsman; he was a big, heavy man, with a rasping, strong voice. Many a tuppence I've had for taking off his spurs, when he come home from hunting. Lord Gainsborough kept on the hounds as usual after Mr. Noel; and when he dies, Lord Lonsdale (Sir William Lowther as was then) took to them with Philip Payne. Philip was a first-rate little fellow—always swore by Lord Lonsdale's blood. His lordship gives them up to Sir Gilbert for a few years, and then he had 'em back again. The first time I hunted the Quorn country was with Mr. Meynell, in March, 1796. We met at Langton Caudle, tried that and Welham spinneys, Stanton and Glooston woods; found at the Fallow Closes, and killed; then we found in Stockersten Wood, and losses him near Hallaton Fern. What a wonderful man he was to holler! shrill voice, good language. He rode small horses with short-cut tails. Jack

Mr. Meynell.

Raven was taller than Mr. Meynell. I don't see any improvement in hounds myself; I don't. The Harboro' country was his fancy. Mr. Meynell gave up in 1800. Jack Shirley was one of his whips. He was an owdacious fellow; big and stout, with a rough voice. He was a great man with Mr. Smith; and Sir Richard, in Lincolnshire.

Another Tumble. We'll get a short cut down here past Cream Gorse. Dal! if I know much about these roads; I've been across these fields thousands of times, too, with the hounds, and out larks with the gentlemen. I scarcely ever fell when I was out larks. I've been fox for the gentlemen all over the country; it didn't signify what part of the country you were in if they wanted to have a lark; be it where it would. There was an assize job at that house; a poor lad got murdered. I don't just see how we'll get out of this field; we must just go back through the gate. What's coming?—

* * * *
* * * *

There's a go! Oh dear! Get to the horse's head! I wish we'd never comed here. I kep on a talking, and you a writing, and we never saw that grip. What a balcher I comes out of the gig! I drove my nose right into the ground: then you tumbles out on top of me, and pins my legs right down. There's above twelve stone of you! I always likes to hitch my legs away, and you fairly held 'em fast. I thought the wheels would be over me. It's all very well—you've done nothing but laugh at me these ten minutes; but your hat's quite as bad knocked in as mine. There's your note-book—I see it come flying over my head; that 'ull be your pencil, in that tuft of grass. Deary me! how Captain White would have laughed, if he had seen us! This pimple's bleeding on my nose; it was in the ground, I don't know how deep. That 'ull only be a graze on my eyebrow; I'm

bleeding badly, though. Just lead the horse, and I'll get to this pond, and get you to give me a bit of a rub-down. It's a bad job trying these short cuts, except you're on a horse; we must keep it snug when we gets to Melton.

We'll be right now; I'm for leaving the road no more. Sing'lar thing, wasn't it, we should have had that tumble together? I'm always in for them things. Barkby Holt's too far for us to touch at; you can just see it through yonder, if you stand up; but it's such a deuce of a misty day, with all this heat. That line of trees is Cream Gorse; now we're straight for Ashby Pasture. Aye! it's quite a wood! People see those pictures, and they fancy it's a bit of a gorse. Pretty place this Thorpe Trussells; it looks quite like a flower-garden now; don't it? How sweet the roses and honeysuckles smell! Take the reins. I must just step out, and get a bunch for my old woman; she's such a one for flowers—the house is chock-full of them. Mr. Greene, he was wonderful fond of Thorpe Trussells; some clipping runs he had from it. I wasn't in the country when he was master. He showed 'em some rare sport—never finer, they tell me—and only a scratch pack to begin with. Tom Day handled them wonderful. We're at Gartree Hill now. Mr. Osbaldeston's fox lived here; he was a dark-coloured one; most of the great runs I've seen have been with them sort. He always came out reg'lar at one point, and gave 'em ten miles of it through Leesthorpe, Cold Overton to the right; they lost him in Branson Field—Oakham Pastures that was. They never could make him out; he must have got into some drain they didn't know of.

Ashby Pasture and Thorpe Trussells.

That's Buttermilk Hill, and Burrow Hills over to the right, where Lord Cardigan and Lord Gardner had the match I told you of. It's as flat as a race-course on the other side. Lord Suffield's had a grand

fifty-four minutes over Burrow Hills here, same day as Lord Waterford lost his Norway wig. Here's the The *Clinker* v. *Clasher* Ground. Clinker and Clasher ground. Mind you put this down. We starts at Dalby Windmill—Dal! there you've got it at last through the trees—left Burrow village to the left, under Burrow Hills; Twyford to the right, over Twyford Brook; Marfield to the right, over Marfield Brook; John o'Gaunt on the left, and finished on Tilton field-side—five miles, all swingers the fences. I should just like to have one peck at steeple-chasing again. I shall be eighty come March; it 'ud be such a thing as never was seen, just to say I'd done it. Three miles, I could manage that well over a good Leicestershire country. I'd get myself into such prime condition. I'm a bit touched in my wind now for a long run. That's Squire Hartopp's. He's a terrible good un to encourage fox-hunting—just in the heart of it. He used to ride uncommon well; now he don't come out in scarlet. We're through Little Dalby now. That's the hedge where I took the great jump on Sir James's horse. That's Melton, at last: we must keep that tumble snug, or they'd laugh at us rarely. I'll be ready for you at nine in the morning, and then I'll show you a country, just—the Quorn's nothing to it.

RIDE THE SECOND.

"And still the best nag was reserved for the day,
When Tilton was named as the meet."

Horses for Leicestershire. YOU ought to have looked in at Mr. Gilmour's horses before you come away this morning. The old grey's there yet, him that I was took on for the *Sporting Magazine*. He wants a deal of licking still. There are only four studs in the town now. Those will be some of Mr. Coven-

try's on the road; he looks like Leicestershire, that one, long and low. I like to see all four shoes when they're going along; it shows action. For riding, I like mares as well as horses. Give me 'em lengthy and short-legged for Leicestershire; I wouldn't have 'em no bigger than fifteen-three: great rump, hips, and hocks; fore-legs well afore them, and good shoulders; thorough-bred if you can get them, but none of your high short horses. Thorough-bred horses make the best hunters. I never heard of a great thing yet but it was done by a thorough-bred horse. Many of these modern men, they'd tire anything: they don't set at liberty on a horse, as I mean; they've no proper power on their horse; a man's body should be all loose, but he should be firm in his thigh; you shouldn't be able to see under 'em when you're behind 'em. Seat on Horseback.

I mind once coming across here with hounds. One day I rode slap off a bridge into a field to get to 'em; this place reminds me of it. I'd the hounds all to myself, and one of the gentlemen gave me half a guinea—many's the half-guinea I've got that way. One day they found at Glaston Gorse; they were all a trying to beat me. I heard Mr. Maher say—Paddy Maher, they used to call him—"*Hang that fellow! he wears that left leg spur, and he catches them; it's impossible to beat him: we'll have him yet.*" Thinks I, if we do but come to a stitcher, I'll get shot o' you. We comes up to some deer-rails, near Normanton. "Now's my chance," I says, and over I goes. "*You may go if you like, and be hanged to you; I shan't follow you,*" he shouts. Captain White, Colonel Lowther, and Sir James, none of them would have it; Mr. Maher shouted particklar at me all the way. There was quite a *Haw, haw!* among the gentlemen, when he out with that last expression. We killed directly after that. I was riding a horse of my own; I bought it from a farmer at Ashwell, here. Sir James gave He excites Mr. Maher.

me 160 guineas for him, and called him *Christian;* he was a brown one, by Vivaldi. I never wore but one spur, and seldom that. I only want my fingers; them's the things for ketching 'em up, and making 'em go.

A ride for Sir James.

Sir James once gave Tom Smart four hundred guineas for a horse; he could get through bush fences nicely, but he knee'd the big uns. He had given him a fall or two, and the hounds had to meet at Owston Wood; so he sends to me, to wait at Burton toll-bar till he comes up. Then he says, "*I want you to go across country from here to Owston Wood, and I want to see you go all the way. You thread this road to Pickwell; take which side of the road you like.*" "*Dal! this is a rum un,*" thinks I; so I chose the right side. We went straight between Pickwell and Somerby; then I takes him over four high rails, and Sir James would see him come back; he was well satisfied then, and he carried him capital. Lord Lonsdale and all the gentlemen liked the Owston Wood country best of any; it's quite Leicestershire fencing; like the Harboro' country, very little plough, good scenting; quite open country, every kind of fence. Mr. Moore—he was a great man at the Old Club—he still would make me use two spurs when I rode his horses. What an hospitable, charitable man he was! He seldom missed a day; and he could ride pretty fairly, but not one of those clinkers I've been telling you of.

Lord Wilton.

Talk about all these men, there's none kep up his riding better for thirty years than Lord Wilton's done. He's quite a front man yet; him, and his son, and Captain Lloyd's always there. He don't ram his horses till hounds settle to their work; he always rides perfect horses. If he misses a good thing, he's sadly riled. There never was a better groom than that one of his, Goodwin; pleasant fellow as need to be, and the best groom-rider as ever come

to Melton. He's well pensioned off now, and got a house in the park as well.

Now, do stand up and look! There's a country worth your coming all the way from London just to see. There's your country! A steeple-chase once came off right here from Burton to Adcock's Lodge, half-way between Melton and Oakham; it seems only yesterday—the Marquis, in blue, falling at this very fence, on The Sea. He was nearest on 'em, but he was half a field behind Mr. Villiers. Poor fellow! he's dead now; he rode Gypsey. I had the doctoring of that mare's mouth—grinders grown quite sharp, bless you, sharp as a needle—quite cut holes inside her mouth. It's a nice place this Adcock's Lodge. I mind Sir Harry asking me where he could get a good bit of bread and cheese after hunting; and I says, I know the mistress here, and she's an uncommon clever woman. Sir Harry goes in, and the cheese was capital; and he had his butter and eggs from her reg'lar as long as he was in Melton.

Emotions on viewing Ranksboro'.

The Gypsey Steeplechase.

Adcock's Lodge.

There's your country! not a bad jump that Whissendine there; get a little lower down, and it's all one, like a navigation. I never seem to have been out of that brook. What fun I've seen in brooks! Templeman—aye, "Sim," you call him—was down here in Mr. Errington's time. He had mounts on some of Lord Howth's and Mr. Errington's best horses, and he went like a house afire. Many of these flat riders can't go a bit. One day he was on The Hare, a pretty little chestnut, one of Mr. Errington's, and he jumps clean over two or three of them in Glooston brook; his mare jumps a bit short, and he comes on the bank right across Mr. Gilmour's legs, while he was getting his horse out. Such fun! I got in lower down. Charles Payne, he's now hunts-

The Whissendine and Ranksboro'.

"Sim," in Leicestershire.

Huntsmen in embryo.

man to the Pytchley, used to ride second horse for Mr. Errington, in those days; Clark, him that hunts the Duke of Beaufort's, was riding second horse here same time for a Leicester gentleman; I can't think on his name at this moment. Deary me! the many times I've seen bits of lads in Leicestershire. Some of them takes good care of themselves, and so gets on; others just the contrary.

Sir Richard and Mr. Gilmour.

I've seen the gentlemen single themselves out and ride jealous. I once saw Mr. Gilmour and Sir Richard have a rare go in the Vale, when Sir Richard lived at Lincoln. That was about the first time I remember seeing him in this country. They come nearly from Jericho to Upper Broughton—some five miles, over a rare stiff country—Smite and all. Sir Richard was on a grey that time, and Mr. Gilmour on Vingt-un; sometimes they were close together, then they parted; really riding bang to hounds. Mr. Gilmour beat him a field at last, for all his weight. Mr. Howsen and Mr. Banks Wright, they were first-raters; one of them was half-brother to Sir Richard. The finest bit of jealousy I ever see was from Glaston Pasture to Ketton Village—five on 'em. Mr. Gilmour on Vingt-un was first again; there was Colonel Lowther, Sir James, Mr. Maxse, and Captain White; you could have covered them with a sheet nearly all the time, but they couldn't head him. I was watching them on one of Sir James Boswell's, the year he went to live at Somerby. Mr. Moore was out, but he couldn't keep company. You can't lay it less than seven miles, no check; they came up by the Welland Meadows.

A Struggle of Five.

Ranksboro' and Rocart.

There's your country, only just look round you now! There's Ranksboro' Gorse! capital good care Lord Gainsboro' takes of it. Right over there to Tilton and Owston, such a country; fences big. One day we only ran from Ranksboro' to Cold Overton Park, and every horse

had his mouth open, forty or fifty of them. I never could just make it out; the foggy day must have done it; country very deep; not a bit above three miles. As good a thing as I ever rode in from here was in Lord Lonsdale's day: we run him to ground at Collyweston Low Wood, near Wansford, ten miles by the crow, but I warrant we went it sixteen, and a nice spread-eagle we had. Look at Rocart; ain't it a pretty little place? nice brook that for practice; rare little cover: it don't look much like finding now; it's all over white blossoms.

He remembers his Godfather.

Now we're in Langham. Dal! it's well I've thought of it. That's the very house where my godfather lived. The very spot; it was always sixpence for me when I see him. His name was Mr. James Jackson Melita Langham; he was a very great cocker; he bred 'em; me and my father used to breed lots of 'em, and get walks for them; almost all greys—duckwings and mealy greys; they was indeed—beautiful cocks; he wouldn't sell a many. He wouldn't sell no hens or spare his eggs to set. My father and him was very thick; he used to sell him a deal of barley, that was the way of it. No relations, but always very friendly; sing'lar, wasn't it, that should have jumped into my mind?

The Bye-bar Jump.

You see that bye-bar there. I never go to cover but I think of it. When I lived at Luffenham, I had horses and rode, same as at Melton. The man wouldn't let me through without paying that morning; we were always the best of friends, but the wife had been worriting him, and he turned stupid. I'd never comed a yard on the turnpike-road, but away from Beeby; so I says, "*Be hanged if I'll pay; you may shut the gate;*" so I turns round, and at it I goes, over where the foot people gets through. "*That's paid you,*" I says. "*You sees a jump precious seldom, sticking here for halfpence all day;*" so he laughs, and he says, "*You're quite welcome, I'll*

never ask you to pay no more!"—that 'ull be nigh forty years since.

His Butcher Apprenticeship.

Dal! things does come to mind so; the way you puts it. I'll show you where I was put prentice to a butcher; Mr. Hubbard they called him; that was the very self-same spot; many's the sheep I've killed. I could skin a head like winking; I liked the going to market best; he had a little blue frock made for me, all trim and nice. One market-day he leaves me at home, and said I should drive the dung-cart. I served him out for that; blame me, if I didn't. First thing I did was to drive against every gate-post, and I pulls one or two of 'em down. Then I tied the horse and cart to a gate, close by a dung-heap, and took out the greyhounds, and had a good course. When I gets to the horse again, the cart had sunk into the dung and nearly choked it; so I whips out my knife, and cuts the bridle, and off home to Cottesmore. When Mr. Hubbard comes back, he says, "*Where's my boy?*" and then he off after me. He wanted me sadly to come back with him; but I says, "*Sir, your kindness to me is more than I deserve; it's no use, my mind is set upon horses;* and has been to this day.

Tricks of Boyhood.

I'd only be thirteen when I went to the racing stables. Oh, dear! what monkey tricks I was up to! When I was at Barham Downs, some mountebanks comes to Canterbury, and the trainer lends me his pony, and away I goes. I thought I could do as they did; so coming home, I jumps on the saddle, and there I stands; up comes a postchaise, and I gallops by the side of it all the way home; the driver and the people inside laughing at me; one of them pitched me a shilling. If they sent me anywhere on a pony, I used to ride through all the water I could: I had once well-nigh been drownded. That billy-goat job; that's all in my first lecture; I just wish you'd seen it; he ran

A Quid pro Quo.

about the Park, and went on like anything; reared up against the trees; then back to the house, and bang against the front Hall door, and smashed a sight of glass panes. It was "*Maa, Maa!*" all the time; such fun to see him. They used to call "*Maa, Maa!*" after me, in the villages, for many a day. We was going through North Luffenham with the hounds, when a blacksmith puts his head out, and tries it on. Abbey the huntsman, he says to me, "When he comes that again, just you ask him '*Who hanged the boar?*'" He had gone and tied a boar to a post, while he made a ring for it, and when he came to put it in, it was dead. That touched him up pretty smart: he called after me no more. Precious cheeky of me to say it, after that dung-cart business.

Mr. Hand's gruel plan.

Mr. Hand lived at Barleythorpe here. He was quite a noted man—a rare sporting fellow—two hunters and a hack, and much respected by the gentlemen. When his horses come home, he first gives them gruel, two pails-full if they'd drink it; others never gave the quantity. His horses always looked well; he never gave over till hounds did; he had a chestnut and black for years. We're getting nigh Oakham now. There was a funny steeple-chase here, betwixt Mr. Gilmour and Captain Ross. They started here in the Oakham Road, close to Ashwell. There was very little difference in weight. Mr. Gilmour, he was fixed to start between two trees at the bend here, and he had to jump that fence. Captain Ross had a hundred yards start, and he was set on the other side yon third fence. Mr. Gilmour was on that noted Plunder of his; good shaped horse, went low with his head. The Captain rode Polecat. I piloted them; it was about three miles. The Captain he kep a long way ahead till he come to Burley-lane; then his mare refused the hedge, and right up the lane with him. Mr. Gilmour, he comes

Mr. Gilmour and Captain Ross's Match.

up, and he never offers to jump the fence, but he rides up the lane to meet him; touch him was half the bet—a hundred touch, and a hundred win. When they met, Captain Ross began to dodge; quite laughable, just like two boys at play; and Mr. Gilmour, he just catches him a tap on the hat with his hunting-whip. Then they started fresh out of the lane, and the Captain won by thirty yards. Plunder ran in that Noseley Wood steeple-chase Field Nicholson won; that were how the other match come on. The Captain was a poor hand across country, without some one to lead him; couldn't make his own running nohow, but go anywhere any one else went; a bold man and a good creature he was too. He gave me 100*l.* when Clinker beat Radical; Captain Douglas was on him that journey; I was pilot for him; it was from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow.

Cover-side Pleasantries.

The gentlemen used to be always a gammoning on with me at the covert side, some way or other, blame me; Sir James, and all of them. They'd get me to say something of one or another of them, and then they'd go and say, slap out, "*What d'ye think Dick's been saying of you?*" or "*your horse?*" and then there'd be such a laugh. Deary me, what cheerful times them were! Captain White in partikler was always on that way; when he was behind me in a run, I'd hear him; such a laugh he had; "*There goes Dick! down again! Haw, haw! What? down again, Veteran!*" That was his manner exact. "It's nothing when you're used to it," that's what I always gave 'em back again on them occasions; you'll see it at the bottom of one of those pictures, where I'm tumbling. They would still ask me how I felt with a horse on top of me. Gentlemen gets falls very bad; you see they're generally on old horses; the old uns fall like a clot; if they get into difficulties, blame me, they won't try to get out; they will do that when they get

Riding Old Horses.

to ten years old. They haven't the animation of a young horse; those young uns will still try to struggle themselves right, and they'll not touch you if they can help it. I'll be bound I'd be safer riding twenty young horses, than one old one. When a horse made his start to jump, I always knew if he was going to fall. I prepared myself; if he took off collected at his fence, I could keep him so; if he was falling, I could clap my hands on his withers, and get clear of him, and keep the reins too. These great natural jumpers are desperate dangerous; they won't collect and get out of danger; if people get killed, a hundred to one them great natural jumpers does it; when they're a little pumped down we comes with a smasher, and you gets killed, or goes on by yourself into the next field. I hate larking with horses. I mind Mr. Nevill and that chestnut mare of his, Verbena (Lord Southampton had her when he was at The Quorn), he thought her the best animal he ever rode. Once I see him jump three gates with her, coming home from hunting, and she stops dead at the fourth, and she was never the same after. I see her, after that, refuse a gate with Dick Burton, when he hunted The Quorn. "*Spur her again, Name!*" I says. Dick never sees me to this day but he hails me with them words before we shake hands. Mr. Nevill spoilt Reindeer just the same way; he was a grand entire horse; and Mr. Coke offered him 500 guineas for him. We were coming from hunting one day, and he says, "*Let's have a lark, it will do Reindeer good.*" I couldn't get him off it nohow; nigh the end of the fourth mile, we comes down together. "There, we've done it now, sir," I says; the very next fence we comes to, a very small one, he stops. I made him have it; but he was a lost horse from that day. No end of trouble with him.

The effects of Larking.

I must have a bit of a peck at this Rarey. I should like to know if he can

Ralph Holding, the Horse-tamer.

ride them across country, when he has tamed them. I warrant I did well nigh as much as ever he did, fifty years ago. They say it's just taking up the front foot; you knows, so you says nothing; that dodge is as old as that oak-tree there. The first I ever see attempt these things was a soldier. He went about with a brass belt and a horse on it; they called him Ralph Holding; blessed if I don't think he's living near Loughboro' now.* Mr. Coke, he asked me to go to a gentleman who had some horses on the forest, at Ulverscroft Abbey, near Leicester. There were three horses there, and he had served them all the same, and he got them quite quiet. Then I asks Mr. Hill, of Melton, to send for him; he had got a grey that no one dare handle. My word, he gets him into a loose box, and tackles him. The horse come bolt at him as he opens the half-door. Then he puts his hand into his waistcoat, and takes out a little box with some brown powder in it; he wraps some rag round his hand, puts the powder on it, and goes right up to the horse, and rubs his hand over the nose and ears, and carries it right away along the back to his near hind leg; he lifts it up, and lays the horse's foot on his knee, and begins hammering and singing "*Law! Law! Jaw! Jaw!*" a hundred times, and the horse took no more notice than nothing. I runs in where they were at dinner, and I says, "*Do come, he's a hollering and hammering away.*" Mrs. Hill, she was so took with laughing when she see him, I thought she'd have fainted clean off. Then he put a halter on to him, and gets him into a close. He says, "*Lay down,*" and down he lays, and kept there, till he told him to get up. Then he stands agin his head, with his finger—"*One, two, hold your head up;*" he did; "*Lie down;*" over and over again; no straps, no nothing, but this powder. He tried to ride him afterwards, but he

* "The Emperor" was perfectly correct in his surmise.

downed him; he never could ride him, and he actually gave him up. My son Charles was the man as broke him; he'd rear up and throw himself, and try to kneel on him and keep him down; he throwed John Parkes off three times before Stamford Grand Stand; and then he let Charles ride him, and ran a splendid second. Charles was a capital rider; poor lad! he died at Grimsthorpe, of consumption; he made a hunter of Glenartney—I think that was the name—for Lord Willoughby; he took a deal of handling—race horses always do.

Burley Park.

That's Burley Park; what a run we had from there to Dean, in Sir Gilbert's time! sixteen miles nearly; every horse beat. I was head groom to Sir Gilbert, then; never had to pull my coat off. I was on the same horse when we ran that season from Woodwell Head, and killed at Brown's Coppice, close to Rolleston Coppice, right over the Owston Wood country. Dashed if I didn't leave my horse in the middle of a field, and I cuts off the brush; up comes Dick Lambert, the first whip; "*He had a brush on*," he says. "*So he had*," says I, "*and it's in my pocket.*" He began to wobble a bit, when Sir Gilbert, he gets up, and he begins: "*What are you two Dicks quarrelling about? Christian beat you; he may keep it.*" This was a grand cricket ground at Burley, here. That's the very spot where I rode the pony race, six-and-sixty years ago. Kent and Surrey all come here that day, for cricket; such clipping work, booths and fiddles; such thousands of people. Dear! dear! they must be well nigh all dead and gone now. Look at these fox covers; I don't know how many quarters the've in them; and such a pond! Now you get a grand view of the house.

The Tale of Gibbet Gorse.

That's Gibbet Gorse, as fine a cover as ever was seen. I saw those two brothers hanging on the gibbet, with white caps on; they murdered a baker called Freeman. I was only seven

when they were hung; I stood on my father's pony, and looked over his shoulder; I wasn't ten yards off them. The youngest of them, Bill, father had hired him to be a shepherd; he had been at our place only a week before he was took, to settle about coming. Poor fellow, he cried sadly; his brother Dick, he was a regular hardened one—you know what he said about not dying in his shoes: I heard him say it distinct. He could see Appleton, the village he lived at, from the gallows, and he turns his face right towards it, and he says, "*Now, I'll prove my mother a liar; she always said I'd die in my shoes;*" them were his very words; and away he kicks them among the crowd. I think I see him a-doing it. Father went quite white, and fairly trembled in his saddle. They had chains from the waist down between their legs, and they hung on the gibbet that way. That was a great plum year, but there was no sale for them round Oakham; people wouldn't buy them if a fly had been at them; they had a notion they'd been at the gibbet, and sucked the flesh. I took no notice of it: I always ate plums when I could get them. They hung till they fell down; the good one lasted the longest; people watched for that. I never heard of any one finding bits of their bones; I've seen part of their clothes lying about when we've been drawing the gorse, but never no bones; they say they're not to be seen. That green field on the left where the sheep's feeding, just on this side the windmill, is where they were hung; that house is where the doctress lady lives; her that makes the wind pills. I've heard she's got as many as 150 patients; she takes two or three days to get once through 'em. I'll just call and speak to my old friend Tookey, in Oakham here, while the horse is getting his gruel.

Daniel Lambert and Wilcox.

We must have Wilcox, of Luffenham in; he kept the Fox-and-Hounds; he was a five-and-twenty stone man, and very reg'lar with

Lord Lonsdale's hounds. He used to ride a grey horse; there are many pictures of them; he'd be fifteen-three, and could carry a ton weight, if that were all. I've seen the old chap go like mad for twenty minutes; he'd jump, if he was reg'lar put up, over a turnip hurdle; he looked nearly as big as Daniel Lambert. I knew Dan, and he knew me. I met with him at Leicester and Stamford races. We had races twice a day for three days at Stamford; eleven o'clock, then to the ordinary at two. He was dressed like a groom, and lived quite private; he'd hardly be quite at his full growth then; there'd not be much more than forty stone of him; he was above fifty latterly. Many's the time I've talked to him in Stamford cock-pit; he could set a cock uncommon well, for all he could hardly get near the table, for his bulk; he was a cheery man in company, but shyish of being looked at. I've been along with Parson Harvey scores of times. I was at Tattersall's, and saw him buy an unbroke three-year-old colt; he puts on a halter, and leads it out of the yard himself; then he says, "*I'll give it back, or I'll ride it back*," and in less than two hours he did. He just bluffed him, and got a curb-bridle; all people got round him—quite surprised. They always said there was a touch of the Old Gentleman about him, he could do anything with horses; I've known women as could, if they had a nerve. I've used oil of rhodium and elecampane scores of times, in a powder, myself; it's something like two guineas an ounce. Stallion-warts ground make a wonderful powder; it smells just like Eau-de-Cologne: rub it over their noses; then wet your finger in your mouth, and rub it over the roofs of their mouths. I've quieted dozens that way. Why I've known these things, and taking up the leg, these sixty years, and people talk about them in the papers as if they were new. There's not

Parson Harvey.

Horse Taming Drugs.

a dodge I haven't tried. I never used these drugs unless they were very bad; handling them's the thing.

The first Breaking Effort.

The first I ever got a-back of, to break, was a three-year old of Sir Gilbert's. I'd be nigh sixteen then, somewhere about; she'd let no one but an old groom come nigh her in the stall, or anywhere else. He was lunging her one day in the park, when Sir Gilbert, he says, "*Let Dick get on her, and have a try.*" Them words of his was the making of me. A nice job we had; then they straps up her near fore leg; she was as bad as ever; then they on with the bluffs, and gives me a leg up. I fixes myself well, and I says, "Let her leg down;" she didn't move; then I off with the bluffs, and up she goes with all four legs, kicking and plunging. The old groom, he says, "*Sit fast, and I'll hold her at this game till she beats herself;*" then I pets her, and we got quite friendly. I kep on her till we got into the stable, and made much of her. She lets go at me as I was getting off, but trust me I gave her a check for that. I still keeps petting of her, and I got off and on several times with the groom fast hold of her head. I rode her every day, and she became quite a first-rater in Rotten-row, when I went up and down there after Sir Gilbert. I rode six years after him there;

Head-groom days at Sir Gilbert's.

then he bought Sir William Lowther's hounds, and gave me head over 40 or 50 horses. I was head-groom ten years; the last two we had no hounds; he gave them up when Sir William come to the title. The country used to be much heavier than what it is now; it required stronger and better bred horses; all of them on thorough-breds had the best of it after an hour. It wasn't drained, and the horses wern't above ground half their time. Sir Gilbert used to buy the biggest three-year-old thorough-breds he could lay his hands on; he wouldn't stick at 300*l.* for them. If there was any good-look-

ing ones that no one would ride, his London dealer had still orders to send them. One come down, a great fine grey; he'd jumped rap at a chaise in London, right in, bang; got his head and fore legs in, any way. I rode him on a great day, from Tilton. I jumped that fence where Wilkinson the huntsman daren't come; he got the sack for that; Mr. Smith jumped it, and he bought the horse for 200 guineas. When Sir Gilbert gave up the hounds, thirty of them were sold at Tattersall's, and they made all manner of prices, from 250*l.* to 500*l.* After the sale he gives me 100*l.*, for the condition I had put them in; there wasn't one I hadn't broke myself.

Dick as an Agriculturist.

Then he puts me in a farm for eight years, and I took to it pretty well; but horses were still my hobby. Sir Gilbert used to send me horses when I was on farming, to ride with hounds, and teach them the way they should go. I couldn't keep off it; I didn't care much for crops, and all that sort of thing, so I sets to riding and training, and I have done that these four-and-forty years reg'lar. I never had but two horses I couldn't get to jump; one of them was a very fine one of Lord Alvanley's, and the other Lord Harborough's; neither of them would go from their hind legs. It was proved that neither of them were right in their backs. I still said it must be so; everything I put them to, they dragged with their hind legs; it's not quite so easy, but if ever I rode a horse at water, I could guess if his back was just the thing.

Mode of Breaking.

Now about breaking young horses. When they're taken from their dams, they should have a nice little head collar, with a rein to it; use him very quietly, and let him play about with the rein in your hand; try every now and then to touch him; but you must take your time. Get a nice carrot, wash it clean, slice it small, and let him smell often at it; he will soon take to it, and then

you will be able to take up his leg, and have a look at his feet when you like. They'd be good two years old before I did much in the breaking way with them. The first two winters I always liked to keep them on new sweet hay and bruised corn ; then I put on a nice smooth bit, with a ring in the middle, and a player fixed on it ; the bit should not be bigger than my thumb here, and that ain't a very thick one. It should be four-and-a-half inches, and even in the mouth. The head-stall should not be too long, to let the bit get low in the mouth, or he'll get his tongue above the bit, and he'll never have a mouth all his born days. You must not bear him upright with the bridle rein. Put two round rings on each side of the stall-post, one five, and the other six feet from the ground. Then get two pillar-reins six feet long, with buckles and billets at each end ; buckle the rein to the bottom ring first ; pass it through the top ring, and buckle it to the bridle-bit. The bottom end of the billet-strap should be good eight inches, to take up or let out, not a bit less. That's the way to put a horse on the bit ; it don't punish him ; and it acts with a leverage, so that the horse can play with the bridle-bit, and he'll soon get a good mouth. I've got the exact drawing of the bridle-bit at home ; gentlemen send to me for it ; I'd several made this last spring. I draw'd the pattern of it thirty years ago ; it's my own invention ; it hurts no horse's mouth, and they can't run away with you. I can stop a horse, or put him on his hind legs with my finger, better with one of those bits, than many can pulling with their whole fist. I've often a deal of correspondence with gentlemen wanting them. When you've had the roller and straps about him, get the saddle carefully on, and lunge him ; give him his time ; and always use him to go round to the right hand ; then take him back to the stable, and put him on the bit, and get some

How to put him on the Bit.

The Christian Bridle-bit.

one to stand by his head, with a rein to the bridle, and then try to get off and on till you're tired. A few days will make him ride; people is always so impatient, and knock them about so. Dal! I should as soon have thought of hitting another man's child.

An Interview with Royalty.

I never was at Ascot but once in my life, that would be in that great Zinganee year, I had gone to London to sell a horse to Prince Lieven. When I gets to Ascot, blame me, nearly the first man I sees was Jess Austin, the king's hunting-groom. He come up, and he says, "*You're the very man I've been looking for this long time; I heard you was coming up; the King wants to see you; I'll go and tell him.*" He wouldn't be ten minutes coming back, and he says that I was to go with him the minute the Cup race was run. So I goes with Jess, and I makes my obeisance; and his Majesty he begins first thing quite joky about his stay with Sir Gilbert; he knew I was up to all his tricks with "Old Tot" Hinchley. He remembered the names of every horse I'd put him on; blamed if he didn't! Then he says, "*How well you look, Christian; I want a horse of your own breaking to carry Lord Maryborough with my hounds.*" So I told him that I had one that would suit him; and he says, "*I'm glad of that; there's Lord Maryborough in that stand waiting for you, and you can talk it over with him.*" We conversed slap bang before all the people; some of them knowed me, and they began at me. "*What the devil's up, Dick? are they going to make a baronet of you?*" But I answered them, "*Oh, nothing!*" and away I goes to his lordship. So I tells him all about the horse, and that Mr. Marriott, of Welby, bred him. "*Ah!*" he says, "*he must be related to my old friend, George Marriott. I've hunted with George scores of times; he was a very joyful merry man.*" He didn't have him after all; he got his off fore leg in a gate, and it filled. Jess Austin came twice to Melton special to see him, and I takes the

horse to Windsor, and jumps him over some high timber in the Park, but the leg wasn't just the thing; so he says, "*I daren't take him*," and paid me a good sum for expenses. Sir Edward Baker took a fancy to him, and gives me his horse and 100 guineas for him, and rode him many seasons with pleasure. He was only a one-armed man too. I sold his horse for 165 guineas, so I did capital. I first see the King when he was at Normanton; he wur at Melton in the long frost of '14, lunching with Mr. Berkeley Craven, at the Old Club. Belvoir were his head quarters at that time.

A Triumph of Patience.

I'll tell you a bit of a story about Mr. Marriott, of Welby. How strange it should just have jumped into my head! I had a horse of his in training. One day he comes to see him; I says, "Mr. Marriott, there's the clergyman of Exton; his horse has got master him, but you can manage him, I'll warrant; it's all in your way home." So away we two goes. Mr. Ellicot comes out to meet us. "*How are you and your horses going on, Christian?*" "Very well," I says; "I hope you and your family is well." Then he takes us to see the horse; and he begins, "*I wouldn't take twice as much for him if I could ride him.*" Then Mr. Marriott, he says, "*I like his looks uncommonly; but if I buy him, and he will go to Leicester when I want to go to Nottingham, what's to be done then? it will spoil my day's market.*" So Mr. Ellicot says, "*Come, let's go in, it's tea time, and we'll talk it over.*" We had tea and a bottle of wine, and they makes a bargain. Mr. Marriott takes him home; and the very first time he rides him, he stops dead at a gate. A man come up, and Mr. Marriott shouts to him, "*Here's a shilling for you, my man; go to my house, and bring me the Leicester newspaper.*" Blame me, but he sat on his back six hours, reading the newspaper. The horse wanted to come back, and tried it on several times, but he

wouldn't let him. Now and then he tries quietly to get him up to the gate, and about tea time he does it. He then rode him through, making much of him; he was such a patient clever man; he'd have sat on him for a week, and had his victuals and his umbrella sent him, rather than be beat. That evening he rode him to Kettleby, Grimstone, Asfordby, and so home, and opened all the gates on the road. He gave him no trouble no more; you see as time and good management brings all things to pass.

Hunter Training.

You want a touch at hunter training. When they're taken into the stable, give 'em plenty of air and walking exercise three or four hours each day; whatever you do, never make them sweat. Give 'em an ounce of sulphur and half-an-ounce of nitre in their corn twice a week; for the first month I like new hay better than old, but it must be the very best. Give them plenty of walking exercise up hill, and now and then give them a trot, but not too much of it. You may increase it by degrees; then walking over ridge and furrow is a grand thing to give them action. Action's the thing! if they haven't got it, they're like a pump without a handle, blessed if they ain't. The less you gallop hunters the better; all you want of them is to be in good condition, and fresh on their legs. It's all very well galloping race-horses if you like; but no horses should go very fast or know their best pace, till they're put to the test. There's many a good horse spoilt by them tricks. I says, let me have a horse a bit above himself; he's much pleasanter to ride, and better able to do a right good day's work. Never press a horse very hard going down hill; it beats them far more than if they go fast up hill. Becher did it to Vivian in that great five hundred guinea match with the Marquis on The Sea; he quite overset his horse; and he'd have lost if the Marquis hadn't gone wide. I never see Becher wrong but that time.

Teaching to Leap. When I wanted 'em to leap, I always took them to a very low bar, knee high; hold 'em there till you get him on to his hind legs, then let him go; likely as not he'll drop on the bar; take him to it again and again; if he turns a bit nervous, wait with him; when you've got him to go from his hind legs, then start him the same way with water, four feet wide. I was very fond of beginning them with a bit of timber like the body of a tree in a park. They can't get a leg in; if they force themselves against it they pick over; they must spread themselves. When you get him to the fences, begin with small places; first walk him to them; then trot him; you'll soon find you may take him at them any pace you like. It's only confidence he wants; then you may take liberties with him, but do it in good temper, and keep him in the same. He'll soon get confidence for the stitchers. Whatever you do, never go fast at them; don't go too slow or he'll stop; a many horses have been spoilt that way; give him time to get his hind legs under him; if you're too slow they buck, jump short, and don't spread themselves, and then down you both goes. When you takes a horse at his jumps, hold him steady by the head, not pulling him hard; the longer you hold him steady, the further he'll go. A horse doesn't jump the farthest by going over fast at his fences, or water; he wants to get his stride well up to them; he can't go to last long if he'se not kept collected; he'll soon be beat, partickler in deep ground, and ridge and furrow. When I go to try a horse on such like ground, down hill is what I choose: if they have action to do that all right they will make something. That was Sir James's plan—take 'em across ridge and furrow and down hill—I don't care anything about up hill.

Sir R. Sutton's Cannon Ball. Some horses is very queer about water. Sir Richard's Cannon Ball—him that he gave a thousand guineas for—he'd always jump water,

and a fence too, if the water was from him. Blame me! the other way he wouldn't face it at all. I never used thick bits. Nearly all horses ride better with a curb than a snaffle; but mind you never uses too sharp a one; they only irritates the horse. I always puts the hunting curb on the first time with young horses; you must let 'em have plenty of liberty to play with the bridle, but mind as his tongue don't slip under the bit; this is the most consequence of anything. Don't be a-feared when these restive horses bolt against a hedge, or a wall to try and rub you off; pull his head slap against it; and he'll not try that game twice. It's nothing when you're used to it. Dal! if them old words of mine hasn't slipped out. When your horse refuses his fence, never spur him, or maul him about; they doesn't know where they are, and comes to no good. They want a bit of riding after all this, to get them into form for a lady or gentleman. You should have seen the one I made for Lady Lennard, last year. I trot 'em with the right leg first, head a little to the left, and quarters to the right. Then I takes them into some riding-school, and rides them round and round, right-hand way; first walking, then trotting, not too much of it. Pet him and chat to him a bit, and give him a piece of carrot with your left hand; I've had a good ton or two of carrots about me one time or another. When you begin to canter him round, get him on to his hind legs, and go as slow as you possibly can. Be uncommon quiet with him; keep him right leg first; if he changes, take hold of both your reins level, pull lightly with your right, and put your left hand forward on both reins, leaning down as much as required. I can make 'em walk backwards, and sideways, and canter the figure of 8, aye! twenty times running. I have indeed; it's truth every word I'm telling you; Lord Scarbro' would tell you, if he was alive, poor man.

Riding School Practice.

Rufford to Wit. Lord Scarbro' engaged me to go to Rufford, when I met him at Bunney Steeple-chases; that 'ud be in '41. I was with him from October to May, reg'lar in the house, all comfortable for fifteen years, and he never gave me one angry word all the time; quite the reverse; everything I did was always right with him. He was a very cheerful man. I rode Skirmisher's grandam when I was there; then his lordship tells me to look out for a horse, and I took such a fancy to Lord Henry's Gardham, when I see him at Ollerton, that I got him to send three mares. She was one of them. I rode her filly to hounds, and I tells his lordship "She's such capital action, and so fast, I warrant she'll breed race-horses." I never rode a nicer; such a beautiful jumper; quite a lady's horse. So his lordship set his mind on Voltigeur, and the old and young mare both goes. This Skirmisher and Sharpshooter—he'll be dead that one—were the foals. I wonder what relations you call them; that licks me. What a strong man Lord Manvers was! he was always very friendly out hunting. I've seen him get to places that wasn't practicable, and he'd get off and smash it down as if it was only a stick to break. Miss Milbanke, what a clipping rider she was with the Rufford! such a seat and hands; I never see her beat by none of them. That minds me of poor Lady Eleanor Lowther. What a thing I once see her do! She come to the very steepest part of Burrow Hill, close to the hounds; and she says to me, "*Richard! if you will go up here with the hounds, I'll follow you.*" Near the top, hang me if I didn't think she and the horse would be over backwards. I says, "Do, my lady, catch hold of your horse's mane, and lean forwards more." So we gets up safe, and they all went round, and, my word, the gentlemen did stare when they see us.

Climbing Burrow Hill.

I've seen many good runs when I was at Lord Scar-

bro's: one of 'em was with The Grove, from Blythe Whitewater Gorse, and killed in the Bramley country; fifty-six minutes. They went as if they were running in view all the time, but they never saw the fox till one field off where they killed. There never was a check or a holler from end to end. I saw it all the way; I was on a bay four-year-old of Mr. Foljambe's. The only horse I ever killed, was a thorough-bred one of Mr. Foljambe's, he was by Comus, and he gave 250 guineas for him at four years old. It was a very bad job, was that. This was the very horse I got eleven falls from in one day; you have that in my other lecture. I had just got him; he would jump anything, and a nice horse he was, up to thirteen stone over any country. It was a stake and bound hedge, with a wide ditch to you; he jumped it beautiful; there was a stake lay on the ground, and he lands on one end of it, and the other tilts up right into his body; and he dies in two hours. The late Mr. Frank Foljambe was out that day; he was a first-rate man across country, and kept a rare sort of horse. The Rufford's a particular pleasant hunt for ladies and farmers. There was more of them in this and the Grove than any I ever saw; clipping riders among them; some of the Grove farmers has bred the best hunters that ever went over Leicestershire—Clinker, Clasher, Clipper, Panza, Smasher, Crossbow, and Doctor, both of them last was Sir Harry's; they all come from those parts. That's the Peterboro' train there: we must look sharp; we'll see a bit of the Duke's country, when you come back next month.

A Disaster.

The Grove and Rufford Cracks.

RIDE THE THIRD.

"At twelve o'clock they did appear
At Thistleton Gap in Leicestershire."

I'VE been thinking of a deal of things about Mr. Smith and Sir Harry since I see you. This is the Grantham road; we'll hardly have time to look in at the Belvoir Kennels. That's Norman's Cover; they often find in these little covers, just before us, and slap away for Freeby Wood, and right over the country for Garthorpe; sometimes Piper Hole way; they do come over this road with a tickler. That's old Squire Norman's farm; he was a great man in Mr. Goodyer's time. Thorpe Arnold's on our right; that's a new cover they've been making; they'll have many a go over the Quorn country now; that's their object. There's John Bull, you just see the top of the cover; there's a strong brook at the bottom; I've been in a few odd times; it's a tidy jump in some places. Scalford Brook's on the other side of the hill; there's been a many in that. Near that left-hand clump is where the Gorse was. Melton Spinney's to our left on the hill, you can only see the trees. They're never done getting good runs from it. That was a Melton Spinney fox they run up the tree in Croxton Park; he came down like a cat, but they found him next week, same place, and killed him. Will know'd him again by his long white tag. That's part of Norman's cover; they used to call it the Broom Spinney; you say you can't write? we'll pull up at this guide-post. That's Lentils on the left; I remember it thirty years ago, no higher nor that gate. That's Freeby Wood yonder, a very favourite cover, and Waltham Thorns, the two best covers about here. Stonesby Gorse, just beyond them, they like quite as well. Garthorpe Sways will be to

The Road to Belvoir.

the left, almost close to them. Hickmorton's right away beyond; I'm the worst fellow in England to remember hounds' names; I never took no notice of them; no matter to me what they were, as long as they went fast enough. This 'ere very cover, Freeby Wood, I mind Sir James Musgrave comes up to me; I was on Red Nose, the very horse of his I tackled Lord Cardigan with; he says, "*Mind you get a good start!*" so I look out pretty sharp. There were nearly two hundred with the Duke's that day; such a crasher over the Lings to Croxton Park wall, in sixteen minutes! I was head man all the way; Sir James was on his old grey Baronet. Lord Gardner, Mr. Maxse, and Sir Harry—he was on Limner—were the only ones near me. Sir Harry shouts to me to open a gate, and I jumps it and then turns round and laughs; "*Hang you,*" he shouts, "*that's the way you open gates, is it?*" It was a good five miles; regular coursing; severe jumping. Goosey and me have had much conversation about that run; it's talked of to this day after dinner. That's Piper Hole; those trees over the hill, it's just at the top of the Vale. Mr. Musters run a fox from Colston Carr to it, when I was with him one day. Weaver's Lodge and Newton Toll-bar is also great meets with Will. I don't know much about his horses; I've seen him on a cropped one he thought a deal to, and Catch-me-who-can; that's the very name. They all say there never was three such clipping huntsmen in Leicestershire at one time as Will, and Jack Treadwell, and Mr. Tailby's man—I can't just think what they call him—Jack Goddard, that's it. Such ones to go, too; none of the gentlemen can overhaul 'em. I should like to see them three have a fair go at each other over that Clinker and Clasher ground. They'd make short work of it. That's a capital cover, Goadby Gorse, yonder; Goosey had his biggest run from

The Freeby Wood Burst.

A Rare Trio.

there; that's only the top of it; it's a wood cover, perhaps twenty acres; now you catch the top of Holwell Clump there, where we rode last June. That's the gate to Croxton Park. What a go I had there many years ago, one races! thirteen of us, whips and huntsmen of all the three hunts; such proposing of healths! I was always for larking when I was a little fresh, but quite sensible. This is Branston Lings—a sure find; when it gets hollow, they burn it down; half of it you see is burnt now. Those are the Belvoir covers right from this 'ere hollow to Stathern Point; such ding-dong Will has there among the cubs.

The Sproxton Thorns Flyer. That's Sproxton Thorns over our right. I remember as it might be yesterday, we found a fox there with Goosey, and lost him at Greetham, sixteen miles on end; we met next day at Croxton; and the Duke would go to the Thorns again. Two foxes went away, and we settled to the old fox, and went four miles beyond Greetham to Pickworth Wood. I'm sure it was the old un, he didn't go a quarter of a mile out of his line the day before. Mind you put that down; strange, wasn't it?

Belvoir. Here's a pretty scene! what they call Croxton Banks, on your left, all the way along. Several small covers; they run them through; some of them hold a fox. That's the coach-way to Belvoir. The Duke, my word, he's just keeping the game alive. What a deal of conversation I've had with him at the cover-side, one time or another, about hunting! He comes up to me, when I got back from Essex last year, and he says, "*I'm quite glad to see you amongst us again, Dick, it's like old times.*" I says, "*Thank you, my lord, I is hearty and well yet for my years.*" Such a one to go when hounds are running! I see him jump the Park-wall at Croxton, near the entrance-gate; it's nigh six feet, and a tidy drop on the other side. Will Goodall, and none of them, would have it. I was hunting a bit when I come up from Rufford, at Christ-

mas-time, to see the missus. It was as bold as that Smite job, when Lord Scarbro' come out like a drownded rat. That's all in my first lecture. Now you see Belvoir. The kennels are just down in the bottom, half a mile from the Castle; they were at Croxton in Mr. Newman's time, and nice old kennels they were. This weather will make the farmers skip about. I always think that valley looking particklar pretty; single trees like. What a lot of them there were at Belvoir fifty years ago; such riders!—Lord Forester, Lord Jersey, Lord Delamere (Mr. Cholmondeley that was then), Lord Robert and Lord Charles Manners (them were the Duke's brothers), Colonel Mellish, and Mr. Assheton Smith—all riding like devils against each other across the Vale. John Wing, of Sedgebrook, was one of the best riders across the Vale, as a farmer, in those days—tremendious! Him and I's gone together miles; he was about my age. Mr. Smith was always there. He once tipped a gate on Lazarus, and came on to his head; nothing but the peak of his cap saved him. I've seen those two Mr. Tomlinsons, from Cheshire, ride wonderful here; there was no beating them. It put Goosey quite out to see them going as they did. Wonderful great meet, the Three Queens, up that road to the right. You can't see the house; it keeps the name, but it's not a public now. The country's not very open; it's the hounds and huntsman as brings them. No bulfinches, but some rattlers when you get into the Vale. There used to be a nice little cover, Corston Hills, where the man and the potatoes are, here; but they've grubbed it up—there's only that little bit left.

Belvoir Visitors.

I remember Mr. Newman giving up the Duke's; it would be in 1805: he had 'em fourteen seasons. I was out that day. Shawe had been waiting a whole year for the place after he left Sir Thomas Mostyn's. Goosey whipped in to

The Belvoir Huntsmen.

Newman and Shawe; he'd be made huntsman in 1816. Will Head was another of Shawe's whips, him that hunted the Cheshire many years. He was a great man with Lord Hastings. He's living at Lei-

The Marquis of Hastings.

cester now. Poor Lord Hastings, he was a terrible funny man about his weight—never out of the scales. If he got above twelve stone, he was for wanting a new stud; often only one bit of dry toast and egg in a morning, for fear of putting hisself up. How he did love hounds, to be sure; never away from the kennels, and drawing pictures of them. Will Head and Will Derry was great men with him. Will Head had a chestnut they called Wroxton, and rode him eight seasons. I never see such queer fore legs; good un to go, for all that, but bad at a brook; a savage beggar, never leave you if he could get at you. Once Will gets took up into an oak-tree at Sheepheads, in Charnwood Forest. He hung there, and this Wroxton walks right from below him, and stops to look; there Will hung, but the horse never offered to touch him. Will thought he'd have eat him that round; but he was as sensible as a Christian—wouldn't take no wrong advantage.

Will Head in the Oak Tree.

Mumford—him that hunted Sir Harry's hounds—is dead. He was a good kennel-man, but no great hand across country—no nerve at all. Beers and Will Derry were his whips. Will hunted them two seasons, when Mumford was ill. He died, they tell me, not long back. He'd have told you a deal, if you had seen him. Shawe was a prime fellow, quick, and plenty to say for himself; never let his hounds lose him for lack of chirruping; and such a ready chap at an answer. He used to say, "*I don't want whip or horn, but as many pairs of spurs as you like.*" He was groom to Lord Moira once. Such an uncommon beautiful voice. He bred the hounds a deal higher than Mr. Newman

Shawe, the Huntsman.

—quite a high man. Goosey always brings the hounds to cover, and he follows on his hack. Buckle, the jockey, was often down staying with him to hunt. He'd a great horse-leather pair of boots he wore; he left them behind, and Will Head got them. Lord Forester was master of the hounds seven-and-twenty seasons; he's just turned them over to the Duke. Deary me! I wish his father and Lord Delamere were alive, to read these lectures of mine. I've known this lord from a boy. When he first come to Melton, they called him Mr. George Forester. He was at the Old Club—you've seen the picture—that's him a-warming the fire; it was Mr. Grant as did it. Mr. Grant takes a monstrous lot of beating across country yet, for all his weight. Lord Forester's never been out of flying things since I've known him. Such a man for sport—longest days anywhere! Him and Will didn't think nothing of finding a fox by moonlight. Will whipped into Goosey some four-and-a-half seasons; and he took to the hounds in July, 1842. Then Goosey goes to be kennel-huntsman to Sir Richard, at Cottesmore. He dies at his cottage at Woolsthorpe, and they buries him at Knipton; you can't see it from here. Mr. Newman, he'll be buried at Waltham. Shawe died at seventy-six, but I don't know where. He had the hounds eleven seasons, and Goosey six-and-twenty. Goosey used to keep a foreign black fox at the kennels. It's stuffed at the Belvoir Inn now. Last season they kills one hundred and twelve foxes in one hundred and sixteen days; season before, one hundred and twenty-four foxes in one hundred and twenty-three. Capital sport, ain't it? I know it's correct, I hear it from Will Goodall myself; Will and I are always uncommon friendly. They've sixty couple of hounds, five days a week; they run 'em mixed

Lord Forester and Mr. Grant.

Belvoir Records.

The fight between Cribb and Molineux?—to be sure

Cribb *v.* Molineux. I was. Now, that was just first-rate. All the magistrates in the county of Rutland were there. It was the Saturday magistrates' meeting at Oakham; and they all come off to the fight when they'd done—the whole kit on 'em. They pulled down hedges, and got their gigs through; no end of trees broke down. They fought at Crown Point, near Thistleton Gap. There was such a song made about it. It's stiffish land, a good deal of plough. The farmer wanted fifty pounds for his field. He wouldn't take a cheque—he knew nothing about them things; wouldn't let 'em fight till he had some name on it he knew. So Mr. George Marriott come forward and signed; he was wonderful fond of a bit of fun. They fought on a stage. I was on horseback—a mare of my own, I gave Mr. Harper eighty pounds for her—not ten yards off them; I was crowded in, and I drawed my legs up and stood a top of the saddle all the time they were fighting. I'd hard work to get them down again. There must have been ten thousand people. I thought at first go off Molineux would have killed him; he was a reg'lar rusher. Cribb, he kep drawing away, and fought him all round the stage; he wanted to blow him. Captain Barclay was in a carriage close aside of me; and I see him get out, and go up to Cribb, and tell him after the second round to alter his fighting. In the third and fourth round, Cribb had the best of it. I could hear the blows as plain as a drum; he did punish him then. Cribb had a place under his eye as big as a goose's egg, and Gully lanced it for him. They only fought eight rounds. Barclay had Cribb in Yorkshire to train; he made him plough, and fill a dung-cart—all the hard work that ever he could put him to. He was in beautiful condition, fine as a star, just like snow aside a black man. The black wur fat—that licked him as much as anything. We ran over the very spot where the stage was, the day Captain White's Jupiter was

killed; they all remembered it. Captain Barclay stayed a deal about Melton when Brummell wur down at Belvoir. He was a great man with "The Beau." You wouldn't have put 'em together, would you? I've known the Captain drink broth from the kennel-boiler. Once, when he wur walking those great matches on a road, he met a regiment of soldiers; they formed into two lines, and let him pass, they thought so much of him. Such a real John Bull! He was never done talking of "The Chicken." He was a miner, or something like that, from Staffordshire or Dean Forest—blame me! my memory's so bad for them sort of dates. They catches him, and brings him up to London. Captain was down Holborn way, to meet him; he was quite amazed when he see him get off the coach, all out of condition; no form at all. He thought he'd been done, they'd sent up such an account by post; but he put him on a good tap of porter, and he improved wonderful. He was always a training of him, walking with him to keep him cheerful. Once two officers at an inn were for pitching into 'em because they'd got their breakfast-table; the waiter just whispers "*Barclay and Chicken,*" and they waits to hear no more. What curious expressions them fighting men does use! The Captain once tell me he overhear one of 'em say, when he wanted a match, "*Why won't you fight I? I never did aught to offend yer.*" He used to tell his stories, did the Captain, in quite a deep voice; singular dry manner with him. Pleasant man, very; talk about The Chicken for everlasting. It 'ull not be much above four years since he died. He was a great farmer latterly, somewhere about Aberdeen. A strange man for droll stories was the Captain; go on about his fighting dog, Trusty, for a week—all about how those London men tries to do him. Blame me! if they didn't rub stuff on the other dog's back; but Trusty knew more than they did, for all they thinks

Captain Barclay and The Chicken.

themselves so cunning. Dash me! there was no living dodge that dog wasn't up to. He won fifty times. The Chicken took to drinking when he'd won his battles; quite an uncultivated man. He died of consumption very early on. Those London bars killed him.

"Old Short Odds."

Old Richards—"Short Odds" they called him—was quite a Mr. Davis at Croxton. What a hatfull of money he won on Mr. Maher's Shugaroo! it was a hundred to five against him. He was a queerish dresser: brown kerseymere breeches, those brown drill gaiters, and a brown coat and spencer—often a whitish one in summer. He had a choice flower in his button-hole reg'lar. He began as a stocking-maker; then he bet at the door of a cock-pit; and on that way. I've met him many a time driving one horse and leading another behind his gig to Newmarket. One of them was a big brown seventeen hands high; he'd change them about on the road. His own corn always went with him in the gig; and such a sight of stockings! They were like money with him. Blame me! if he didn't always want to pay you in stockings. He had a mill he called Bobbers Mill, near Nottingham; he took a good bit of the rent for that in stockings. When they drew bricks for his house, he paid them that way. Such a queer fist he wrote. I've often seen him out at Wartnaby Stone Pits and Shoby Scholes; the gentlemen were at him the moment they see him, to lay them against something. One day I hear them say—"*There's old Richards, if he hasn't come out hunting with an umbrella!*" So he says, "*I'll bet any one of you five hundred you'll not hunt with or without an umbrella when you're my age.*" "*Who's to hold the stakes?*" Captain White says. "*Oh! there'll be some one left when I'm gone; we'll leave it to him.*" He had a chestnut cob latter part of his time; always rode very slow. They tell me, eighteen months before his

death, he galloped through Asfordby full tilt. He was uncommon partickler about stale bread; lock it up in the sideboard till it was a fortnight old, and take the crust back if he couldn't finish. Not a bit of a miser either. Made a deal of his money by betting and buying up plots of ground alongside great proprietors.

Mr. Assheton Smith.

The first time I ever see Mr. Smith was when I lived with Sir Gilbert, at Normanton. He was always along with him or the Duke; they didn't know much of him in the Quorn then. One day Lord Sefton's met at Brooksby, going to Ashby Pastures. He drove Jack-a-Lantern six times at a flight of rails before he could get him over; people were all asking who it was. Jack often wouldn't jump a fence if he offended him; then he would get off, and give him a kick and a hit with his fist, and call for another. He was a rare man with his fists; quite fond of it. Once he had a round with a carter in Leicester. He said he had touched his horse, which was tied to some rails, when he was in the bank. Off he galloped to Quorn, just as he was; sent the man 2*l.* by his valet, for turning on him so well. Then what d'ye think he did? He put a beefsteak on his eye, and pulled a night-cap over it; gets into his carriage for all the world like a man going to be hung; and went out several miles to dinner, and tells the whole story, and what a brave chap he'd met. English of him, wasn't it? That's your sort. There were a many different tales about it, but they tell me this at Quorn.

Fistiana.

Mr. Smith's great Hunters.

He was his own huntsman all the time he wur at Quorn, from 1806 to 1816. Tom Wingfield had left; Dick Burton and Jack Shirley were his whips. I've known him, if he were at Belvoir, come all the way from Belvoir to Gumley of a morning, two-and-thirty miles, to cover, and back again at night. He had horses posted at Melton and

Tilton. Tom Thumb, Robin Hood, Gift—he bought him from Lord Mornington when he was Wellesley Pole—and Lazarus were some of his great Leicestershire horses. Then there'd be Minister, a little chestnut; he used to ride him in the Vale. He'd stop at nothing with him. It was a great speech of his, if he ever saw a horse refuse with his whips—"*Throw your heart over, and your horse will follow.*" He never rode fast at his fences. I've heard him say, scores of times, "*When a man rides at fences a hundred miles an hour, depend upon it he funks.*" He got a many falls. He always seemed to ride loose, quite by balance, not sticking with his knees very much. He used to think he was round-chested, like a ball. I've heard him joke, and say that was the reason he never hurt himself falling. He never made nothing of his leaps; he'd turn round in his saddle over the biggest, when he was in the air, to look for his hounds. He always went slantways at his jumps; it's a capital plan. The horse gets his measure better; he can give himself more room: if you put his head quite straight, it's measured for him; if you put him slantish, he measures it for himself. You always see Mr. Greene ride at fences that way. He was just a coming out when Mr. Smith was master, and he put him up to many a clever thing in riding. He'd another dodge, when he rode at timber; he always went slap at the post: he said it made the horse fancy he'd more to do, and put more powder on.

His Style of Riding at Fences.

Nothing ever turned Mr. Smith. If we had come near the Coplow, I'd have shown you that big ravine he jumped—twelve feet perpendickler, blame me if it ain't, and twenty-one across; it's been nearly the same these forty years. They had brought their fox nearly a mile and a half from the Coplow, and he went to ground in the very next field. He was riding Guildford, a very hard puller, and go he would. The biggest fence he ever

His Desperate Leaps.

jumped in Leicestershire was a bullock fence and hedge with ditch and back rails near Rolleston, on Jack-a-Lantern. People got up a story that he once jumped a lock on Jack, but it was nothing of the sort. All that family never pulled an ounce; they were all slugs. There was Young Jack, and Charlotte Lantern; she was a sweet mare, but none of 'em like the old horse, when he was in the humour. Mr. Boultbee, of Tooley, bought Jack for a stallion, but he had a bit of riding out of him. Mr. Smith didn't half like it. Some one asked him if he'd seen Jack take his fences; and he says, quite angry, "*Hang the fellow! I never thought he had any jumping left in him, or he shouldn't have had him.*" You scarce ever see him with a curb-chain; if he had one, he'd cover it over with wash-leather. Once he was a great man for snaffle-bridles; then he turned round, just as he did with the size of his hounds. Latterly he'd ride with curbs with long cheeks—very severe. Small curb chains are the worst things in the world; they deaden the mouth. The links should be single, and large. I've seen Sir Harry with them like the links of cart-gears. I wonder how many bridles I had made for him? He always scolded if I told anybody else of them; he used to say, "*Don't tell 'em, let 'em find out.*"

The Lantern Family.

No man that ever came into Leicestershire could beat Mr. Smith; I don't care what any of them says. He was always for being away as quick as possible; best fox, he says, always broke first. He'd get away with three or four couple of hounds; then they'd come to a check, and the run was spoiled. The whips could never get the others out of cover fast enough for him; he was always too quick a drawer—drew over his fox scores of times. He was always a bit of a roarer since I knowed him; no great horn-blower; he had a bit of flageolet in his horn the last few years he hunted.

His Style of Hunting.

When he did get away, you might as well be hanged as go before him; same way in Hampshire. He was very uncertain. Sometimes he wouldn't lift his hounds at all; you must lift and lose no time, if you want runs in Leicestershire, with these big fields. You must get shot of the crowd. Sir Richard was all for making his hounds hunt, and he killed far fewer foxes with these big fields. Science is no manner of use now in a Leicestershire field, except to teach you the run of a fox and where to lift 'em; same in the Pytchley country. Never leave 'em alone, if you want to get runs and kill foxes. There are ten men go out now where one used to go, and there are a hundred sheep to one to what there were in Mr. Meynell's time; they all run a fox, and what are you to do? Mr. Smith was wonderful fond of Shankton Holt. I've seen him get away with three foxes from it in one day; it was a great nursery for them in his day. He liked Staunton Wood and Langton Caudle uncommonly; he always said the wildest foxes lay there—away directly. Staunton Wood foxes now get no further than Rolleston. There was no cover at Nosely, or Rams-Head, or Rolleston, or Keythorpe in those days. Vowes Gorse was only made in Mr. Osbaldeston's time. Mr. Smith used to say that an hour and a half from Widmerpool to Blackberry Hill, near Belvoir, slap across the Vale, was one of the best he ever had in Leicestershire. He'd be very little above ten stone then; latterly he'd be much above that, but never above eleven ten. He was a great one for weighing himself—took his machine about with him regular to Wales, and everywhere. They were saying the other day he gained four pounds the fortnight before he died.

Hunting Science.

Leicestershire Foxes.

"The Squire" was the oddest man you ever saw at a cover-side. He would talk for an hour; then he would half-draw, and talk again, and

Mr. Osbaldeston.

often blow his horn when there was no manner of occasion —always so chaffy. The whips mostly drew the cover while he was talking. Very keen of the sport, though; sometimes have two packs out in one day: get away with his fox like a shot. After that second leg business, he was a bit nervous in a crowd; he wanted a wide berth. At a fence, it would be, "*Now it's my turn—don't press!*" If he could get well clear of them, he went like a bird. He was a rare match-rider across country; I never see a better at that game. Mr. Gully used to be a deal down with him at Quorn. Tom Sebright hunted the hounds when his leg was broke. It was grand to see him and Dick Burton swinging them round in their cast, fifteen miles an hour, over everything. Tom had such a musical voice! Rode with a loose seat and a slackish rein, quite on the balance. They was a grand pair! and Jack Stevens and Dick Sadler come after them; good uns to go, they were. They're both dead now. Tom Sebright and Dick Burton were with The Squire at Atherstone. I have heard them laugh about it scores of times. They once run him to ground, an hour and twenty minutes, from Hopper Hayes. Then they dug till eight at night. They thought at last it was a badger. The Squire, he goes home, and Tom digs his fox out by moonlight. Blame me! if a hound—Benedict they called him—doesn't catch him by the leg, and pulls him slap out of Tom's hands; and away he slips under their bellies, and gets clean off. They runs quite a ring. Dick went to stop 'em, and he tumbles rap over a tree in the middle of a ride. Then he gets to a gate, and he hears the fox come blowing up to it; it was quite a frosty night: and he fetches it such a clip with his whip—he was so mad about it—and they goes home quite down in the mouth.

Sebright and Dick Burton.

How they lost a Fox.

Mr. Edge used to live with Mr. Smith when he was there. They were an un-

Mr. Tom Edge.

common silent pair. Mr. Edge very seldom spoke unless Mr. Smith said something to him; Mr. Smith never let him have more than a pint of port a day, he said he'd get too fat. I never saw him less than eighteen stone yet; he used to pound away on that great big horse of his, Gayman; queer-looking creature it was; thin neck, large head, raw hips, and a rat tail; for all the world like a great seventeen hand dog-horse. You couldn't get your hands between his front legs, he had always boots on. They had a tremendously good thing from Botany Bay, without touching the Coplow, and killed a field off the cover at Schlawson Windmill; thirteen miles in all. Mr. Smith was riding Gadesby and Mr. Edge was on Gayman. There were only those two, and Mr. Greene on Sysonby, and Fryatt of Melton, him that had Cannon Ball, on Hastings, up. Mr. Smith pulls his watch out, and it was nearly five minutes before any more come up. Lord Plymouth bought Hastings from Fryatt, for 300 guineas, next day; all through that Botany Bay run. Fryatt would have taken 120 guineas, and been glad of it, going to cover. His lordship never could ride 'em when he had got them; that was my job; he could hardly get Hastings over a fence. Fancy and Zigzag were two of the best he ever had; they were so well-known, the Melton children called chairs in the nursery after them; and kep on riding them like mad. Fancy was a rich brown: he gave 600 gs. for her, to Mr. Peter Allix. Zigzag was a chestnut, much stouter. A mare of Lord Rancliffe's, called Shade, was as sweet a thing as ever I saw; all over a blood bay; I rode her a steeple-chase at Cheltenham. I broke nearly as handsome a one, a black un, this year, for Mr. Wright of Ratcliffe.

Lord Plymouth's Cracks.

Mr. Edge could have licked Mr. Gurney and Sober Robin. They were both going at one time; it would be same country, and

Mr. Gurney taking the Water.

same week as that Shac-a-bac got that tying up I told you of. They had a tremendious run, and kills near Market Harborough, in the Navigation. Mr. Gurney, he gets off Robin, and he goes and fishes the fox out; then he lies on the bank with his legs up, to get the water out of his boots; and all the gentlemen a laughing at him—such a sight! there was so much of him.

Mr. Smith's last day in Leicestershire.

There was quite a do at Rolleston when Mr. Smith come back to have a day at Shankton Holt; it would be in April, 1840. Dick Burton and Will Cowley come with him. There were twenty-eight couples of hounds, and fourteen horses. Mr. Smith rode Antwerp, and Dick had a grey one called Jim Crow, that day. Antwerp had a deal of hair and skin knocked off in the train, so he got Dick to paint him a bit. There was quite a party at Rolleston to meet him. Prince Ernest came from Deane. I'll be bound there were three thousand on horseback; when the first lot were at Shankton Holt, the tail end weren't out of Rolleston Gates; all so pleased to see him among 'em again. They were looking out of the window, Mr. Smith and the Prince and Mr. Greene, when a fox crossed right in front of them, to Rolleston Wood; he'd got frightened by the noise. Mr. Smith says, "*We'll have him*," and they went there first to draw, but he had gone on. Then he went to Shankton Holt, but he hardly half-drew it. The top part's the thickest, and he was never in it; he seemed quite nervous for his hounds, the crowd was so great. Mr. Greene goes up to him when he blew his horn on the Carlton side, and tells him he'd not been half through it. He says, "*Never mind! which is the way to Norton Gorse?*" So away he goes with the hounds, across country with Captain White, and Mr. Greene, and Dick Burton, and one or two more, as hard as they could split. Not ten people but thought they were running; it was

good four miles, best pace. Lord Wilton was took in as well as the rest. He comes up to one of the gentlemen at Norton Gorse, and says, "*You must have had a capital thing: have you lost or changed?*" They didn't find at Norton; then they were for going to Glen Gorse; but part of it was cut; so they went off to Hardriggs. I don't know where all the foxes had got to that day; none at Nosely Wood, or Staunton Wood, or Glooston Wood, or Rams Head. Nearly all the field got tired out and went home. Blame me! they'd never have found at Vowes Gorse, if it hadn't been for Mr. Hodgson. He was master of the Quorn then; it put him up, all his country being so blank; so he wades into the gorse with his jack-boots, and he whips a fox out himself. It was a hottish day in April; and they hadn't very much of a run. Mr. Smith went to Lincolnshire—Sir Richard was master then—to bid it good-bye; they had some grand sport in the woods there; killed five foxes and run one to ground in six days.

His Belvoir Day.

The old Duke gave him a grand day in his country. The hounds slep at Ropsley Kennels, ten miles from Belvoir; they'd vanned them there from Lincolnshire. They first found a vixen in Ropsley Rice Wood, and it kept knocking about half an hour; then it went away for Hunby, and he lost it one or two fields off another big wood. Mr. Smith, he was patient as anything that day; he casts forward, and he crossed the line of a disturbed fox; such a ding right through Ingoldsby, Osgodby Coppice, Truham Parks Wood, and Norwood, right to Grimsthorpe Oaks. Will Goodall gets into the wood, and he sees the fox in one of the rides; off he slips quite quiet to Mr. Smith, and tells him; he was casting across the park. When he brings the hounds, blame me, if the fox wasn't standing there still, waiting for him. Mr. Smith come to the spot, and he sees him too; it 'ud be nigh four minutes, and he'd

never stirred. I never hear such a thing, and Will and Dick they tell me the same. Wasn't it sing'lar? It seemed as he wanted to be ketched. But they didn't. They sent him round The Oaks very hard for a quarter of an hour, then away by Grimsthorpe Castle, through Kickly Wood to Dunsby Wood, then they got among a lot of fresh foxes, and he had the hounds stopped. It would be a good twelve miles they ran altogether. Then he took 'em to Cottesmore, and Lord Lonsdale gave him a capital day from Owston Wood.

Sir Harry Goodricke.

We musn't forget poor Sir Harry. When he come of age, he hunted with Mr. Smith at Lincoln. Mr. Grantham, his uncle, was there too; Mr. Smith give up the hounds that season, and Sir Richard took to them; then Sir Harry come to Leicestershire, in Mr. Osbaldeston's time. Mr. Holyoake and him first met on the moors; then Sir Harry come to Ketton, and after that they two took stables at Melton together, first where Lord Wilton's, and then where Mr. Coventry's is now. He was a strong resolute man, but he couldn't ride like Mr. Holyoake; he was first man at one time, was Mr. Holyoake, for a twenty minutes' thing; to see him ride Brilliant—my word—Mr. Ferneley's got such a picture of him on him, shoving the fox along; a rich dark chestnut; such a countenance! such an eye! he had him from Newmarket. It would be seven or eight years before Sir Harry took the hounds; he wouldn't do it till the country gentlemen had had a reg'lar meeting at The George, to offer it to him; they were right pleased to have him. There was a hare and a brace of pheasants every year for the farmers from Clermont; that 'ud be his place in Norfolk; and so quiet with the stockingers, he had 'em at a word. "*Now, my good fellows, you've quite as good a right to see sport as we have; do get back a little and keep quiet.*" That was the way of him; and he'd give

them a couple of sovereigns to drink; they'd be as mute as mice. He was judge in that great race between Clinker and Radical; Sir Vincent Cotton started them; Captain Ross and Captain Douglas rode them; I was pilot. There was a deal of talk about a steeple-chase between Sir Harry and The Squire; a thousand a-side; ten miles out of the Cottesmore country, by Barrow Gorse to Cream Gorse; Sir Harry was to have rode Limner (him he bought of Mr. Lynes); he was a wonder of a horse. It got first talked about at Squire Hartopp's, of Little Dalby; Sir Harry and three of his best horses were in training for three weeks; I and my son James were to have ridden with him on Smasher, and another thoroughbred,—in front and behind; Dick Burton and another with the Squire. It got settled a day or two before; the gentlemen thought there'd be a wrangle, so they got it stopped. I think The Squire would have out-rode him. The farmers didn't like it. They can't abide staghounds and harriers, and all that sort of thing. I don't wonder at it; many of their farms is just like gardens. They're good ones for foxes though; that's right enough with them.

His Crack Hunters.

Sir Harry was slow at his fences; he crept, seldom jumped a fence clean, made his horses jump in. He got a many horses from that Gould of Swaffham. His estates were near there; The Smasher was among the first lot of horses he bought; he was named right enough, he was a regular smasher; he was a fine owdacious brown horse, and wanted nice hands; rather a queer style with him; he'd get quite under his fence before he jumped; Sir Harry rode him in one of my bridles; nothing could beat him across country. I've seen Sir Harry do 'em just when he got fairly into a run; Lord Plymouth gave 500 guineas for him; his lordship tried it on two years; Sir Harry told him he couldn't ride him, and he wouldn't take no less than his first price. He often

mounted Lord Plymouth, did Sir Harry. This Smasher was the only one his lordship ever rode yet with anything like confidence—as I call it. He got lamed with my lord after two seasons, and he gave him his keeper to ride about on. The Doctor wasn't a stout horse; he always laid down his ears when he come to a fence—I like to see them with their ears pricked—if a horse lays his ears down he's looking behind him; depend upon it he's been cowed some time. Sir Harry was uncommon fond of a chestnut with white stockings; a bit of a whistler though. Blamed if I can just think on his name; he'd be sixteen hands; all that: he once jumped a brook before he got him, for a thousand guinea bet, and won it too. He dropped under George Beers, and died in the field. Markwell whipped in with George, to Will Derry.

His Mastership.

Sir Harry had the hounds very little more than two seasons. There was no subscription for covers then; no nothing. They cost him well on to sixteen thousand altogether. Thrussington kennels took good six of it. He'd be pretty nearly his own architect; they got crabbed somehow; and the hounds went back to Quorn. Rent of covers was about six hundred, and lambs and wheat and fowls they'd be nigh three hundred more. Well, it is so. What a deal those foxes did eat! They ran well too. He tried his hand at importing some. Didn't make much out at that game. They used to hunt six days reg'lar. He was such an active man was Sir Harry, he must have something to do. That was the reason he took to cocking. He didn't care for the fighting. He used to look quite pale and cut up in the pit. The breeding and the feeding was what he liked. Never done galloping off to see them at walk. If there was a bit of a frost, he'd seldom be away from the kennels, or seeing the covers, or the farmers or something. No rest in him. The farmers would

do anything for him; quite proud to do so. They were indeed. He quite got round Snow, him that used to live near John O'Gaunt; such a desperate man; he would head the fox times upon times; he was always for sticking me with a pitchfork. I never see anything just so savage before or since. Sir Harry always came from Doncaster races to have some cub-hunting; he had an account sent him reg'lar of it once a week, the moment they began. He took to the hounds after Lord Southampton; they used to hunt right away from Zouch Mill to Bunney; and from Melton to Clipston in Nottinghamshire. It's cut up into three now. In Mr. Meynell's time the company used to be at Loughboro', at The Anchor there. It would be about 1804. The Duke of Rutland published a map of the three hunts; Melton was just the centre, so they came there after that.

Goodricke's Gorse.

Aye! it used to be a grand cover in old times; it's Lord Bessborough's ground. I don't know what they'll do with it now. They disturbed a vixen and two cubs this year, with their rabbiting, dug ever so far into the earth. Another time, just before the hounds were coming, some one comes and draws it over-night with terriers. It's a fact; I hear they were properly watched. I don't care what they say. It's truth.—What a one he was for nerve! It would be only the year before his death, a big chestnut run away with with him in Ireland, in a gig. He sticks to him like anything, and drives his head bang against a wall. Out he jumps, and runs thirty yards, and down he goes; couldn't keep on his legs with the shock; it shook him sadly. His second horseman, Harry, told me. Poor fellow, he went quite deranged when his master died; he was so cut up. He used to valet him when his regular man didn't go. Go to the world's end for him if he held up his finger. Blamed if I wouldn't have done the same. He was such a good-tem-

Sir Harry's Nerve.

pered man. I see a lad from Melton once follow him when the hounds were running hard from Glen Gorse. His horse rolls right over him at a drop fence; Sir Harry pulls smack up; and he gets off and lets his own horse go. Then he picks him up, and sets him in his saddle all right again; never thought nothing about the hounds. They caught his horse though, and he saw all the run. The year before he took to the hounds, he jumped a great flight of rails into the Spa-field, near the town. The hounds came to a check there; he hit his leg, and was lame good three weeks. That was a sad teazer for him.

What a strong active man Sir Harry was! When he was grouse-shooting in Scotland, he'd tie his clothes on his head, and swim across those streams; never stop at nothing. It was quite a treat for him to fight a horse. He had a black un that nearly beat him though; it was the day he went coursing with old Mr. Marriott, at Edmundthorpe. They killed three of Lord Harboro's hares going; such a game! Mr. Marriott was quite in a way about it when he overtook them; he thought his own lad had been doing it for a spree; Sir Harry took all the blame. They had this horse out with the greyhounds. They were all on him; first Sir Harry, then Mr. Holyoake; but he tired them all out, whipping and spurring him. Mr. Holyoake used to walk behind, and give it him with the whip, when Sir Harry was on; and he carried on this business all day. Mr. Marriott and his son both had a try. He kicked up a rare dust in Rotten Row, and got over the rails, and then Jack Stevens rode him. They got him quite quiet between them, and Lord Plymouth gave a thousand for him. Him and Mr. Edge of Strelley was uncommon intimate. Such clipping pointers Mr. Edge had—liver and white and black and white. Grand doings there used to be at Melton then. Forty gentle-

Meltoniana.

men always dined at Sir Harry's at Croxton Race time. There was only one day then. Sir Harry lived when he first came where Lord Wilton does now. It wasn't anything like so big a house then. You took a look at their new stable and them bricks—clinkers, they call them—before you come off to-day. You've seen nothing better than that in your journeys, I'll be bound. Then he shifted to Burton End. Mr. Maxse and Mr. White lived there before. They christened it "Claret Lodge;" the name was right enough, I'll warrant it.

The Gentleman with the Pistols.

He began a finer style of cooking, did Sir Harry, at Melton. His cook very nigh got shot one night. He was out lateish, and there was a military gentleman stopping with Sir Harry; never done firing pistols. He hears the cook tap about one o'clock at the pantry window, to be let in; and up he gets and lets fly twice over, at him. Never gave him no time to say who he was. He had to sit on the granary stairs all night: good for nothing in his profession next morning, and as fierce as blazes. Durstn't go and tap again for his very life. I've heard him give the story scores of times. My word! he told Sir Harry smack out, that he'd answer for nothing going right with the dishes if that gentleman warn't sent off; so Sir Harry gives him a hint.

His Illness and Death.

He always liked to do everything different to other people; always thought he knew better; rather singular that way; wouldn't copy no one, or let any one guide him. Once condemned a whole lot of hounds for next to nothing. He'd have been master yet. What chopping and changing there's been with them Quorn hounds since. I never see any one quite so keen of the whole thing as Sir Harry. So good to his men, and every one, no matter who, if he only did right. Poor fellow! he wouldn't be very much above thirty when he died.

Three-and-thirty would quite fetch him. He saw Lord Plymouth's death in the paper when he was at breakfast at an inn in Liverpool; he'd just sailed over there in his yacht, to bring a friend home to England; he and Lord Plymouth had been together a few days before; that shocked him terribly. That fall I told you of did him no good. Never quite the same man after. It was inflammation that killed him at last; he told the doctors they couldn't salivate him; then he just turns his face to the wall, and dies. I've never been quite happy in my mind about Melton since.

But now Grantham Station was reached at last, and our quaint gig partnership was dissolved. I shut up my note book as the bell rang, and as I watched the game little veteran drive away, I felt a little sad that my pencil was to be put in rest, and that my researches with him into the golden prime of the little hunting metropolis of England had reached their final close.

CHAPTER II.

OLDEN TIMES.

"There's many a lad I've known is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And when the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold."

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

A Retrospect.

ALTHOUGH the flickering twilight of life may be stealing upon us, and we can no longer follow the chase, let us not repine, but rather revert with pleasure to the rapturous joys which in bygone days it has afforded us: how, in glancing over the pack, we have been gratified by the shining coat, the sparkling eye—sure symptoms of fitness for the fight;—how, when thrown in, every hound has been hidden; how every sprig of gorse has bristled with motion; how, when viewed away by the sharp-eyed whipper-in, he stole under the hedge; how the huntsman clapped round, and with a few toots of his horn brought them out in a body; how, without tying on the line, they flew to head; how, when they got hold of it, they drove it, and, with their heads up, felt the scent on both sides of the fence; how, with hardly a whimper, they turned with him, till at the end of fifty minutes they threw up; how the patient huntsman stood still; how they made their own cast; and how, when they came back on his line, their tongues doubled and they marked him for their own. As the old woman in the fable regaled her nostrils with the redolence of the dregs of the Falernian wine, so does the old sportsman cheer his flagging spirits

by recalling to his mind the days when youth, and strength, and buoyancy gave zest to the delights of the chase.

Amongst the most celebrated packs of former days was that of Lord Spencer's, yclept the Pytchley. They hunted alternately the Althorp and Pytchley countries. After having hunted one for about six weeks, they removed to the other kennel, and *vice versâ*. The boundaries of each were as scrupulously observed as if they had belonged to different packs. If they lost or killed on the confines of one country, they never drew for a second fox in the adjoining one, but went back to the one they were hunting at the time; the consequence was they were continually drawing blanks, neither country being large enough for the length of time they remained in it. Assheton Smith (father of the late T. A. Smith), Doughty and Conyers, Lemon and Bligh, were constant inmates of Pytchley; and the Old Blues, who were for many years quartered at Northampton, were almost identified with the country. They have left an imperishable name, in that they made what is now called "The Blue Covert," near Harrington Wharf. There is an old story, that one morning the whole party went to lunch with Sam Isted, at Ecton. Forgetting the hour of the day, they indulged rather freely in the claret-cup; and on their return they followed Conyers into a deep morass on the edge of Orlingbury Field, and which is called "Conyers' Bog" to this day.

The Old Pytchley Club Days.

The first huntsman of whom we have any knowledge was Knight, commonly called Mr. Knight, but of whose qualities we have little information. He was succeeded by the illustrious Dick Knight, who hunted the hounds as long as Lord Spencer kept them. His character has been so fully described elsewhere, that we will not dilate upon it. At that time, many of the gentlemen of the

Dick Knight.

county hunted; and when the hounds were at Althorp, their houses were open to their friends residing at a distance, where unbounded hospitality prevailed. When the hounds went to Pytchley, they shut up their houses, and removed there with them; the ladies accompanying their lords to the old mansion, which, though not affording all the modern luxuries, contained ample space and every social comfort which could be desired. The hounds were never ridden over, which is so much the habit of the present day, but had plenty of room given them. Dick Knight generally took the lead; and Lord Spencer—who had the finest thoroughbred horses of the day—sitting down in his saddle, followed him whithersoever he might go. It was almost thought a breach of etiquette in any one to go before them. A story is related, that once my lord, who could not hold his horse, was amongst the hounds at a check. Dick, wholly forgetting himself, and overpowered by the enthusiasm of the moment, cried out, "——, *my lord, hold hard!*"

Lord Spencer's Successors.

When Lord Spencer, to the great regret of every one, gave up the hounds, they were taken by Mr. Buller, who kept them only the season. Stephen Goodall hunted them; and owing to his patience, quietness, and thorough knowledge of his work, combined with a good scenting season, they had excellent sport. John Warde came next in succession, and was at the head of affairs about twelve years. He changed the system of dividing the two hunts, and took the old house at Boughton, where he kept the hounds. As far as hunting the country went, it was an improvement; but it knocked up for a time the old Pytchley meetings in a great degree. When John Warde gave them up, Lord Althorp succeeded him, and Pytchley became itself again. Oh! what joyous days were those! Under his lordship's management, the system

was completely changed. The hounds were bred lighter and quicker. The men were of the first caste, and the horses as good as money could procure.

Charles King. Charles King, the huntsman, was about five feet ten, and weighed about ten stone, just the proper height and weight to make the most of a horse; strong enough to hold him together, and not too heavy to oppress him. He had the eye of a lynx, a most intelligent and animated countenance, which lighted up when things went well. His seat and hand were perfect, and when going along he held himself forward in his saddle. He had an innate taste for music, and played a good deal himself, which probably gave him such an ear for a hound's tongue in covert. In fact, as the Yorkshiremen say, he was a bad one to beat; and ages may elapse before his like be found. His favourite horses were quite thoroughbred. Perhaps the one he liked best was Contingent by Chance, grandam by Highflyer; and the next of his favourites were Boadicea, sister to Sir Charles Knightley's Benvolio by Alexander, and The Swede by Agonistes. He had several other charming hunters; but these three were out-and-out the cream of his stud.

Sport with Lord Althorp. It is, perhaps, too much the habit of old sportsmen to hold up the system of past days as preferable to those of the present. We are inclined to believe, however, that, in the records of the Pytchley Hunt, such splendid sport was never before known as at that period. His lordship kept a Hunting Journal; and if it be now among the records of Althorp, it will tell how they found at Purzer's Hill, ran over old Naseby Field, to Hothorp, in fifty minutes; and how, after a short check, they hunted him over the finest part of Leicestershire, and killed him at Sir H. Halford's, at Wistow: how, at another time, they found him in Crick Osier-bed, ran over Crick and Yelvertoft Field, over Honey Hill, into

Leicestershire, almost without a check; and how, after being bothered by sheep, they dropped to hunting, and, coming up to him, killed him in view at Brunting-Thorpe: how, on another day, they found him at Crick Gorse, ran over Clay-Coton and Lilburn Field, under Hemplow Hill, over Cold Ashby Field, across Naseby Open Field by Sibbertoft, through the corner of Marston Wood, and killed him in the open, close to Marston Trussell, in an hour and seventeen minutes, after one of the most brilliant runs on record; and again, how, twice in the same year, they found at Crick, and each time killed him in Badby Wood. We could recount many other runs of the highest order, but it might be tedious to those of the present time to read the narratives of days so long past.

The Club at Pytchley.

Pytchley was at that time in the zenith of its glory. The mornings afforded unmixed pleasure, and nectar crowned the night. Lord Althorp was a constant attendant; Frank Forester, Felton Hervey, Dick Gurney, Hugo Meynell, Charles Knightley, Peter and Charles Allix, John Cook, Nethercote and Davey, were generally of the family party. Scotland sent her tributaries in those most excellent men, Sir David and James Baird. The Emerald Isle lent her support also in Lucas and Bruen; and Tom Grosvenor and Roberts were occasionally of the party. George Payne (father of the present George) often joined the circle, and no one enjoyed it more. Lord Alvanley now and then came from Melton, and with him mirth, fun, and revelry. Frederick Ponsonby sometimes came over, and also Poyntz, who added life and spirit to the party. The studs were of the first order, and the riders were worthy of them. Jealousy was unknown, and sport—and sport alone—was the object of all. The old gentleman who stalks over the country with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other has made

fearful havoc in the ranks of the Pytchley Hunt; a few veterans, however, have escaped his grasp. Amongst those who are gone, we will mention two or three.

A few Cracks of the Hunt.

Peter Allix was a first-rate performer, and ever where he should be. By his friends he was familiarly called "Scratch-face:" as, if a weak place in the fence was not handy, he would rather take a bulfinch than lose his ground. Felton Hervey was a beautiful horseman, quiet and gentle, with undeniable nerves; and was always in the right place. Frederick Ponsonby, who was more *au fait* at facing a bayonet than a brook, met with an extraordinary accident. Lord Althorp mounted him on a bay horse, curiously marked with white spots, which he bought of Lloyd, of Aston. The hounds were running quick, and they came to a brook with a high bank on the opposite side. He put him at it so hard, that he could not blink it, and literally broke his neck against the opposite bank. The Colonel was flung on the other side, holding the rein, which he pulled, thinking to get him out, when he found he was as dead as a stone. Sir Thomas Salisbury was a great addition to the circle; he had ever a smile on his countenance, and was always in good humour. He did not look much at the work of hounds, but was a good horseman; and his main object was to get as much as he could out of his horse without upsetting him. Two maxims he invariably pursued: one was never to go over ridge and furrow; and the other never to go into a field of swedes, which from their holding the wet caused the ground to be always deep. Of course the hounds often slipped him, but he trusted to a skirt, or to their turning to him; but happen what might, he never abandoned his horse. Roberts was a good horseman, and a hard rider. His best, a bay horse, was got by a half-bred stallion, out of a thoroughbred mare, a hard puller and difficult to ride, but he went

right well. He had a mare which probably was not worth much, as there is an anecdote of Sir Robert Leighton having lost his pocket-book; and when it was found, there was a memorandum in it to the following effect: "To remember not to buy Roberts's mare." We must not forget one of the greatest acquisitions to the hunt, Andrew Barnard (afterwards Sir Andrew); a most cheery one over the country, and the life of the party at the social board. His memory will be fondly cherished as long as there is any one alive who can recollect him.

Captain Jones and his Pilot.

Captain Jones, of whom Lord Althorp bought his celebrated horse Midnight, was another of the visitors. He was a good horseman, and a hard rider; but could not go without a pilot, always attaching himself to the man of whose judgment he had the greatest opinion. One day he was following a gentleman, who was in the habit of going slow at his fences, however hard they might be running. After the run he came up to him and said, "Sir, if you will ride so slow at your fences, I really can't help riding over you." The gentleman replied that he was very sorry to hear it, but he had been so long in the habit of it, that he feared he could never break himself of it.

Lucas's Barn.

An odd adventure occurred to Lucas. On one of the short days in December, he left his hack at a long distance from the place where they killed him, and soon after he started on his way towards Pytchley, it became pitch dark. He got into a field, out of which he could not find his way; and at length stumbled on a barn, where he and his horse took up their abode for the night. The barn has ever since been called Lucas's Barn. Another day some of the Meltonians came over from the Harborough country, to teach the White Collars how to ride to hounds. They were rather pushy; and some one said to Dick

Dick Gurney's Views of the Meltonians.

Gurney, "Why, those Leicestershire men can't turn, can they?" "How the devil should they," says Dick, "when they have a pound of starch in their collars?"

The Pytchley Brummell.

One of the frequent attendants in the field, although he did not come to Pytchley in those days, was Mr. Small, of Clifton, who was one of the neatest of men in his dress, and quite a beau in his way. He had a round-crowned hat, which fitted him like a hunting-cap, a pepper-and-salt coat, leather breeches, beautifully cleaned, which buttoned high above the knee, boots shining like polished ebony, very short tops, and narrow leather boot garters, with small silver buckles. He had two black mares, so much alike that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. The ears of both were cropped, and he rode both in a martingale, neither of them wanting one. He was as particular about the appearance of his horses as he was about his own. His bits and stirrup-irons were most highly polished; and he had an old-fashioned saddle, the pommel low and back, and the pannels of plush. Whenever his horses travelled, he had stuffed pads to hang on the pillars of the stall, to prevent the hip bones being chafed. Altogether he was the neatest and sprucest man that ever graced the Pytchley hunting field.

The End of the Old Club.

We could relate many more anecdotes of those times, but enough is as good as a feast. As everything in this world, however charming, is doomed to decay, so the Old Club, the scene of so much conviviality, harmony, and good fellowship, yielded to the inexorable hand of Fate. Some became old; some became slow; some took to war; some to wives; a general blight prevailed, and Pytchley was no more.

Recollections of the New Forest.

Turn we now to the Forest, "where William Rufus was by Tyrrell slain." 'Tis said of old people that they recollect events long

past, better than those of recent date. We have picked up fragments from an octogenarian, whose memory is of this caste, and who upwards of fifty years ago frequented the glades of this charming woodland. At no period of history and in no country was the noble science of hunting more eagerly followed or more thoroughly enjoyed. Although old Meynell was not there to aid them with his counsel, his genius pervaded them, and the real love of the chase was inherent in the foresters of those times. Placed in a remote corner of the country, they were little heard of; and but for a few strangers who visited them in the month of April, the world would hardly have known that such a pack as that of the New Forest existed. There were no enclosures to stop or lame the hounds, no sheep to foil the ground, and no hawbuck shepherd to head the fox, but the country was as wild as nature made it. The foxes, the deer, and some wild ponies were its only inhabitants. The old foresters were cast in a rough mould, and had no recourse to the foreign aid of ornament. Skilled as they were in shirking a bog or bobbing their heads under the boughs of an oak, they were out of their element when they got into the open amongst the fences. Facing a brook, or topping a stake-and-bound, was not in their category. Yellow buckskins and brown tops was the only dandyism they aspired to.

The New Foresters.

Williams and Harbin were two of the oldest inhabitants of the wild, and they both knew hunting well. Williams was a light weight, and saw as much of the hounds in the course of the year as any of them. Harbin was heavy, and not a first-rate horseman. John Warde used to tell a story, that one day they killed a fox near his house, and he asked him to dine with him. The old Squire said, "I'm all in a muck sweat; but if you will lend me a shirt, I don't mind roughing it for once." "I will lend you one with great pleasure," replied Harbin,

"but I fear mine are not big enough for you round the collar." "Big enough?" says the Squire; "why, if they will fit you, they will fit a hog, and it's hard if they won't me." Pole, yclept Dobbin, was another of the old set. He loved hunting dearly, but his horses were not of the first caste. The one he chiefly rode was an old grey, with a rusty snaffle-bridle, and the stuffing hanging out of the pannels of the saddle. He relied on his knowledge of the Forest, and saw a good deal of sport. He was rough in his attire, and did not (like Brummell) impregnate the air with otto of roses.

Mr. Boscawen and Admiral Codrington.

One of the most joyous sportsmen who came to see the April fun, was Boscawen; a thorough polished gentleman, of the old *régime*. He was, when young, a captain in the Horse Grenadiers, a regiment which acted as a body-guard to George the Third, but which was disbanded eighty or ninety years ago. His love of the chase was extreme, and although advanced in years, he was as wild as a boy. One day they got away close to a fox, and ran into him in a quarter of an hour, without a check. Only three men were there, among whom was Boscawen. One of them exclaimed, "What a beautiful thing!" and the other said, "Why, it's a nothing; my horse had hardly got on his legs." Boscawen, who was close by him, said, "I do not know whether your horse had got on his legs, but I know that mine had just got off his." He bought a light cat-legged horse of some one at Lyndhurst, and one morning, as they were going to covert, he asked Tom Sebright what he thought of him. "Why," says Tom, "I would rather shoot him nor ride him; he ain't got legs bigger nor our Hoodman (Woodman)." Mr. Compton, the master of the hounds, lived at the Manor House, and had generally some friends with him in April, and amongst them was the late Admiral Codrington. He was a good sportsman; and though a sailor, no landsman could ride better. He had a

beautiful hand, and was a capital judge of pace; and indeed quite a model of a horseman.

Billy Butler the Parson.

Amongst the birds who migrated from their own country, was Billy Butler, from Dorsetshire. He was a lively jovial soul, and loved the sport with all his heart. George the Fourth when Prince of Wales took Mr. Sturt's house at Critchell, and kept a pack of hounds. Billy Butler hunted regularly with him, and was a great favourite. One Saturday after hunting, his Royal Highness said, "Billy, you will dine with me to-morrow?" "To-morrow, your Royal Highness," replied Billy, "is Sunday, rather a bad day for a parson to dine out, but I shall be very happy to dine with you on Monday." "So you shall, Billy," said the Prince. No man was ever more jealous of a proper respect, or ever resented the breach of it more strongly, but with one so thoroughly *naïf* it was impossible that he could be angry.

A Word on Scent.

To the majority of sportsmen who compose the hunting field it may be difficult to comprehend why they have not sport every day, and they often attribute the want of it to the inefficiency of the hounds, or lack of judgment in the huntsmen. The mystery of scent they do not take into account—a mystery which never has been, and never will be solved. On the mornings which appear the most promising the hounds can't run a yard; whilst in a bitter east wind with a pelting rain they can't go wrong. On the most gaudy day in the autumn, when there is a white frost the fallows generally carry, and rain comes on. In spring a white frost is the harbinger of a fine day, and oftentimes the scent is perfect. When the dewdrops hang on the hedges, when the gossamer floats on the bents, the want of scent may be accounted for. When neither of these causes exist, when it is dry both above and below, and when the atmosphere is clear, it would

puzzle the most astute philosopher to tell you why they can't lay hold of it. Hounds when going to covert will almost tell you if there be a scent or not. They will sniff the air and go with their heads up, and show buoyancy of spirits, if they know they can run; but on the contrary, when it is a bad scent they will hang down their sterns, and seem indifferent as to whether they went on or not. The sure symptom of want of scent is when a hound rolls in going to covert. *Apropos* to this is a story of Jem Butler. One morning when the hounds met at Lamport, his favourite bitch Rosy was rolling near his horse; and the late Mr. Bouverie, who was close to him, heard the following soliloquy: "No galloping; no fun, Rosy; Rosy! thee must hunt to-day!"

Selection of Stallion Hounds.

In the formation of a pack nothing is so essential as the proper selection of stallion hounds. As a general principle it is not advisable to breed from a young hound. So long as he is in full vigour he may not show vice; but when he loses his power is the time he will show it, if he has it in him. An honest hound will hang to the line when he has lost the power of running to head. That, in short, is the trial of his worth; and if he stands that trial you will do well to breed from him. Hounds which are to be hereafter valuable must begin with chasing. There is probably no instance of a good stallion hound who began by hunting. It must have been observed by all men conversant with breeding, how diametrically opposite in character are hounds of the same litter. There was a remarkable instance of it in two hounds bred by John Warde, in 1807. Their names were Alfred and Audrey, by Lee Anthony's Anthony; the former one of the wildest and most difficult hounds to break, and the latter the deadest hunter from her entry. John Warde used to say, "When those nine-stone skinny fellows are miles ahead, Audrey is my best friend." She toiled along;

and when he came up to her and cheered her, she turned her head and looked back at him, as much as to say, "Come along, old heavy; I'll take you to them." Ranter was one of the wildest hounds, and the most difficult to break, but one of the best of stallions. Tom Wingfield used to say that he never had so much trouble with any hound before. Assheton Smith's Champion and Chorister were by him, and they were the sires of some of the most valuable hounds in Lord Althorp's pack—a pack which would go up to the scent without going beyond it, and thereby would wait upon a fox who never would wait for them.

The Chase of Yore.

Nearly sixty years having elapsed since the few anecdotes we have recorded took place, we must be excused if we cut short the thread of our tale. Never was any period more propitious for the chase. The breeding and management of hounds was thoroughly understood: men went out to enjoy hunting, and not to spoil it. The country was not gridironed by railways, nor did steam engines impregnate the atmosphere with noxious gas. There were not two or three men draining in every field. Of the few sheep there were, the greater part were rotten, and hung in the brambles of the fences. Hunting was then at its culminating point. Modern science has doubtless filled the pockets of the jobber and the speculator, but it has gone far to destroy the noblest pursuit which the gods ever bestowed on mortals. With whatever evil eye the age of feudalism may be viewed by the present generation, it was the age for sport. Those were the days "*when nature's dress was loveliness*," and which in vain we may sigh for, for the like will never return.

CHAPTER III.

SILK.

"No more shall he at Doncaster
Each foal and yearling pat;
Or ride up Goodwood's leafy slopes,
To the trial ground with Nat;
No more with Kent and Marson
Shall he scan each pet in form;
Or view their place, as in the race
They sweep past, like the storm."

IF there is any meeting which we should love to call up with Merlin's mirror from amid the shadows of the past, we should go back seventy years, and take a glance at Knavesmire. The choice with us, for once, would be more for the sake of the men than the horses. We would fain see the Prince of Wales, in his blue-coat and tight-fitting buckskins, cantering on his brown crop-eared cob up to the door of the Grand Stand; Peregrine Wentworth on his grey, with Lenny Jewison, and Cade ready to go to scale in the "all white" at his side; Hutchinson of Overton in a coat dark-green as his colours on the lists of the day; and Sir Charles Turner fair and ruddy, as becomes the knight of the orange banner, which was so soon to find its worthiest bearers in Beningborough and Hambletonian. That meeting, which is still marked with a white stone in Yorkshire hearts, was the dawn of a new era for the Turf, which had known many ups and downs since the Duke of Cumberland's executors had sold off his stud. The names of "Bolton," "Queensberry," and "Rockingham" had, it is true, lent lustre to "the sport of kings," but it

Shadows of the Past.

was not until the Prince of Wales and "Bedford," "Grosvenor," "Abingdon," "Barrymore," and some ten other equally choice spirits, threw their souls into the cause, that it revived in earnest on Newmarket Heath.

The Warren Hill in '89.

"A View of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's trains of Running Horses, with the Grooms and Horses in their full liveries," was the popular print of 1790. The Warren Hill is the scene of the afternoon's revel. Quiet little Newmarket just peeps forth in the hollow, in the centre of that restless panorama, and in the far distance the Ely Minster turrets cut the cloudless sky, and struggle manfully for pre-eminence with Highflyer Hall. In the foreground is the Prince, by the grace of the artist a somewhat slim-looking buck, in a sort of Don Cæsar de Bazan beaver, standing up in his phaeton with four greys, and booking a bet with the shrivelled Duke of Orleans, on horseback at his side. His brother "York" has alighted, and is gaily pointing out to "A lady" (as the key observes), a long sheeted string, which are, West Australian fashion, cutting down the Warren Hill like a scythe, in the direction of King Charles's cupola chair. On the extreme left, the Countess of Barrymore, in the costume of

> "Those teacup days of hoop and hood,
> And when the patch was worn,"

sits in the phaeton by the side of her eccentric liege lord, (who was so soon to fall lifeless in her arms, as his hand held the reins), and listens to the animated periods of Charles James Fox as he exults in the coming laurels of his Seagull and his Put. John Duke of Bedford is also amid the throng, and so are Haggerston, George Hanger, Wyndham, Captain Grosvenor, and Bullock. That ancient oddity, Colonel Thornton, though not much of a racing-man, has wandered off here as well, and Falconer's Hall, where

his seventy hooded hawks were kept, to complete the devastation among the Yorkshire Wold game, which his three 150-guinea guns, "Death, Destruction, and Fate," were unable to accomplish, is forgotten for the nonce in the prospect of the forthcoming Grosvenor Stakes.

Features of the New Era.

During the whole of the new era, Mr. Fox was confederate with Lord Foley, winning 30,000*l.* at one Spring Meeting alone, and alike ready to match his horses "cross and jostle," over the Beacon, at a moment's notice, or play for a shilling at teetotum. With him politics and racing flowed pleasantly on together. He had no more active canvasser for the buff and blue than Old Tat, in the Westminster election, and he bought Maid of All-Work from him when it was over. Tandem did well for that far-seeing auctioneer, but "Hammer and Highflyer" was the toast of his heart, and he loved best to hear it drunk with all the honours by the whole body of Newmarket jockeys, when he gave his annual dinner to them at Ely, after the toils of the season. Eight of the three great races fell to Highflyer's stock, but at last he wasted away into the exact image of his three-year-old self; and, although only nineteen, left 470 winners in the Calendar. His owner died soon after, just as the Turf—to which the rivalry of himself and O'Kelly, the one buying up Marske and the other Herod mares for their paddocks, lent no little zest—once more began slightly to decline. This languor, however, soon passed away. Highflyer began to live again in the stud triumphs of Lord Derby's Sir Peter, and Eclipse in King Fergus, for whom Mr. Hutchinson would have fought to his knees in blood. The very coal-heavers discussed the merits of the looming match between Hambletonian and Diamond, quite as learnedly over their cheese and onions at Mundy's Coffee House, as their betters, led on by the owners of Eclipse and Bacchus, amid hazard and faro upstairs;

and Sir Harry Vane Tempest, who brought the thrilling news in person, at last, to the more aristocratic haunts of the Cocoa Tree, rode the winner in the Park next week, and drew the Prince of two thousand on a prize-fight, almost beneath the gibbet of Jerry Abershaw.

The nineteenth century found Betts and Hilton in office on the Heath; Lord Sackville the best rider at Bibury, and Jonathan Bray the door-keeper at Tattersall's. The Duke of Queensberry's green *vis-à-vis*, with its long-tailed blacks and its shrivelled muff-wearing tenant, was an object of interest to every gazer in the Ring, and eight years more went by before

> "The jockey boys, Newmarket's crew,
> Who know a little 'thing or two,'"

sang mock dirges over that "Star of Piccadilly." Although in obedience to his vow, the Prince's eye was no longer kept in practice at Newmarket, he could still see through a horse like a hoop; but his colts, which ran within the rails of St. James's Park before going up to Aldridge's, did little towards clearing off the seventeen thousand odd, which he incurred with his farrier in seven years.

The Sancho *v.* Pavilion Match at Lewes.

In 1804, the great Mellish constellation arose with Sancho and Staveley; and Brighton and all its Steyne joys were made still more delightful on that July afternoon, when he appealed for the second time against the result of the New Claret Stakes, in the three thousand guinea a-side match over Lewes. Sir John Lade, whose cook-bride had once challenged a fair rival to drive four horses eight miles at Newmarket for 500 p.p., sat behind six greys on the royal barouche, and the Colonel followed with his four to match, in charge of the Countess of Barrymore, who might or might not have been cognizant of the fact, that her whip was to act as second to her husband at day-break.

Pavilion, with Sam Chifney up, was the first to canter; and then Buckle, in his white and crimson sleeves, on the lengthy yellow bay Sancho; but even the knowledge that his owner, who led him down the course, had backed him to win 20,000*l.*, did not dispirit the layers of 6 to 4 on his old Raby conqueror. The result of the first match over Lewes had made them equally wild to back Sancho; but he had hit his leg at exercise a few days before, and this was the only chance of saving their money. The odds, however, quickly fell to 5 to 1 as Sancho went up to his opponent's quarters in the last mile, and commanded him from that point till his leg gave way within the distance. Such trifles did not weigh very long on a philosophic mind like the Colonel's. He lunched at The Star with the Royal party as calmly as if he had been losing mere three-penny points at whist, and at daybreak was seen entreating Mr. Howarth, who had stripped to the buff to prevent his clothes getting into the wound, to shake hands after one shot, and dress himself once more.

The Betting of the Period.

About this culminating period of his fortunes Mellish never opened his mouth under 500*l.* in the Ring, and the southern division caught the betting infection. Even old Elwes was known to eat nothing all day but a piece of crushed pancake, (which had been made at Marcham, two months before, and which he would persist in styling "as good as new,)" and yet to stand 7000*l.* for Lord Abingdon on one match; and the *Sporting Magazine* could write, two months previous to the Fyldener St. Leger, 1806, "There is little doubt that upwards of one million of guineas has already been laid." The Northern betting, however, was very slack in comparison with Newmarket. The men who clustered on the distance post side of the Stand at York thought 10*l.* a great venture, and an even 50*l.* between Lord Scarbro' and Mr. Garforth on that two-year-old or "Paddy

Land racing," which the latter detested so much till he tasted its sweets with Oiseau and Otter of his cherished Camillus blood, was talked of all over the county. George Sundley, who was once a noted cock-setter, and Michael Brunton, the Richmond druggist, became as nothing when Gully, Ridsdale, and Justice opened their betting-books and "peppered" and backed horses in earnest as well; and even Tommy Swan, the amateur horse-dealer, who was lean, high-shouldered, and would lay against any mortal thing, began to draw off in the face of such rivals, and reseek his quiet parlour in the inn at Bedale.

The betting mart at Doncaster up to Tarrare's year was the long narrow upper-room at the Salutation, and it was there that Jim Bland delivered his portentous offer of "*A hundred to your walking-stick against Theodore!*" Many quite as odd wagers as that were heard on the Stand. A Yorkshire Friend laid the owner of Antonio 10*l.* even, that he couldn't whistle when the horses came in. Mr. Ferguson accordingly commenced when they were at the distance, and right loud and shrill was the note. "*Nay*," said the crafty layer, "*thou must only whistle when I tell thee*," and as they swept past with the scarlet in front and Wrangler at his girths, the signal was given, but the lucky lawyer could only make a blow of it. When the new rooms once opened their flower-clad portals, Lord Kennedy was the mightiest hero over their Board of Green Cloth. One evening it was as much as one friend at his side could do to stuff the bank-notes into his coat pockets, as he won eight mains at hazard in succession; and when the emulous ardour of the spectators almost foamed into frenzy, a man near the table sold his seat for five guineas!

The Holywell Hunt Club.

As the century wore on, Mr. Watt and Mr. Petre began to be names of dread at Doncaster, as Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Archibald

Hamilton had been before them; and the Holywell Hunt, who were among the first to test

"The pure Saxon of that silver style"

from the lips of the then Hon. Mr. Stanley, when he took the chair as "the Derby colt" at their dinner, kept the game alive on the Cheshire side as each first week in October came round. There was always something to come away up the Mostyn Mile, where Birmingham and Touchstone knew such grief, even when Pryse's Ambo, roarer as he was, could keep up his charter no more. But it was not on racing alone that merry club relied. Jack Mytton brought greyhounds as well as horses to the scene, and cared little whether he met Mr. Lloyd of Rhugett, with the Champion and Lunardi, or Mr. Best with his Muslin and Streamer blood.

Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem.

No keener critic than the great Dr. Bellyse of Audlem rode behind the slipper that day. A blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, light coloured kerseys and gaiters, a buff waistcoat, and a pig-tail just peeping from beneath a conical low-crowned hat, completed his attire; while a golden greyhound, the gift of his friend Lord Combermere, lent a tasteful finish to his snowy frill. Never in his life had he seen either Derby or St. Leger, but his eyelids knew no rest in the long night of suspense which followed them. He was a walking polyglot on race-horse pedigrees, from the Godolphin Arabian to Memnon. The Grafton blood in the South, and Mr. Garforth's in the North, were both especially dear to him; but he would invariably toast General Mina when he won, and troll forth with double emphasis, on that evening, all his lodge lays of "a Free and Accepted Mason," or his famous matrimonial ballad—

"We scold and fight, and both repent
That ding-dong went the bell."

Pre-eminent and assiduous as he was in his profession,

his patients had to show a clean bill of health during the Chester race week, or give up all hope of having him. The Stationers' Almanack was not truer to the year than his yellow gig with his fourteen-one Brown Tommy to the Hop Pole yard at Chester, on that Saturday afternoon. On the Monday he sallied forth to the Hotel Row, and received a hearty annual welcome from all the lovers of "the Turf and the Sod," to whom, from his quiet worth, and his wonderful memory and information on every point, he had become so endeared. Years wrought no change in the dress or figure of this old Cheshire worthy, or quenched his love for either science. The cock-pit began at eleven, and the in-go ended soon after one; and then before a Grand Stand arose, he was always to be seen, stationed on Tommy, in the middle of the Roodee, to watch what horses were doing all round, and armed with a gigantic umbrella. He held the belief that there were "always so many fools on a race-course," and hence he kept it to shoot out in self-defence, in the faces of the young blades as they galloped recklessly across him from the cords to the river rails.

The Chester Cocking.

Cocking was then the chosen amusement of the race mornings, and no one on this point was so great an authority as the Doctor. He spoke, too, out of the fulness of his strange experience, as he had the privilege of all the walks on the Combermere, Shavington, Adderley, Doddington, Peckforton, Beeston, Oulton, and divers other estates in Cheshire, Shropshire, and Wales. In some seasons he sent out a thousand chickens, of which barely one-third would be reared, or fit to produce at an important main. After dinner, on the Saturday of his arrival at Chester, he gave an audience to his feeder, to sound him as to the condition of his cocks, and learn his opinion of the forthcoming main; and not unfrequently that functionary would arrive with a

couple of bags slung over his shoulder, and the pets of his fancy remonstrating inside. During the week, he would over and over again slip away from those who wanted to talk to him about weights, and watch his brown-red champions busy in their pens, scratching at a fresh-cut sod, or a spadeful of the purest gravel, fresh from the bottom of the Dee. Any feeder who did not furnish these stimulants, at least every third day, would have held his place on a very frail tenure. He would have a hundred cocks taken up from their walks for Chester, in order that his feeder might select the best, and put them in training from the Thursday week to the Monday, when the smaller cocks led off in the five days' main. Two years old was the favourite period for selection, as they became greasy at three, and far beyond the 4lb. 10oz. standard; and eggs, sugar-candy water, hot bread and milk, barley, rue, butter, and rhubarb formed the chief part of that dainty diet, which few were fated to taste more than once in their lives.

Different Breeds of Game Cocks.

He inaugurated his career on the sod with the original white piles, which carried such a wonderful spur that "The Cheshire drop," which would occasionally come out in a long battle, when the odds were twenty to one, was considered as fatal as the "Chifney rush." These were the cocks with which the Cholmondeleys, the Egertons, the Warburtons, the Cottons, and the Raylances fought all the great county mains; sometimes against each other, but more frequently against the Mexborough and Meynell families. The Doctor, however, convinced himself that their constitutions would not stand the discipline of modern feeders, and at last, by judicious crossing, made his brown and black-reds carry as good a spur, and bear the most punishing preparation to boot. They were chiefly bred from his old "cut-combed hen," whose descendants were crossed with his brown "crow alleys," two of Gilliver's black-

reds, and the Westgarth cock. Six pullets to one cock, and the eggs as closely bred in as he could get them, were two of his leading tenets; the greater part of his chickens were also hatched in April and May, and he used the same stud-birds for about three seasons.

A Peep at the Mains.

The old families in Cheshire and the neighbouring counties were as proud of their breed of black-reds or birchen duckwings, as ever Mr. Garforth was of his Marcia or Mr. Pierse of his Tuberose; and Potter and Gilliver (who fed for Mr. Leigh, of Lyme), took rank in the public mind with Robson and Croft. The feeling had struck deep root for years. It had penetrated almost within the sombre walls of York, and quiet burgesses remembered how Mellish and Sir Francis Boynton had fought main after main at Bootham Bar. There was a dim story, too, that Colonel Thornton had matched his best hawk against a game-cock, at Preston or Knutsford, for a thousand guineas a side. Be that curious wager more or less, ten guineas a battle and two hundred the main was the usual standard. At race meetings they often fought one "in-go" by candlelight, amid a perfect Babel of bets; and in the Royal Westminster Pit of yore, no mains were ever fought by day. To such a height had this Roger Ascham passion grown, that although the bye battles were only honoured with common calico, the Derby main bag, with its rich lace, and its needle-embroidered coat of arms, was alone worth the five shillings admission to see. Lord Sefton, Mr. Price of Brynpys, Captain White, and Mr. Bold Haughton, all fought at Chester; while Lord Derby and Mr. Leigh of Lyme, generally reserved their cocks for the Preston and Newton mains. Setting was quite a distinct profession from feeding, and from fifteen to thirty guineas was Porter's and Gum's regular fee for a great main; while George Sundley, Sam Gosling, and Redfern

were all in request for minor issues. Gilliver held cocks clumsily in his large hands; but Owen Probyn of Birmingham, an asthmatic deathlike man, with a long thumb, and nail which he could so deftly use, was esteemed three battles in a main better than any one of his compeers.

It was generally one of the articles that they were "to fight in fair reputed silver spurs," which were, after all, little more than steel thinly washed over, and there was not a more cunning craftsman in this line than Singleton of Ireland, whose countryman lost with Dr. Bellyse the first great contest, of forty-one mains and ten byes, that was ever fought at Chester in the new subscription pit. He then gave it up to Lord Derby and Mr. Bold Haughton, and the two last mains of importance at Chester were between these two, in 1833-34. The Potters were his lordship's feeders for many years, and Roscoe his breeder. His cocks were principally duckwings, but he latterly fought more reds, all of them selected from an enormous number of birds, and always of the finest form and daintiest feather. Neither his lordship nor Dr. Bellyse lived to see their battles royal put an end to by Act of Parliament. The latter died in the January of 1829, nearly six years before the Earl, when he was but one day short of seventy, from a mere casual ailment, in the fullest vigour of body and mind.

The Wrestling Ring at Carlisle.

Strange, indeed, was the contrast between that crowded pit in St. John-street, Chester, and the race accompaniments at "Merrie Carlisle" on a September afternoon. A dark and almost breathless ring of ten thousand is gathered under the hill-side, on The Swifts, and George Irving and Weightman—the wrestling champions of the day—are within it. There they stand, with their necks crossed, and their hands swaying between them, watching with the eye of a falcon lest the other should

"get hod," and put it in his fatal cross-buttock. In vain the umpires threaten to blow them out of the ring if they keep up the delicious suspense much longer; but all in vain. Weightman kens Geordie's, and Geordie kens Weightman's grip too well to let him have him by the waist a half second in advance. Then they smile, raise their heads, shake them at the umpires, and try it on once more. No better luck again; till at last the bell rings for Canteen to saddle, and confront his Border friend Fair Helen, and Bonassus for the Gold Cup. At the sound their hands close round each other at last with a snap which nothing can unloose this time. Hayton or Bolton Gate must rejoice or wail ere night. Weightman's tall lank frame towers upwards, as he seems to lift the little one almost off his legs, and prepares to fling him into space, but Geordie is busy below. Again and again he stops the dreaded cross-buttock, but the hipe has done its work at last, and the Eden bears to the Solway the long thunder-fledged shout that "Lang John" holds the belt once more. And so the stalwart Cumbrian crow-alleys settle their differences; and as they hold the plough on their fell sides, or along the rich meadows of the Peterill, the Gelt, and the Caldew, or herd their Cheviots amid the heather wastes of Bewcastle—near scenes hallowed by Dandy Dinmont and St. Ronan's Well—they may well think with pride, till another Carel Races comes round, of how

> "Chapman was the man
> Who bore away the prize from all
> At the merry sports of Flan;"

how Jonathan Whitehead "can fling them ony way;" and how Robert Gordon and Jackson of Kinneyside were still the best cocks in a far nobler main than Chester's.

A Turf Retrospect.

But the race-course seems to have faded from our notes, and we have left

the Chester Roodee far behind. The Doge of Venice and four other Cup winners had alone passed the post, when the keen eye of its county handicapper was glazed and dim; and the poor of Audlem and miles round knew him no more, to their sorrow. But Jack Mytton was still great and glorious there with his Halston, in the same year, too, that the Blacklocks carried all before them at Doncaster; and that Voltaire, after defeating Sir Hercules in the St. Leger, sent down—under Tommy Lye's guidance—his half brother Laurel, and Fleur-de-Lis in the Cup. Now Velocipede's erring sinew can be patched up no more; and even three St. Legers in succession cannot avail to keep Mr. Petre in the Racing Calendar. Anon we have the brothers Chifney era; and visions of sanguine Will in the yard at Tattersall's, on Priam's settling-day, with a table before him and a pyramid of bank-notes thereon. Their fortune has proved as fragile as that paper pile; and then comes Lord Exeter triumphant with his white-legged Sultans, and Lord Jersey nicking the blood best with his Cobweb at last. Mr. Bowes and his "all black" appears on the scene when Plenipo goes off; and although the Sledmere-bred Grey Momus may fail him, a lanky cast-off Priam foal from Bretby, who trotted up with her dam to Tattersall's, gives Lord George the weapon which he has pined for years to wield. Then sets in the Westminster dynasty, which Touchstone had begun; and his lordship twice over draws nigh his dearly beloved Doncaster, a full week before the races, right confident that his yellow jacket and black cap will there achieve what Epsom has denied it. Now Lanercost and Beeswing end their long Cumberland and Northumberland rivalry, and Alice Hawthorn is on every lip. She, too, at last, subsides into a worn-out mare, out of whom even Bob Heseltine cannot raise a gallop; and then Sir Tatton goes forth from his accustomed wicket, and ere he leads back his

namesake to scale, gives Bill Scott for the last time that handshake of victory which was to be proudly felt by many a jockey, year after year, at Doncaster, but by *him* no more.

The Hero and young Alfred Day contribute not a few to the thickening honours of the Danebury stable. Lanercost achieves early stud laurels not inferior to Reveller and Pot-8-os; "B. Green" is great for one short season, and becomes a dissolving view; and Surplice—the very month that his late owner, after all his proud political and turf imaginings, is found stark and rigid amid the night dews of his own father's Flood Meadow—gives the cue to three others to break the double spell. Then arises the *furore* about Nancy. Teddington and West Australian—one of them hardly in bloom, and the other born the very year Velocipede died—become giants in the land. Mr. Parr discovers the great Arabian Night secret of turning old lamps into new; and in proof thereof, after smashing "The Squire's" last hope of a St. Leger with Saucebox, twice over sends up the listhouse shutters with Weathergage; and then the rivalry of the Voltigeur and Dutchman stock is as keenly looked for as when their sires went out to do battle for Aske and Middleham, in days which, for hearty racing excitement, their county will scarcely know again. Yorkshiremen talk of them yet on the burning rock of Gibraltar or the side of the Great Salt Lake. Well might a traveller write of a little tailor who had wandered westward: "Mormonism was the creed of his last year or two, but Doncaster Races the creed of his whole life; Brigham Young, in his eyes, less than the owner of the St. Leger winner. He had seen every St. Leger since he was five years old, and could recount the names of all the winners. He would do a job five per cent. cheaper for me than for any one else, because I had seen Voltigeur run the dead heat; and had I only seen the Dutchman beaten for the Cup on Friday, I

could have knocked off ten or fifteen more. No ten-year-old saint expressed such grief for the ruined Temple of Nauvoo as he did for Doncaster Church; and if I mistake not he will see the New Church before the New Temple, and will sit down once more among the old comrades to a raised pie and a tankard of ale."

JOCKEYS.

"With saddle strapped behind his dapper back,
Who canters up the heath on pigmy hack?
'Tis Robinson or Chifney: mark his seat,
How firm and graceful, vigorous yet neat!"

JOHN DAVIS.

IT has been well said of Englishmen generally, that they come honestly by their horsemanship, with Hengist and Horsa for their Saxon founders; but still it is to Yorkshire that we have to look for the germs of real saddle science. The history of jockeys in fact may be said to commence with its John Singleton, whose register is still in the Church chest of Melbourne near Pocklington, and bears date May 10th, 1715. A rumour that race-horses were trained on those Wolds, which he could see in the distance as he tended cattle on Ross Moor, first excited his ambition to catch and race the shaggy colts which picked up their living around him; and the correction which he caught in due season from one of the common-owners, determined him to fly to that land of promise, and engage himself to a Mr. Read, on the terms of sleeping in the stable, and eating what he could get. The connexion thus frugally begun, and cemented in its commencement by a mutual love of horses and lack of cash, ended only with death. The needy race-horse owner had his horses better trained and ridden at the village feasts than they had

John Singleton, the Jockey.

ever been before ; and the lad, if he got no riding fees, made up for his Duke Humphrey fare at home, by taking them out in kind at the booths. His seat and judgment became so famed among the farmers, that one of them, in the hour of victory, insisted on paying him with a ewe, whose descendants soon swelled into a dozen.

They in their turn were chivalrously sold to pay the fee of Smiling Tom, a half-bred Arab, from the Hampton Court stud, whose produce out of one of Mr. Read's mares won the Subscription Plate at Hambleton, but was beat by "Peggy-Grieves-Me" and two others in a field of sixteen for "The Guineas" next year. Winter was fast approaching, and with only slender funds in either purse to meet it ; but aided by the countenance of a sturdy butcher from Pocklington, who knew the mare, and rode 120 miles to back her, (stabling himself and steed under a haystack by night,) she and John won the Morpeth Plate, and two others at Stockton and Sunderland as well. The stables at Grimsthorpe soon became fraught with winners, and a filly which the Marquis of Rockingham purchased out of them, induced his lordship to offer its good genius the situation of jockey and trainer to himself. Long before he was forty, he had the lion's share of the Yorkshire riding, and henceforth he hailed from Newmarket during the spring, and Thixendale in the summer. Seven years after he had defeated Herod and two others with Bay Malton over the Beacon Course, his half century in the saddle ended ; and he came back permanently to Yorkshire, and was buried in nearly his eightieth year, hard by his first master. No jockey had so many pictures taken of him ; but that which represents him riding his hunter Merry Bachelor, in his gold-laced hat and long coat, and with a brace of greyhounds, on the look-out for a wold hare, at his side, hands down most faithfully the seat and character of this first great Northern Light.

Chifney Senior was just beginning to prophesy of himself as Singleton resigned his Rockingham jacket to Kit Scaife. Modesty was not one of Sam's virtues, and he thus described his acquirements when only eighteen: "In 1773, I could ride horses in a better manner in a race to beat others, than any person I ever knew in my time; and in 1775, I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw. Riding I learned myself, and training I learned from Mr. Richard Prince." However, there were few to dissent from the first part of this eulogy, although they might not give credence to his notions of riding with a slack rein, lying under the wind, and "getting a head out of the brisket" when the spur fell dead elsewhere. Those were days when jockeys might as fitly have appeared arrayed Esquimaux-fashion, as in "peg-tops;" and brown breeches, with bunches of ties which might have made them pass muster for "The Driving Club," white stockings, and short gaiters, encased their nether man. This was Chifney's and Singleton's wonted attire, but there are those still alive who remember how the former wore ruffles and a frill whenever "he took silk" of an afternoon, while love-locks hung on each side from beneath his jockey cap; and how he would trot up and down Newmarket at intervals in his drawers, and then by way of variation do the greater part of his wasting in bed. Be this as it may, he has left a name, which losing no lustre in his son's hands, has been transmuted into an English proverb, and at which no modern Rabbi in racing science dare to shoot out the lip.

Sam Chifney, Senior.

Dick Goodisson, who was slightly old Sam's senior, found his way from Selby in Yorkshire to Newmarket, nobody remembers how, and gradually wound himself into "Old Q.'s" good graces, by his flash of lightning style at the post. He was a terrible sloven in his dress, and there were

The Goodissons.

times when the Duke might have said to him as Mr. Toots did to the Chicken, "Richard, your expressions are coarse, and your meaning is obscure!" but they were only parted once, for three weeks, and then his Grace was the first to make it up by asking him to go and see a horse sweat. At one time he used to go about Newmarket with a leather case in his pocket, which contained 500*l.* in notes. His reason for bearing so bulky and precious a burden, was that he had once been unable to cover that amount, when a tempting bet was offered him in an inn, and "I lost *that*" was his constant complaint to the day of his death. Both his sons, Charles and Tom, were brought up to the profession. Charles died in his twenty-seventh year, four seasons before his father; and Tom, who was a very safe rider and a fine judge of pace, won more great races in his principal patron the Duke of York's life-time, than almost any jockey out.

William Clift.

Clift, who died at Newmarket within a few months of the younger Goodisson, was also Yorkshire-bred. He first showed himself as a lad, when he was selected in his shepherd's smock by a despairing Fitzwilliam tenant, who began to think that he would have a loose pony at the post in the sports at Wentworth Park. Eventually he succeeded Peirse and Jackson in the green, and a pension from his lordship, for twenty years' service, formed one of the three which he enjoyed till his death. His cotemporaries used to speak of him as "a wild uncultivated Indian." It has been handed down that on one occasion he did not scruple to say to the Duke of Dorset, who had employed him, and asked him how he liked his horse, "*Hang me! you see I won; that's enough for you.*" As a jockey none were more honest, but he punished very severely; would race with anything and everything from end to end, and in fact his science was very much below what might have been expected from a man in such vast practice.

He thought very little of riding to and from Pigburn each day of the York August, when he was between sixty and seventy; and ten years after that, he would walk the twenty-eight miles, from Newmarket to Bury and back, simply to give his legs a stretch. A man of such physical endurance was invaluable to the London insurers of tickets in the Irish Lottery; and it used to be said that his absence from Newmarket at intervals during the winter months, might be accounted for by the fact of his being sent to Liverpool, and riding with relays of horses from there to London, the moment he had ascertained at the pier the number of the tickets which had been drawn a prize.

Sam and Bill Arnull.

Sam Arnull, who died in the February of 1800, some years before his elder and equally lucky brother John, is only remembered as a quiet still man, who won a great deal for the Prince of Wales and Lord Foley, and loved a smart groom and hunters. He was uncle to Bill Arnull who rode for Lord George Cavendish and the Marquis of Exeter, and who died when trainer to Lord Lichfield, the very year before Elis won the St. Leger. Bill was always considered a very fair finisher, but a bad judge of pace. Wasting was also a sore burden to him; but in a moment of enthusiasm it is said that he performed the unrivalled feat of knocking off 7lbs. in one day, which he accomplished in two walks to Kennett; Robinson, who had "walked" with him in the morning, going by his side in his plain dress, to encourage him on in the afternoon. There was no comparison between them in riding, and it was never more strikingly proved than in the match of Priam and Augustus. In the spring Priam had received 3lbs., and only won a head at a mile; whereas in October Lord Chesterfield, without consulting his confederate, not only gave 16lbs. in a 1000 a-side p.p. match across the flat, but laid 3000 bye as well. Poor Will could

not leave well alone, so he raised his whip near the finish, and the horse turned to it, and just let Robinson come on the post.

Sam Barnard.

The Sam division, which has been so prolific of great jockeys, also furnished another in Sam Barnard, who rode seven-six all his life, and whose constant expression when he had a difficult horse to handle was, "*I never could carry him, no how.*" His horse fell with him at Ascot, and his eyes were so nearly cut out of the sockets, that he eventually went stone blind. Shortly before, he had, singularly enough, ridden and won the Claret Stakes for Sir John Shelley on Comus, without any intimation that he had lost his sight, and on his return to the weighing room he described his whole ride as one marvellous "succession of leaps."

David Jones.

He is not the first old jockey whom the same calamity has overtaken, and among them was David Jones, who survived every other witness on the Dan Dawson trial. He began his life as one of the scarlet penny posts, and rode with his horn and saddle-bags between the General Post-office and Hampstead Heath, three times a day. Then followed a stable apprenticeship under old Chifney, and from being a head lad at Newmarket, he rose to be head groom to the Marquis of Westminster and General Grosvenor, and was one of the first two persons that ever slept in Eaton Hall. He sailed next to India and Spain, and was all through the Peninsular war, as head groom to a General of Brigade, and came home, speaking three languages, to train and ride once more. Priam winning the Derby, was about the last image that impressed itself upon his failing retina. Total blindness, and the ruin of the London season by the death of George IV., which left his May Fair lodging-house unlet, broke him down in the same year, and at last the workhouse at Chelsea was his lot. In the summer time we used often to meet him among the

Brompton lanes, led by a little girl, when he had shed the pauper's grey for a few hours on a holiday, with a flower in his button-hole "to show 'em I've been in the country;" and the year before he died he assured us that he should like to get a match on to walk any man of his age five miles yet.

Such stories he would tell over and over again of old times. How for instance, in his hunting groom days, he out-manœuvred the crafty Mat Milton; how he "wasted" from Hampton to Hyde Park Corner; how his three terriers killed and ate one of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's best fox-hound whelps at walk; how General Grosvenor once despatched him to the Newmarket turnpike for a bladder of hog's lard, when his horse's feet had got snow-balled just before a match; how Robson the trainer looked, "just for all the world," like a clergyman, and seldom did more to a boy than hit him with his black glove; how Cork and Tiny knew each other 300 yards off on the Heath, and instantly desired battle; how he fed a golden roan Egyptian on tamarinds off Lisbon, and cantered him to try his paces between the guns on deck; how he spent the anxious night before Waterloo; how one master shot himself through the head almost in his presence; and how his only hope of "leaving the house" went for ever when his soldier-son died at Scutari. At last he fell fainting in the heat on his way back early in June, from "The Corner" where he went once a month to receive a small allowance, left him by the late Mr. Edmund Tattersall, and when we next saw him he was on his death-bed. He dared not speak; and after handing over his scissors and a few old letters, he would insist on retaining only eighteen-pence out of the few shillings he had left. When we pressed him for his reason, he stealthily clutched with his hand as he lay, to indicate that the other paupers in the ward, who leant forward and glared savagely in their beds, or hobbled within ear-shot to catch the

faintest whisper that might pass between us, would, as he knew from sad experience, rob him the instant he died, and that he was determined to foil them. All was over when we next called, but we learnt that even in his death throes he had been once more with his string at Hampton Wick, and calling for champagne into the weighing-house, to toast a winner. That weary chequered story of eight-and-seventy years was closed at last, and relief, not in-door nor out-door, had come in a far grander shape, as we claimed him from the dead-house, and laid him to his rest on the morning of the longest day.

A Batch of Yorkshiremen.

We care not to go very deep into the old riding chronicles of Yorkshire. They would date back to Charles Dawson, who, after running four times in succession on Silvio, second to Dainty Davy, for the Richmond Cup, won it with him next year, when Dainty was out of the way, and christened his training stables after his name. There was one Leonard Jewison, also, who began in 1761, and rode for a quarter of a century for Mr. Peregrine Wentworth, and trained his stud at "The Arras," on the Wolds near Market Weighton, where the Kipling Coates four-mile Plate of 10*l.* used to be run, on the last Thursday in March. This race day was at one time a great parting reunion for all the coursers and fox-hunters, as it was the last week of hunting; but the country is no longer, as then, open and unenclosed to Malton, and the Plate has now to be decided along the road. Then there was George Serle, who rode Ambidexter for the Leger (although the lists of the day would persist in saying that Shepherd did), and latterly trained for Sir Mark Sykes, at Marramat, near Sledmere. Garbutt was one of his lads, and had a fine seat, but no head; and although very resolute on rough horses, he was so severe that owners and trainers hardly liked at last to employ him. John Kirton wound up his endless Cup victories by "getting

the Guineas," in a court of law; George Herring proved himself a worthy pupil of "Black Jack" Lowther, by winning nineteen races running; and John Cade and Tom Fields, who were born in the same village as old Singleton, both commenced life by seeing which could run fastest with the bricks as their master moulded them. Frank Collinson's Epsom victory on Pan indirectly led to his death in the very prime of life, and just when his fine power on a horse was securing him abundance of mounts, as he slept in a damp bed along the Great North Road, on his return, and never looked up again.

Shepherd and John Jackson.

About 1807, Shepherd, Jackson, Billy Pierse, and Ben Smith had all the best of the Northern riding. Shepherd had most wonderful knowledge of pace, and though he seldom failed to make running, was never known to overmark his horse at four miles. He rode a great deal for Sir Thomas Gascoyne and the Rev. Henry Goodricke, who ran his horses in Mr. Gilbert Crompton's name, as well as for the Duke of Leeds, Sir Mark Sykes, and Mr. Pierse. The best portrait of him is on the last-named gentleman's Rosette; but after all his hard struggles in the saddle, he had a still harder one with poverty at Malton to close. Jackson, who only yielded to Bill Scott in the number of his Leger victories, had a rare start with Mr. Hutchinson's stable, which he knew right well how to use. He had the prettiest seat of the four; but Billy Pierse, who was the shortest, had the strongest and truest rush.

On race-evenings Jackson was often excessively quarrelsome, and it was long a joke against him that when he bustled out of the inn at Catterick, after Sykes, the trainer, to pay him off for losing him (as he considered) Mr. Watts's riding, he encountered, and had several rounds with a chimney-sweep, who was going to his morning labour. In the harlequin jacket on Tramp, Blackrock, and Altisidora, he had a great

time, and he never quite got over the severance, from some very trivial cause. He also rode Filho da Puta in that memorable St. Leger, which worked up a sporting Baronet into such a state of delight, that he thrust his stick through half-a-dozen pier glasses at the Reindeer, and lamented that there were not more at hand. No man was more honest and respectable; but, although he had been able to ride 7st. 7lb. almost to the last, he had but little left when he died. Before he took to his inn at Northallerton, he held the race-course farm, and the horses made the turn just below his front door. On both afternoons he was wont to keep open house for his friends; but his kindness was sadly abused, and scores who scarcely knew him by sight, used to be found deep in his beef and beer.

Ben Smith and Billy Pierse.

Ben Smith succeeded his master, John Mangles (who trained and rode for Lord Archibald Hamilton,) and was afterwards regularly engaged for Lord Strathmore and the Duke of Hamilton. It was somewhat remarkable that he never had but two mounts in his life for Mr. Gascoyne, and on each occasion won a St. Leger. His career was a very hazardous one, and in his second bad accident he injured his arm so much that he had to whip underhand ever after. He was of so saving a disposition that it used to be said of him that he would have ridden all night if there had been any one to put him up; and on one occasion candles were tied to the posts at Carlisle, and he rode in a hack race for a half-crown fee! He was the most quiet simple-minded creature that ever trod Yorkshire ground, and never seemed quite awake to the outer world except when he was "up," and then few, save Shepherd, could make play so well for four miles, and still have a run left at last. No one ever heard a coarse word, much less an oath, from his lips, and his neat figure, as he walked down Middleham in his snowy cravat, his single-breasted black surtout, and his delicate cream-

coloured breeches and gaiters, did his good dame a world of credit. Occasionally he would ride over to Belle Isle to see Billy Pierse, or "The Governor," as he was always termed; and his absent rejoinder, "*Glad of it, sir! glad of it,*" to old Mr. Pierse, when he told him, as was his querulous wont, "*how very poorly*" he felt that morning; and his comment upon a sacred picture, the subject of which is familiar to every child of three, raised many a smile when he was gone.

Ben Outwitted by Pierse and Bill Scott.

It is recorded of him that he was never seen in a passion but once. A two-mile race over, Preston—of which Ben, who was on Corregio, made, like every one else, a dead certainty—was the scene of it; and Bill Scott and Pierse, both on horses of Mr. Yates's, composed the field. "*We'll have our wark to beat him, now we're both on,*" said Pierse to Scott. "*We mun try and put him out of temper.*" "*No use trying that on,*" resumed Bill; "*he's just like a post.*" "*Never mind,*" replied Pierse; "*no one has a better chance than thee, Bill; be off, and slip it into him.*" The task just suited Scott, and away he cantered alongside his victim. "*I'll give it you to-day,*" he began, with the usual garnish. In vain the gentle Ben tried to parry him with, "*May be! May be! thee's a young man; thee hasn't gotten to the end yet.*" However, flesh and blood could not endure the torrent of abuse which followed, within ear-shot of so many people, and in less than five minutes another conversation ensued near the distance. "*Governor! the old fool's regularly got his mettle up; what are we to do?*" "*Do, Bill!*" replied that functionary; "*go away with Gaudy as hard as ever thee can split; mak him believe all thou's said, and I'll toddle behind.*" And so when they did go, Ben was in such a downright passion at his tormentor, that he followed him every yard of the way. At the end of a mile-and-a-half Gaudy fairly stood still; Bill looked over his

shoulder as a signal, and on "The Governor" went with Paulowitz. Thus Ben's horse never got a pull from end to end; but after all, he was only beaten a neck. Ben made up his mind from that hour that Scott was "*a sadly forrard young man*;" but he never seemed to bear him any malice.

Billy Pierse's Riding Dodges.

Billy Pierse had a triumph of a similar character against the boys over Richmond. Finding that it was hopeless to beat them on his old horse with all the weight, he conceived the bold idea of making every one of them run away, and before he had got round the top end of the Stand, and half-way down the hill, every horse but his own had the bit in his teeth, and he had only to watch them come back to him one by one, and win as he liked. The flexor muscle of his arm was a wonder of anatomy; he could hold anything breathing with those fat little hands, and finished as strong as a lion. "Kneeing the lads," was another favourite pastime of his, and he tried it on so hard with Mangles at Catterick, that he almost drove him through the hedge on to the Boroughbridge road. A good deal of cross and jostle work was overlooked in those days; but Mangles thought that he might at least have allowed him to stop in the race-course. "*Nation starve thee, Billy!*" he remarked when they had got out of the weighing tent; "*if it wasn't thee I'd complain; thou might have killed yen.*" "*Well! how are yer, old acquentance?*" was Billy's regular salutation to his friends, who cited his maxims as oracles, and he used to mention it as an unspeakable source of comfort to him, that "*I've done as many as have done me.*" This must be understood in strictly a Yorkshire sense, as owners knew their man too well to insult him, by even hinting their wish that he would, as he phrased it, "do an uncivil thing" for them. He never wearied in talking of Manuella and the great bet of 20,000*l.* to 5*l.*, which the Duke of Cleveland laid him, that he would not win the Derby, Leger, and

Oaks on her. His son was very naturally so nervous at the family prospects, that he could not put the tongue of the buckle into its place as they saddled in the Warren; and Billy, who was as cool as a salad, suddenly pushed him aside, with "*Get out of the way, thou cur! thou's never been a son of mine,*" and completed the job himself. No one then suspected she was a roarer; and hence the late Mr. Jacques used to say that on the Derby-day he "*couldn't get within half-a-mile of the mare for the crowd;*" whereas, when he went to look for her before the Oaks, which she won, "*there was no one round her but Billy and the boy.*"

With the Duke of Cleveland he was quite a racing prime minister, and he would visit him for a month together at Raby, and dine with him every day. He used, however, to say, on his return, "*I never forgot, auld acquentance, that I was Billy Pierse. I was useful, or I wouldn't have been theer.*" He won several races for his Grace on Haphazard, who was found at first to be so bad, that he was ordered to be sold for what he would fetch; and Billy's sturdy figure, (which knew little diminution of its iron vigour at seventy-four), going up in the pink and black stripes to take him from Sam Wheatley, is hit off to the life in a famous print of the time. He had his last mount on Agricola in the St. Leger of '19; and he might have rivalled the ninety years of his father, who fought by the Duke of Cumberland's side, at Culloden, if he had given a second thought to the unusual colour of the bottle of pure colchicum, which was sent him, twenty years after that, by his doctor's assistant. The draught had, however, got far too deeply into his system when the doctor arrived, and found out the fatal error. He maintained all the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief when he was told his fate, and simply said once that it was "hard to die before yen's time." Richmond will not willingly forget her brave old burgher.

Bob Johnson. Bob Johnson was a bold resolute fellow, with rather a rough seat, and not a very first-rate head in a finish. He never rode so well after he fell against a post on Tinwald Downs, from which, now, all traces of a racecourse, and the stone which was put to mark the spot, have altogether departed. There is little doubt that he became flurried and mistook the distance for the winning-post, or else he would not have brought General Chassé, who had tremendous speed, (as those who saw him come through his horses at Newton can best vouch for), but only one run, so far away as the Intake turn in the Leger. Two years after, he pulled off his blue-and-white indignantly in the Round House at Doncaster, saying "*In course thou knows I ride no more,*" as soon as he heard that Mr. Lockwood would not even place Beeswing, when there was not a shadow of doubt among the spectators that she was second. Robert devoted himself henceforth to training her for Cartwright's hand, and making remarkable speeches when she won. He was always for keeping it dark; and hence when any one asked him "*Well, Bob! how's t'aud meer?*" and desired to advise him, they never got more than, "*In course thou knows she's well,—thou can do as thou likes.*" Bobby Hill, who generally valetted her, was alike mysterious, and his invariable reply was "*She's well, mind yer;—that's all I know.*"

Frank Buckle. But we must leave the North for a time, and steal back once more to Newmarket, and times when

> "Tho' long by the beaux reduced to disgrace,
> The *Buckle's* the gem and the pride of the race."

Frank was originally apprenticed to a saddler, but showed his contempt for what stable-lads generally term, "the scratching in the book," by running away early on, and leaving his indentures to take care of themselves. When he had worked himself into a good

line of Newmarket riding, he determined "to walk in the light of the constitution," which once forbade bull beef to be eaten unless it was baited, and kept up the usage most strenuously on the Mill Hill. Latterly his cattle fancy took a more orthodox turn, and he was wont to employ his York race mornings in buying the primest oxen or cows he could find, and sending them to graze at his farm near Peterborough. During his first residence in that town, he thought nothing of riding the ninety-two miles to Newmarket, for trials, and back at six o'clock to tea. To praise his riding would be to gild gold; but many still stick to it that if they turned him once round after a race he would not remember anything about it, and that, if he was turned round twice, he would forget even what horse he had ridden. His shape and seat were exquisite, albeit he was so small that he came very little beyond Robinson's shoulders, but he always sat remarkably high.

Jim Robinson.

During his thirteen years in Robson's stables, "Our Jim" would promise another lad half his plum-pudding on Sunday, to rack up his horse, in order that he might run off to the Heath and watch "Frank" ride. His own maiden race came at last, and Mr. Delmè Radcliffe little dreamt what "a feather" was running second to him on something of Mr. Kit Wilson's. One of his earliest matches was on Conviction against Buckle on Pigmy, in which the latter bolted away forty yards first, and ran out from distress in the cords. "*Don't come that trick over me again, young un!*" said the indignant senior, when they returned to scale, but assigned no reason for his wrath. Matters stood very differently between the two in their great match with Abjer and Ardrossan; the latter of whom was so savage that he tried to tear Robinson out of his saddle. In vain Frank shouted at the post, '*Stop, and let me get up to you.*" But "*I can't, he'll worry you; follow me, and I'll wait for you,*" was the

answer; and as faith was of course kept, a punishing finish ended in a dead heat. Buckle always whipped overhand, whereas Robinson never did, unless he was vexed with his horse. In this instance he especially rejoiced in his opportunity, as while he was buckling his rein the week before, in the Ditch Stables, when they were about to try, the horse savaged him, and not content with flinging him into a corner, knelt upon him, and would have finished him out of hand if Lords Exeter and Foley and Dick Prince had not rushed to the rescue with their walking-sticks. After being beat in his trial, Ardrossan went home quietly enough, and then he flung his boy into the manger, and bit off his thumb. It was for these double enormities that Robinson paid him off in the dead heat, and the horse never forgave him. Two years after, when he visited Burleigh, Lord Exeter at last prevailed upon him to enter his stable on the assurance that "*we've got him as quiet as a lamb;*" but the instant Ardrossan saw him, he broke his halter, and his visitors were fain to scuttle out forthwith. As years grew on he found a worthy successor at Newmarket in Kesheng, who sent an eminent painter, pots, palette, mahl-stick, and all on to his back among the straw, and then bit off his lad's ear so neatly that he has been christened "Kesheng" unto this day.

Another of these great matches was for five hundred apiece between Dictator and Merlin. Each side had some thirty thousand depending on the result, and each jockey would have almost given his right hand to win. Buckle waited with Dictator on the whip-hand to the bushes, where the apparition of an old woman with an unfurled umbrella made his horse swerve to the left across Merlin's heels. This let Robinson steal two lengths, and lost Buckle the race by a neck, and a thousand pound fee from Mr. Blake into the bargain. The whip race between Mameluke

and Lamplighter also ended in Robinson's favour, and both horses were so beaten that they could hardly keep the track. Mr. Gully had stationed himself in the Abingdon Mile Bottom; and as Robinson—although beaten fifty yards—found that Lamplighter must come back on the hill, he called out to him, "*All right!*" The Ring at the Duke's Stand thought the great bookmaker for once in his life fairly bewitched, till they saw the horse he galloped off to pepper, fairly stand still, two hundred yards from home. Four years after Mr. Gully stood on the rails near the Red House at Doncaster; and in spite of Margrave's dwelling action, and Birdcatcher seeming a winner to every other eye, he became the speaker in his turn, and shouted out, "*I've won!*" in tones which rose to Robinson's ear above the thunder clatter of the seventeen.

Sam Chifney.

But to resume. It was on Sam Chifney rather than on Buckle, that Robinson principally fashioned his riding. Great as was his admiration of Frank, he always maintained that he "*hadn't Sam's fiddling;*" and true enough Sam's fingers on the reins, when a horse had a delicate mouth, went like the feet of a dancer on the tight-rope. There was no greater treat to Jim than watching them at their dainty work, when he made the running in a trial. "*You might as well look for a rat as for Chifney!*" and "*First find out what he's doing, and then beat him;*" were also great sayings of Robinson's, and Sam unexpectedly took his pipe out of his mouth, and thus returned the compliment one evening, in the shape of a rebuke to little Arthur Pavis, who was boasting that he would as soon ride a match with Robinson as anybody—"YOU *ride with him! you'd better go to bed!*" The tone of contempt was such as poor Job assumed, when some one asked him who was to ride Melissa against Fandango in the Doncaster Cup; and just half pointing with his whip over his

shoulder to the six-stone-nine skeleton of a "Vicar," in a straw jacket twice too big for him, who sat half crouched on a bench in the weighing house, he answered, "*him.*" Both were dead before the next Cup day came. Sam very seldom spoke at the post or in a race, and if he did it was generally, "*Glimed if* I *think we can catch them,*" or something with that mysterious prefix, the exact meaning of which nobody ever knew. His left hand whipping was very good, but he was not so quick with either hand as Robinson; and, in fact, the latter, as young John Day said well of him after their Ugly Buck and Minotaur match, "*could punish a horse most in the least time*" of any jockey that perhaps ever rode over Newmarket. Four strokes in the last twenty yards was his way of popping the question, and on one occasion, when riding for the Whip, on Cadland, he fairly frightened Zinganee by gently cracking it at brief intervals within ear-shot, right across the beacon. In fact he had, like Sam, so many dodges, that the jockeys always declared that neither he nor they ever knew when he was beat. In stature Robinson was nearly half a head less than Sam, when the latter chose to get out of his shoulders, but he measured upwards of six inches more round the chest. Wasting was no labour of love, and in consideration of the great exertions they had to make, Jem Bland christened the one "Old" and the other "Young Pincher." Robinson wasted much the better of the two. In his hey-day, he could get from 9st. 10lbs. to 8st. in a month, and although on more than one occasion he was found fainting on a stone-heap near Kennet and brought home in a cart, yet at the time of his sad accident he could ride 8st. 5lbs. easily on a 2lbs. saddle, and a new 4lbs. one had just arrived from town.

Chapple, Croft, and William Edwards.

Jemmy Chapple was another of the patient school, and like Jim and Sam he rarely spoke of racing, and in fact seemed

to have no real taste for the profession which he so worthily followed. He was only three weeks, after being transplanted from Hampshire to Neale's stables at Newmarket, before he won his maiden race at Beccles, and then began his quiet but sterling career, in which it has been said with truth, that he never gave a race away. He was seized with spasms of the heart the night he rode Ariosto for the Cambridgeshire, and hardly ever appeared in public again. Croft, whose health did not permit of his riding long, and William Edwards, were contemporaries, and so much alike as boys, that they might have established a mutual "Clearing House," in consequence of the fees which were perpetually paid to the wrong one by mistake. Will, who was the eldest of his family, came out in 1800, and won the Feather Plate over the last three miles of the beacon on a Fidget colt. The Prince of Wales, who knew as well as any man out what riding ought to be, engaged him for his light weights, and on one occasion he took his celebrated ride from Newmarket to Doncaster on a three-year-old black mule, resting at Tuxford on his way there, and coming through in one day on his return, while Clift, who had posted his second horse at Wansford, could hardly keep up with him. In 1826, when the Duke of York's health began to decline, and reports reached Windsor that a strong effort was to be made to make Goodwood outshine Ascot, George IV. commenced training and breeding once more, and placed his horses under his charge. Eighteen race-horses, including Fleur-de-Lis, the Colonel, Zinganee, Hindostan, and the best of his own breeding, Sir Harry Beagle, were at "The Palace" at Newmarket, when the King died, and as William IV., after four years' trial, tired of the whole thing, Edwards retired on a 300*l.* pension.

Henry and George Edwards.

George Edwards, who died about 1850, was a very strong but not nearly so finished a rider as his brother Harry. He never re-

covered the shock which his prospects received when his good master the Duke of Orleans was killed from his carriage, and he found himself thrown out of his place and pensionless. His greatest hit for the Duke was picking up Beggarman out of the Goodwood stable, as a 500*l.* cull, and training him to win the Goodwood Cup next year. The Duke of Beaufort employed him to the last, and so did General Peel, who had procured him his place with the Duke of Orleans, and scarcely ever liked to miss his fine judgment in a trial. At times his natural high courage in a race sadly required steadying, but it stood him in rare stead when he got locked in with a mass of horses, and scarcely a man alive could see an opening, much less make one for himself. Harry Edwards rode his first race at Newmarket on Rabbit, against Robinson on Antonia, 6st. 7lbs. each, Ditch-in. He set to very high, and his great length of arm gave him immense leverage, and when he gave a horse one of his jobs, he seemed almost to carry him. This wonderful power was especially apparent in Don John's last race; when he was opposed to Conolly and Alemdar. There was a long consultation between Lord Chesterfield and John Scott in the Four Mile Stables as to whether he could start, and Harry's veterinary lore was finally invoked. Pulling off his white kid gloves, he passed his hand down his back sinews, and replied, "*He'll pull through, and only just.*" The result proved that he had not drawn his bow at a venture. He could hardly keep him on his legs from the Duke's Stand, and then both his back sinews went so completely, that they were nearly an hour getting him home to Neale's stables.

Old John Day.

Perhaps the greatest triumph that John Day, that Hampshire patriarch, ever had, was winning the Oaks on Oxygen for his good old master, the late Duke of Grafton. Every judge of riding who saw it, vowed that he ought to

have been created Lord Danebury in his "all scarlet," on the spot. His early life was one of no common toil, and he had often to ride from race-course to race-course, on his ponies, with his saddle-bags in front, nearly 100 miles in the day. He has one boast, a very proud one for a man who has reached his double eminence, that he was married in a stable-jacket, and that for two years after he did not treat himself to a bottle of wine or a surtout. With the early end of his bachelorhood came the crisis of his fortunes. It was then he went to Newmarket, where he was but little known, and to use his own expressive words, they "looked cold on me." Still the Duke of Grafton knew sufficiently what stuff he was made of to put him up, both in the One and Two Thousand. Buckle was a great man then, and the young country jockey thought that it was only hoping against hope to beat him on a favourite. "*I saw Buckle*," we have heard him say, "preparing to go, and it seemed as if something told me that if I went first, I should beat him. And I did. I got the first run, and I beat him. Then I won both races for his Grace. He sent for me, and I came to the door, with my hat in my hand. '*Come in, John Day*,' So I did, and I stood on the mat. '*John Day, I'm going to make you a present for the manner in which you have ridden my horses this week; I am about to give you 20l. in bank notes of Messrs. —— bank at Bury St. Edmund's—most highly-respectable bankers.*' 'Thank you, my lord, for your great kindness.' It was a great present in those times. After that I got 500*l.* for winning one race."

John Day's Visit to the House of Commons.

The connexion between him and the old Duke was never weakened on the Duke's side, and but for one instant on John's; and well it might, when his Grace thus broke on his astonished ears, after a race, with "*You're a thief, John Day; you're a thief!*" "*Your Grace, what have I done to displease you?*" "*You stole that race!*"

John's thefts after this fashion were perpetual, and, in fact, he was, perhaps, never quite so great as in the colours of Whittlebury. As the blind man said, when, after groping among many colours, he at last felt scarlet, "*It stirs my blood like a trumpet.*" On all occasions he was a very dashing better, and occasionally he was considerably astonished in consequence, and never more so than when he got on Coronation, and found three minutes after, when every eye was on him in his canter, and he dare not hedge, that he ought to have laid the 500*l.* to 200*l.* on his horse, precisely the other way. John's aversion to the name of Ireland was about on a par to that in which he held Gaper, and arose from the firm impression he had of the great amount of man-shooting which goes on there. His great story, about the difference between "paying and receiving," was very characteristic, and pointed a fine moral; and perhaps a better judge of racing and of two-year-olds especially, on whom latterly he was not so hard as he once was, did not exist anywhere. The day he was, perhaps, seen most in his glory by the metropolis, was when after calling at Carlton Terrace, he proceeded through the Hall of William Rufus, with his white cravat and his immortal umbrella, in search of the Premier, in the Commons. The policeman on duty was quite callous to the explanation "*I'm John Day;*" and he had to sit on a stone bench, contemplating the cartoons, and reflecting how his lad had won his trial, till Lord Enfield recognised him, and brought him and the noble owner of Iliona together, the result of which was, that his lordship wrote to the right man that time, and John departed in triumph.

The two Sam Days.

His brother Sam had been for some years a dweller near Reading, when he was called from his farm like a second Cincinnatus, to take silk once more; and so industrious was he, that in spite of his bulk he wasted in his second year from 11st. 6lbs.

to 7st. 12lbs., and got into the scale at that weight for Pyrrhus First, at the Derby. Young Sam was also a very strong good rider, and more round-shouldered than any of the family. He had a fall out hunting with Sir John Mills's hounds, near Parnell Wood, and died three days after, at Mr. William Sadler's at Longstock, where he was carried. Strange to say, three hunting accidents with three very different results, took place in Hampshire on that fatal morning, as Dick Burton and Councillor Moody had a severe collision at a fence with Mr. Assheton Smith's, and Dick's head was cut open so severely with the flints, that he was unable to come out again for nearly a year. He saw his hounds kill their fox as he lay on the ground, and tried to stagger to them, while the Councillor was stretched under the hedge, with his face quite black, and Lord Bruce and Mr. Sidney Herbert beside him, undoing his cravat. He was carried on a hurdle to a farm-house, and awoke to find his head shaved, and himself so much recovered that he could walk off.

John Day, Jun.

Young John Day was articled for some time to a veterinary surgeon at Oxford; and few, when they saw his stout form tearing week after week across the Ilsley Downs, with "Jim Morrell" and his merry harriers in the wake of "a straight-backed un," dreamt that he would rise to be the eminent eight-stone jockey, with whom few, even of the cracks, would care to have a race home. His first winning ride was at Weymouth in 1830, on Whisk, a mare of Mr. Briggs's. Wasting was with him always a hard process, and three weeks before the July, he had 30lbs. to get off for Crucifix. Lord George presented him with 100*l.* after he won the Criterion, "*not for winning on her, but for keeping your temper.*" It was her fault after the three false starts, and she in fact never forgot the dressing she received from "Old John," when she had to catch her horses in the false

start for the Chesterfield. Lord George was himself the cause of his losing the match on Ugly Buck against Minotaur, as he stationed himself at the Bushes, and called out "*A thousand to one on Ugly Buck.*" This made John come on too soon, and the result was he won his race at seventy yards, and lost it at twenty; Jim Robinson, as usual, coming with one of his stealthy rushes on Minotaur, when every one thought he was beaten. For the Old England race with Prologue and Plaudit, all Jim's finesse was of no avail, and as he laughingly observed to John, when they went to scale, "*I don't know which gammoned best, you or the horse.*" The performance was as fine as his brother Alfred's when he was beat three times within the distance on Vivandière, for the Yorkshire Oaks, or when, as *Argus* well said, "The Heath fairly rose at him," when he finished for the One Thousand on the Flea.

Charles Marlow.

Marlow was a very nice, but not perhaps a brilliant horseman, with good hands, very patient, and a most resolute mode of riding them out. "A race is never won till you're past the post," was his invariable motto; and hence he always persevered while there was an ounce of squeezing powder left. Few but him could have brought home the Knight of Avenel in the Port, or landed Elthiron and Phlegethon at Ascot. Still, his style, like his seat, was not firm and close; and his set-to was so high, that he often seemed to have the horse's head as well as his own in his hands.

Conolly and Pavis.

Conolly and Pavis had both immense practice, both being able to ride under 7st. 8lbs., but they were not quite first-class. Conolly was superior to his brother-in-law, sweet-tempered, and a cool steady hand, powerful, and so far a safe rider that he would never throw away a race from trying slight experiments. In style generally we have often heard trainers compare him to

Bartholomew, with a slight preference for the latter. Arthur Pavis could ride six-ten to the last. He was a quick and natty style of man, but flighty and gay in his manner, dreadfully conceited, from having been made so much of, and having had, for so many years, a light-weight monopoly. He won a great many races on very good horses, but he was comparatively weak in the saddle, little dependence could be placed on his judgment in trials, and his death let up a very much better man in Nat. Like Sam Rogers, he never won any of "the three," but he always asserted that George Edwards, who was his brother-in-law, struck Caravan in the Phosphorus Derby, and prevented him winning, an assertion which George, who did not win 10*l.* by the race, as stoutly denied.

Tommy Lye, Francis, and Gray.

If he only kept hold of their heads, Tommy Lye's rare knowledge of pace made him, like Wakefield, most dangerous in heats. This the lads knew right well; and it was always their aim to go fiddling fiercely up to his girths, and if by their gammon they could succeed in frightening him into getting his hand—or, as they phrased it, "his fishing-rod"—up, it was generally all over with him. George Francis, who was a very strong and clever rider, completely broke up his charter in heats; and, "*Come, Mr. Tommy, none of your dodging this journey*," was the answer we have heard him make over and over again, when Tommy came to the post with his knees almost up to the horse's withers, and his left hand dangling down, and begged "*You boys to mind and keep straight, and well out at the turns.*" At last Tommy got so terrified that the two compromised the matter, and arranged to give each other their places when they were beat. Francis was originally engaged by John Scott at Newmarket, through the intervention of Martin Starling, when he was passing through it with a drove; and

hence his Malton title of "The Drover." He was consigned to the care of Billy Roughhead, the eccentric old groom who used to travel with Lord Chesterfield's brood mares, and for a bet, wore no hat on his yellow shock for a year; and his way of coaxing his charge to walk with him to Malton was by buying him perpetual tarts on the road, and dwelling on the glories of the Whalebone blood. Johnny Gray was even a generation older than Tommy Lye, and always able to ride 6st. 8lbs. In spite of these small proportions, his friends aver that he got on the betting-room table at Doncaster, and gaily challenged the American Giant to fight, the year when he and Caunt drove tandem through the town, to the great bewilderment of the non-racing burgesses, who thought that, in addition to their other woes, two sons of Anak had descended on them in the flesh. Johnny's last great victory was on Cyprian for the Northumberland Plate, which he afterwards thus described to John Scott in an almost Homeric strain: "*I eased her up the hill; I teazed her down the hill; I strode her across the flat; and I beat your flash jockey.*" This description of the struggle was not lost upon society; and he was reverentially termed by all Malton, "*the head man at Scott's,*" after he had thus beaten Jack Holmes.

Bill Scott.

Bill Scott was a long time learning his business, and was first in Sadler's stables, near Bibury, with his brother John; and then came northward, in 1811, to Croft at Middleham. His sudden rise seven years afterwards was cotemporary with Comus, whose three-year-old stock foreshadowed their Doncaster prowess by carrying everything before them at Catterick. The betting men collected, as was their wont, in front of Ferguson's inn, and laid 3 to 1 on Lochinvar for the Claret. The Juggler was considered to be such a wretch that Mr. Powlett had given him away; but as the donee did not think it worth while to send for him till long after the time

fixed, he had to return with the halter in his hand; and as Croft reported that the colt had gone rather better in his last gallop, Bill got orders to dress for him. A deep fall of snow threatened at one time to bring the meeting to a close; but Mr. Ferguson promptly drove a flock of sheep three or four times round the course, and contrived to satisfy the trainers. Pierse, wide awake as usual, got the "trod," and threw such slush into Bill's eyes that at times he was almost blind. Still he never came till the right moment, and a magnificently ridden race on both sides sent the fielders into ecstasies, and sealed the fame "of the boy in yellow." Bill was then, as ever, a creeper; fond, as he said, of "making play behind;" never busy till after the distance; "*lenient*" in his seat, though not with his whalebone, and rather low and wide in his set-to.

Sim Templeman.

Catterick also was the scene of Templeman's maiden win three or four years after Bill had taken his degree in its oblong meadows. Sim, who was long the stay of old Sykes, first rode Unity, in 1819, at Malton and Grimsby; but no welcome (1) was printed after his name for two seasons till he scaled-in for Wanton by Woful, on whom he shortly after defeated both Elizabeth and Lottery. Catterick has always been a favourite ground with him, and connected more especially with the chocolate jacket of the Duke of Leeds. It was on one of his shooting excursions to Hornby Castle that he dreamt that he won the Claret Stakes at Catterick on a grey. The next grey (Vertumnus), which the Duke bred was accordingly entered; and although the incident had not been mentioned for many months, the first voice Sim heard, as he rode back to scale, was that of the Duke by the side of the cords, "*Sim! do you remember your dream?*" It was there, too, that he *thought* he was dreaming, when the Duke slyly handed him *The York Herald*, with his finger on a paragraph, headed "*Novel*

Fox Chase?" and he learnt for the first time how the Holderness had run a fox down his chimney-pot at Burnby during his absence, and broke it up under Will Danby's and Col. Thompson's eyes, in his bachelor bedroom.

The Waiting Game.

Sim's luckiest time was when he made his engagement with Sir Thomas Stanley; and then his beloved Battledore not only ran away from his Chester horses, but he won seven out of the nine races he rode that week. Setting aside his great struggle on Buzzard against Harry Edwards on Mercutio at Pontefract, when he was called back dripping wet from the town, to ride over a flooded course, one of his neatest things was on Catherina at Liverpool. General Chassé had been backed by Sir James Boswell for four great races, and won three of them, and this only remained. "*Well! I'll beat you, Sim, with the chestnut to-day,*" said Fobert; and "*No, not if we run it a hundred yards!*" was Sim's reply. Knowing the General's weakness, neither of his antagonists would make play for him, and they gently cantered till within the distance of home, Lye waiting on Birdlime close at Catherina's quarters. At the critical instant the General lurched; and as Holmes touched him with his spur, "Sim" just mettled his mare, who was as quick as a cat on her legs, and slipped him two lengths. For all that she only just got home, as the chestnut, having at last something to follow, was catching her every stride. He tried the same game on with Scott, at Doncaster, who dare not set off for fear Coriolanus should bolt. To keep behind till it became a mere question as to which was quickest on their legs was, in fact, "Sim's" only chance on such a bad mare. Bill was so bothered and parched with wasting, that he begged him, out of pity, to leave off walking, and at least to trot by his side; and so they came amicably over the hill, where their reverie was broken by an officious friend at the rails, who begged to be per-

mitted to bring them both "pipes and something hot." "*Jack! Jack! I thought you knew better!*" said Bill, in, for once, the most crushed tones; and as if to reward him for curbing his tongue, Coriolanus shot away as straight as an arrow, when he at last ventured to call upon him.

Job Marson and Butler.

The names of "Sim" and "Job" have so long been connected, that we can scarcely sever them now. Job's first win was when he was only fourteen, on Mr. Bell's Cinderella, in 1831, at Beverley; but it was ten years at least before Charles XIIth's Goodwood Cup brought him fairly to his riding. In fact, except in connexion with Mr. Allen's horses and Humphrey, and the lurching Melbourne on whom he was especially at home, he had been very little heard of, even in the North; although Templeman, with all that generosity of feeling which is the truest sign of talent, never ceased telling the trainers what a promising lad he was, and terribly difficult to get rid of when he had anything under him. He always "liked to see mischief before him," and come, next the rails, in the last sixty yards; and when he did punish, it was much more with his spurs than his whip. If his phlegmatic nature had to be specially excited, it was enough to tell him that a South country jockey, towards whom he never felt inwardly very amiable, had said that he was certain to win; and "*Does 'er? then he wont*," was invariably the precursor to one of his finest efforts. Butler's rush was more electric, but not so strong and steady. Their seats, too, were different, as Frank leant slightly forward in his set-to, while Job was as upright as a dart, and rode a trifle too short for complete elegance.

Wasting.

In physical power, Marson was the strongest of the two, as he was always able, from his slight make, to ride eight stone easily; while Butler ought never to have gone to scale for

some seasons before his death under 8st. 10lbs., and wore and fretted himself away in getting off the other 3lbs. Had the Ham and Gratwicke scale superseded the 8st. 7lb., which just crushes the heart out of many a jockey, we might, humanly speaking, have had Frank yet. His general wasting diet was champagne and toast; and he would take a pint of the former directly his walk was over, and have a little gruel and brandy from a soda-water bottle after each race. With such severe exercise to contend with, it is only a matter of wonder that he was able to take his waste walks so long, and ride so brilliantly to the very close. Nothing but the deepest love of it could have made him persevere along day after day; sometimes scarcely shedding half a pound down, as the side wind suited him, to the Bell at Kennet, or the Cock at Dullingham, where cheery Mother Onion of yore used to recount to her muffled visitors the glories of her port wine and her own Suffolk-bred nags. It was on one of the latter, stepping out at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, that Sam Rogers did much of his wasting towards the close of his career in the saddle, clad in a coat with a cape that closed over his head into a Benedictine cowl, to keep the warm atmosphere in. In the summer of 1858, Johnny Osborne wasted after a much more primitive fashion, when 7lbs. had to be got off for his Vedette mount at York. Starting from Ownby Paddocks, near Caistor, in a heavy woollen suit, he walked along with his brother in charge of six brood mares and three foals. Gainsboro' was their point on the first night, Doncaster on the second, and Leeds on the third, and on the following day they reached Middleham.

Conduct of Masters to Jockeys.

The race of masters, has, as some good and true-hearted jockeys know to their cost, sadly degenerated. Salaries and presents may be thrice as large, but all consideration for their feelings seem to be at times utterly forgotten. Because

his trainer always wants to shift the blame from himself or his horse; or a *gobemouche* friend who has dropped his money, comes with some sage idea gathered from his *lorgnettes*, to the effect that the horse was brought too soon, we see owners who are said to be models of chivalry in other matters, taking their regular jockeys off in the middle of a season, without a word of explanation. The well-being of racing mainly depends on keeping our jockeys above reproach, and it is difficult for many to hold themselves so if an owner is ready to degrade them at any moment, when he acknowledges the propriety of their conduct in every other way, but only differs with them as to whether a little more could have been made of his horse. Those whose memories can range upwards of a score of years back, will remember how two confederates, one of whom had reasons to wish for a pace, and the other had not, gave their leading jockey in a handicap exactly opposite orders. He naturally obeyed the one who spoke to him last, concluding that the orders were joint; and the other, who considered himself slighted, not only trampled down every attempt at explanation, but induced his first master to discharge him. The confederacy ended, but the jockey looked up no more. Sporting newspapers were few in those days, and there was no great body of racehorse owners for them to appeal to against so deep a wrong. The thing, however, was done openly enough; and except in its consequences, it was preferable to the present mode of engaging another jockey, and torturing the old one by slow degrees into sending in his jacket, by giving him the mere dregs of the mounts. A little kind feeling on this head would be worth a host of Turf Reform propositions on others. It is no answer to say that jockeys are private servants. They may be, in one sense; but still they are virtually subject to an oral and sadly lopsided code of Jockey Club rules, two of which are to the effect, if we re

member rightly, that it is purely optional with a master whether he ever relinquishes his claim on their services; and that if they refuse to ride, and want arrears paid up, they must apologize by advertisement, or be warned off the Heath. Hence their claim to far more consideration than they receive.

Race Riding.

Would that, on the other hand, we could believe that old racing-men and trainers, who do not love to see regular jockeys obliged to stand down for "Aztecs" and stable-lads, are not too bitter when they shrug up their shoulders at what is often termed "a magnificent finish," and ask "*Where is riding gone to?*" "There is no patience and quietness," say they, "among the ruck of these lads; they ought to have their legs and arms strapped to their sides; they only use them to maul a horse about in his canter, or upset him in his race." And yet there is scarcely one of the juveniles who does not think that he has forgotten more than Buckle took nearly a life-time to learn, and that his hand is every whit as delicate as "The Old Screw's." When we mark the rare phalanx who went to scale for the Oaks of '44, and think that of those alone, Sam Chifney, Robinson, John Day junior, Chapple, Sam Darling, Frank Butler, and Job Marson will ride no more—we may well, in these latter days, when jockeys are so rife and yet horsemen so rare, full often wish for them back.

TRIALS.

"Oh! Sutton, Stamford, Woodcock, Larkin!
Pray look out sharp, or he'll be darking;
He watched the trials others made,
And still will follow the same trade;
And near the Devil's Ditch be seen,
'Gliding at moonlight, long and lean.'"

Newmarket to Wit.

TOMMY PANTON, surnamed "The Long," is here the theme; and with true minstrel's licence, his trainer bones are supposed to moulder near the Ditch Stables. More than eighty years have gone by since he watched the trial horses as they came out with jockeys "up," at twilight or at dawn, to have their question put, and what scores of them have not answered it true! Bronze was beaten so many lengths by Wretch, that she was merely started to make a pace for her in the Oaks, and yet she won easily. Azor had pleased Robson so little, when tried collaterally with Student, that he merely went to Epsom to "valet him;" and yet when Buckle holloaed for an opening, and Robinson pulled his horse almost into the furze to let him up, that 7 to 4 favourite stood still, and was seen no more. Czar Peter and Lady Brough also played havoc with the book of Colonel Mellish, who had backed the Czar after getting his measure, that morning for little short of five thousand. Will Edwards' instructions on her ladyship were merely to go along for a mile, and so rigidly were they obeyed, that near the Duke's Stand it was Suffolk to a shepherd's dog on her, as she came on nearly a distance in front, and a regular Ring panic with her. Well might Sir John Shelley ride round and round the mare, as she was unsaddled, as if struggling to pierce the mystery how the Colonel had tried so wildly; while Ben Moss, who rode her ladyship in the trial, absolutely groaned with despair.

Col. Mellish's Mistake with Czar Peter.

James and Will Edwards's Trials.

Here, too, trainers have made something more than mere "Guesses at Truth." It was across the Flat that Tiny Edwards, the devoted worshipper of Sorcerer, watched from his wall-eyed pony, a trial which convinced him that he had five horses good enough to win the Derby, and one of them that idle Mameluke, whom he had scored down during the winter, when he lay rolling about in the straw-yard, as not worth a brass farthing. Fleur de Lis, The Colonel, and Zinganee were also put together by his son over the T.M.M., as the most suitable ground in its nature to get an exact line for the Goodwood Cup, and after three weeks, seven days of which were spent on the road, they came out the first, second, and third in their old forms to a pound.

Modern Trials at Newmarket.

Cooper was never able to try Vulture over the T.Y.C. with anything but the second-hand of his own repeater, but he "tried her very high" with that, and twice over she won. Her pinions were, however, quite clipped at a mile, and she could only get home fourth. Orlando—or "Sandwich," as Colonel Peel facetiously christened him for a few months, after he won The Ham—was only tried seven times in 1843-46. He won both his two-year-old trials, giving weight to a bad lot, and gave 21lbs. successfully to Garryowen, when they were put together on the first of April, next year. However, Ionian had the best of him at evens in their trial, at the Derby distance and weights, some six weeks after; while I'm-not-Aware could only manage the third place with a stone less. That was the last time Ionian ever worsted him, as when they were put together for an Ascot Cup measure, in 1846, over the D.I., he could only finish second at 2st. less. Orlando was in a trying vein that April; and as after having the measure of his D.M. foot taken as well by King Cob and Co., he gave the eight-year-old Garryowen 10lbs., and beat him over that T.Y.C., at which he was once as

great an adept as Oakley. With such proofs of his form to guide them, they got well on him for the Ascot Cup; and as Nat was engaged for Alarm, Jem Robinson was put up. Unfortunately the bay made "a merry rascal" of himself at the post, broke his bridle, and put his jockey down; and when he did get off, he jumped the road, and his leg gave way. His half-brother, Surplice, had been tried high enough in public before he migrated from Sussex to Newmarket; but Stockwell, with what the touts guessed to be nine stone seven, (for who has yet penetrated the Asiatic mystery of an Exeter trial?) was seen catching in succession seven or eight who were turned loose to make play, and only failing to reach little Midas, with nearly three stone less by a neck.

Wilts has its great Fyfield trial, wherein Teddington and Storyteller at even weights routed The Ban at 21lbs., and Vatican at 6lbs., as effectually as the Royalists had done the Roundheads and Sir William Waller, on Roundaway Down, two hundred seasons before. The Letcombe Downs can also take up the tale for Berkshire. It was there that Tom Parr asked Saucebox, on the Friday before the St. Leger, to be as good as Scythian, in the Chester Cup, and with Fanny Gray to make the running, and Mortimer to take it up at the end of a mile, got an answer in the affirmative, with five lengths to spare. Here, too, Weathergage met Melford, three years his senior, and with all his Worcestershire honours fresh upon him, and made so light of him at evens, that his party found that the Goodwood Stakes secret was well worth having, albeit they had been bound over to lay thirty to one to 200*l*., for the possession of it. On we go to Oxfordshire, and the scene shifts back thrice seven years, to the ruins of Heythrop and its richly-wooded dells. Starting in one of them, at Painter's signal, just below the kennels, the mighty Coronation might be seen "suffer-

Fyfield, Benhams, and Heythrop.

ing" behind Reliance and Chabron, till, as Jem Hills observes to Jack Goddard, "*They've given him a ring round the top of the park*," and then coming home alone and pulling up at the Chapel so fresh, that every one (bar Jim, who "got beat with Centaur at Petworth"), down to the boiler, becomes firm in their allegiance, and piles crown after crown on to his head.

Danebury. But Hampshire beckons us back, on a fine October morning, and kicking up hare after hare in our route, we are at last at the summit of Vicar's Cross. Behind us lies Clatford Oak Cuts, the scene of many a rare run, but few so fast as the twenty-two minutes without a check, on grass, from Chislingbury Gorse, straight away to Assheton Copse, in which Mr. Smith on his grey (1), Desperate (William Sadler) (2), and Laura (John Day, junior) (3), were with Mr. Rowdon (who had to bleed his horse), almost the only ones placed. Danebury Hill is on the right, under whose shade Bay Middleton and Crucifix dwelt so long; and just beneath it is Nockwood, whose fox broke one day the moment Mr. Smith crossed the ditch to draw, and going like a second Themistocles, nine miles to Tedworth, made a spread eagle of nearly two hundred over the Kimpton meadows. They found also in that little fir belt, or Sadler's Plantation, within a stone's throw of the quiet little race-course, which there leaves the valley, and stretches away, dimly marked by white posts, into the wider expanse of Sadler's Down. The Stand railings, within which, on the *Ignoramus* v. *Anton* day, "The Squire," with Tom Sebright, George Carter, and Will Long as his audience, delivered his last great lecture on the Furrier bitches, are put away till another June comes round; and John Day's black watch-dog, that terror to touts, wanders lazily about the spot, now that his morning patrol with the horses is ended.

On Seven Barrow Farm, in the distance, all is life. A party of coursers, with Alfred Day on Stonehenge in the midst of them, are working themselves up into a state of frantic excitement at twelve minute intervals, and then comes dulness sublime. John Day bids good-bye to Mr. Harry Hill (who turns his back contemptuously on the long-tails, and cares only to catch the up train), and then, after peering for a space at the edge of the seeds, goes up to a score of yearlings, whose lads are cutely contriving to combine both duty and pleasure for the day. King Tom, Orlando, Andover, Newminster, and Loupgarou have all some high-priced youngsters in that infant school, which at his bidding now wends its way home in Indian file up Chattis Hill. That hill was "Grandfather Day's favourite gallop." Five-and-thirty years ago it was a mere mass of juniper bushes, and it was through the paths, cut with all a backwoodsman's perseverance, that the old man sent along the thick-winded Luzborough, by his much-loved Williamson's Ditto, Foxberry, Hougomont, and Escape. Crucifix was never tried, for very good reasons, after two years old; and Winchester race-course, at four o'clock on a September morning, was the venue, when in the presence of Lord George and Mr. Greville, Dilly and old John met to put Mango and The Drummer together at 7lbs. "*Beggar my limbs but we must know the worst,*" was John's watchword at such a crisis, and three monkeys from Lord George after the St. Leger, one to Dilly for training, and the others to John and his son Sam for trying and riding, proved that he had seen them "spun out" to some purpose, and that it was not what in after-years he contemptuously termed, as with his clear-cut passionless face, he looked on by the Newmarket cords, "*Another of those Danebury pots.*" His lordship and John must have taken very different tackle over to Tedworth, or else they could hardly

Stockbridge Race Course.

have persuaded Mr. Smith, in the autumn of his life, that he had a likely Derby colt in Cracker.

Young John Day's Dynasty.

Young John's training days may be said to begin with Weatherbit and Old England, the latter of whom lost much of his sluggishness at three years old, and could always get furthest. Weatherbit in his turn could always beat St. Lawrence half a length at the Derby distance, while the Saint had just the best of him at a mile. Mendicant proved himself before the Oaks, two lengths better than the pair at even weights, at a mile over the Houghton Course, whereas Pyrrhus the First could only just manage them at 7lbs. The chestnut was only a second-class horse at best, heavy fleshed, and so big in the girth, that he was obliged to take walking exercise from six to eight before the other horses came out. This was the origin of the report that he had latterly had a mere walking preparation, whereas he was only stopped in his work for a week between the Newmarket Stakes and the Derby, and then went as straight as a line. St. Lawrence was also Cossack's Derby trial horse, and with the Tartar to make the running, was beat by him two lengths, a week before Stockbridge races. Maton was on Cossack, and young John, who steered St. Lawrence at 10st. 4lbs., has never taken part in a trial since. Conyngham, the Two Thousand winner of that memorable Danebury year, tried to give Mathematician 7lbs. before he started for Newmarket, and just failed by a head; but it was hardly worth while trying Pitsford, as he was never a day alike; and in fact they thought him most brilliant when he was a yearling. Grecian gave 7lbs. and two years to Equiria over the T.Y.C. before he came out at Stockbridge and Newmarket. Andover showed himself so well, with Hermit in the spring, and took such a steady preparation, that the stable never hedged a penny; and the style in which he gave Hermit 7lbs., and a half-length beating, in a rough

gallop, in which he went on for the last half mile, when Ireland's Eye retired, showed them that they got the public form correctly enough. Aleppo and Rogerthorpe were as near in private as in public. The latter at even weights won the T.Y.C. trial by a neck, and when they met over the old two mile course at York, next year, the 3lbs. which Aleppo received, brought it to a dead heat!

Richmond.

Now we find ourselves in dear old Yorkshire, the week before the St. Leger, and more confirmed than ever in our belief, as we rest, carpet bag on shoulder, at many a rustic hostel, that the women fry ham all day, and the men talk about Scott and John Osborne at night. The horses are all at work on Richmond High Moor this morning, as for the first time in our lives we scale the Beacon. Belle Isle lies at our feet, and we insensibly mix up rusty Billy Pierse histories of Oriana, Manuella, Comedy, and Swiss, with Vedette and Ignoramus, those sheeted notables of the present, as we watch Abdale nicking in with them on his pony, in their gallops, and having a tremendous set-to for about fifty yards. Still September has come round without a St. Leger nag for Richmond; and hence the little gap amid the firs, which stands out bleakly against the sky on the distant hills, soon beckons us on our willing way to Middleham.

Road to Middleham.

The Grey Stone, which has seen many a gallant field sadly "squandered" ere they reached it, and the rich Aske Valley, where we have been reintroduced to Voltigeur, (rolling glorious, muddy, and free, with a subscription already full, in his paddock), that still finer model of a Cup horse, Fandango, and an infant Hospodar—are once more in our lee. Now we are passing Spennithorne church, where beneath a large gravel mound, marked by no tomb-stone, near the chancel, rests all that is mortal of their once great jockey, and we are in Middleham

deanery at last. Passing by that gloomy-looking shutter-sealed house, in which he lived and died, and from which he was wont to steal forth for his solitary wastes down Coverdale, that none but a quiet dalesman or two might see him, we find ourselves at the very edge of the moor. It looks at first sight like a mere uneven ridge between two valleys, and we are tempted to say of it, as Mr. Parr did to Tom Dawson, when he had driven right over it to Tupgill, "*Come, tell me where is your training ground?*"

Scenery and Company on Middleham Moor.

The morning was not a favourable one, and the wetness of the summer had made the strings desert the black peat of the high, for the limestone surface of the low moor. Penhill looked down on both in all its cloud-capped majesty, and the wreaths of mist curled lazily along the grouse fells, which tapered away to Carlton Moor Heads; or just lifting the curtain for a moment on the other side, revealed, and then sullenly shrouded, the poet-sung beauties of Wensleydale. It is only ten days from the Leger, and through the driving rain, we can just tell that the lord of the dale is here with his family, to watch The Hadji gallop, and that hero with his tail plaited up, achieves a mile three times in solitary state. But there are other groups besides that. The British Yeoman tout, so called from his delicate attentions to the Champagne winner, is there, and with him, if we mistake not, "The Cooper," *alias* Tub Thumper; while the village schoolmaster, with his white hair just peeping under his little grey cap, stands at ease on his stick, in the happy consciousness that this is Saturday morning, and that the pupils have a whole holiday. Who knows that he may not have another "Early Village Cock," or a "Joe Lovell," in his lot, to astonish the readers of the Sunday papers? Osborne's and Oates's strings also flit before us, through the mist, all doing good Doncaster work; and then Fobert and his aide-de-camp

Arthur Briggs emerge, with the pretty Underhand second in their string, from that little glen on the right, where Jack Spigot died, and from which 80,000*l.* in ten years flowed into the Eglinton exchequer. If "Kitty Brown" had only been in the flesh, what rich Spigot Lodge legends he could have poured forth, the result of observation even more intense than a Chaldæan astrologer's. It is our fate, however, to learn the old Eglinton measures that morning from far more reliable lips. It seems that they were on this wise. At two-years-old, Van Tromp not only beat Eryx at 35lbs. for half-a-mile, but gave Plaudit, who ran second both for the Cup and the Derby Handicap, at Liverpool next week, an honest 10lbs. into the bargain. Next season the mare and the yearling Dutchman were put together for half-a-mile at evens, and the flyer won. Defeat, however, awaited him in his turn, as his half-brother, Mavors, went two lengths away from him at weight for age, Knight of Avenel third; and Lord Eglinton, Sir David Baird, and Captain Pettat, came down from the High Moor that day, with the firm belief that the Derby was over. Alas! for all human calculations! Exactly a week and a day before the Derby, he was found to have a leg, and the back sinew gave way as he flew the road near Tattenham Corner. It was here, too, that Saunterer proved himself at least two stone better than Augury; and that Ellington on the Thursday before the Derby, gave Gaudy, Panmure, and Preston fully that each, and not only led from end to end in a mile and three-quarters gallop, but choked them off by some seventy yards. Well might Tom Dawson write up to London to take 5000*l.* to 200*l.* more about him for Epsom; and stand out 1500*l.* to 500*l.* about him for the Leger, when he had again seen him cut Panmure to ribbons, at 3st., within only six days of his Doncaster downfall.

Middleham Trials.

Trials at Malton.

Langton Wold, where, according to the Yorkshire belief, Snowball may still be seen "serving himself" with a phantom hare, met our eye for the first time the next week. It was under an almost Italian sky, that we scaled its table land at last, and trod the little race course, round which "Black Bill" measured so many Derby and Leger winners. Malton, rich with its red tile roofs, snugly nestled in the hollow at our right; and behind us,

"The waves of shadow went over the wheat,"

as it lingered still uncut on the hills, which marked where the broken foreground of dell and coppice faded into the bolder scenery of the wolds. On the left, across the valley, is Langton Hill, on which more than one prophet, who was not deceived by the feint of walking the lot after exercise to the gate into the lane, has proudly swept the horizon on a trial morning, with a six-pound-ten opera glass. Above "the turn for home" peeped the thick green woods of Castle Howard, amid which Velocipede and his three companions wound their stealthy way at nightfall to Hambleton, for the trial which was the great chestnut's crack of doom. There is not a drop of lazy blood on the Wold this morning. "Tox" with Pearl up, Volta and nine others from Whitewall are all at work, while John Scott walks by the side of I'Anson's pony, clasping his stick behind his back, and looks as if he would like to be "up and at" the strange outlying pickets, as they lean in a straggling line against the aged thorns which flank the gallop. He thinks he sees in each of them a second Mat Barehead, who was such a fearful scourge to him in his time; Harry Oxford and the two Greys have also known "what o'clock it is," as well as he could tell them, and so has the mighty Tom of Lancashire, who got the commission and stuck to it.

And now the word is given for them to cross over

to the long gallop, and each watcher silently steals away to another watch-tower among the gorse. John Scott in his phaeton, with Holmes, in his green coat, and marching as erect as one of the Old Guard in the van, a friend on horseback at his side, and a lemon-and-white terrier keeping a sharp look out from the back seat, complete the Whitewall procession, as it adjourns for an hour to the tan gallop, whither we care not to follow them. We would fain linger at the little red stand, which has thrown out a couple of wings like cart sheds, and as we muse on old times, we feel more happy than the little ex-jockey, who hid himself "in the morning grey" on its leads, and was disturbed in his dream of coming bliss, by the irruption of that crafty Leadbitter, Jacob the blacksmith, with the cock-bag.

Bill Scott as a Tryer.

We can excuse him for trying it on, as a trial, in the zenith of Bill Scott, who generally rode 8st. 10lbs. in them, would take a man a life-time to forget. If his language was remarkable when Mr. Bowes pressed him to say what livery his lad was to wear, it was still more so when he had a lot of lads on loose ones to do the work to the turn, and was lecturing them upon their seat and hand, at the post. So highly did he think of Nelson's knowledge of pace, that he never liked to try without him; and although George Izard (who died of consumption early) seldom rode in public, he was at one time another essential. Bill's delight was to be right behind in the middle, to measure his horses to the chains, and making "White Willie" the ending post in his own calculations, to send them racing home. We will first mark Bill on Don John, barely beating George Izard by a neck in a mile on the Nonplus dam colt, a brilliant, but half-silly son of Velocipede, who was soon after found dead in his box. Then came the Don's turn to be defeated as far, by the punchy-looking Cobham, before the Derby, in which the latter seemed

to be under a spell, and could not go the pace any part of the way. Fortune was never harder on one of her colts. He was called "Scott's chestnut crack" all the spring, and he stood up to be knocked down at the Surrey Union Kennels early in the autumn.

Launcelot, who was a most desperate horse to hold, even in a 3lb. bridle, beat Maroon when their Derby measure was taken in the March of '40; but the order was reversed at Pigburn, in the autumn, and even the ploughed gallop that year could not avail his legs, which went sadly groggy after Epsom. Seven or eight were in the Cotherstone trial, in which Bill contented himself with being third, and sent Nat, who won on Greatheart, back with the firm persuasion that Bretby was to have the Derby at last. Satirist was also beaten very far in his spring trial, simply because he could not help it; but Van Amburgh from the same stable ran a fine winning race home with Marshal Soult; and Bill, on the Duke of Wellington, whom he had for once in his life fancied wrongly, could not stay, even in that weak company. It was all too that Lanercost could do, to get rid of Marshal Soult when they were galloped in their clothes at home before the Chester Cup; but the old brown waked up under Templeman's hand, and ran in a 10lb. better form when the flag went down. Here, too, West Australian deceived them in his first trial, and then showed them through Longbow that Pelion could not win the Derby at 7st. 12lbs.; while Daniel O'Rourke showed his back to the eternal Backbiter; and Impérieuse strode away from Warlock at evens.

Charles XII. *versus* Hetman Platoff.

Of all the Pigburn trials none ever exceeded in severity the one between Hetman Platoff and Charles XII. A bad sand-crack which had stopped Charles for a day or two, and proved one of Jacob's greatest farriery triumphs, gave the more compact Hetman slightly the pull in point of condition. For two miles on a sound

course Charles was the best, though Hetman could have beaten him for speed at a mile and a half; and the knotty point now was, which was the safest horse of the two to carry the stable money for the St. Leger. Ever since his Liverpool victory, Harry Edwards had pronounced Hetman a wonder, but George Taylor was in the saddle on that eventful morning, and after a finish up the Pigburn Hill, in which every ounce was jobbed or spurred out of them for the time being, Scott just contrived to win by a head. Alas! that such a finish should find no record in Weatherby! Newminster's St. Leger trial at Doncaster was a widely different affair. The Corporation Steward had only the office from the landlord of The Salutation, (where the trainer and jockeys sat out the night,) to take up the chains by four o'clock, and their party stole quietly out of their parlour down the meadows behind to meet the horses in Carr-lane. In their innocence, they thought it a monstrous good thing if Newminster could run with Backbiter at 7lbs., whereas "Sim" had him so far beat at the Red House, that when they saw but one horse looming through the mist, they concluded that it must of a surety be the old one, and that Beeswing's son had been pulled up.

The Velocipede Trial.

Hambleton was always, from its springy peat subsoil, a favourite trial ground for Whitewall, and they duly repaired to it in the year of Mundig, *alias* "The Red Cow." It was there too that Scott on Lady le Gros, and Holmes on Touchstone, had a measure, and each firmly believed that the other had been "foxing a bit." Here, too, Bob Heseltine showed Bill how The Cure could dispose of Alice Hawthorne at weight for age, and by repeating the exhibition to friend upon friend, caused old Forth's white hat to be hurled aloft after the St. Leger instead of his own. It was the scene too of the fatal breakdown of Velocipede, in the greatest trial that was ever yet run. George Izard came with the

horses from Malton, eighteen miles, and tried at Hambleton, at noon. The day was especially chosen as being the one after Pontefract races, and before the touts had time to resume their studies. Mr. Petre and Mr. Ridsdale slept at Stapleton over night, and set off with John Scott and their jockeys in two post-chaises and four, first thing in the morning to Hambleton. All of the party, who dashed thirteen miles an hour up Sutton Bank to meet Izard and his charges, have gone now, save John Scott and Templeman. Bill on the game slow Granby made the running, and was beat a hundred yards; Sim on the Colonel, who received 7lbs. from Velocipede, finished fifty before Granby; and Mameluke (G. Izard) found that he could not give anything like 7lbs. and a year to George Nelson and Velocipede. Still the morning's deed did not bear the afternoon's reflection, as the chestnut pulled up lame in the off fore-leg, and his best days were over.

THE FOREIGN MARKET.

"'Mid grim ancestral castles,
Where Rhine's dark waters roll,
Oft have German maidens handled
Each young Actæon foal;
And the Russians on their dais,
As the wassail bowl they pass,
Carouse to Moscow glories
Of the colts by General Chasse."

The King of Oude's Interpreter on Ascot.

FEW can estimate the intense love of the Turf and the Chase which animates foreigners. Their English trainers have often told us how they have seen them quiver with delight when they translated to them, from "Nimrod," story after story of the hardihood of Jack Mytton; and that the news of Hobbie Noble's

sale for 6500 guineas at Warwick made them vow eternal pilgrimages thenceforth to England in search of such golden treasure-trove. The horse spirit penetrates the bosoms of dusky visitors born under strange stars; and the very perspiration stood out in glittering beads on the features of the valet-interpreter of the King of Oude, as, after stowing his royal party in another carriage, he artlessly told us his experiences of an Ascot Cup day.

This was our conversation.

"*I trust his Majesty has enjoyed the races?*"

"Oh! very mush—most beautiful!"

"*Where were you?*"

"We did come so late by that train; and we go into the Queen's Stand below; but dat was full, and there was luncheon laid out—*ham!* (and here the excellent Mahometan paused.)

"*His Majesty would like the sight?*"

"Oh, yes! But the King, he say to me, 'What for the people stare so? Do they take me for wild beast?' And I say, 'Oh! no, your Majesty: it is the ladies, your Majesty; they all look at you, because they *lov* you.'"

"*Who won that last race?*"

"I cannot tell you—Yes, it was Zi-dam. No, dat was not de name. Gyd-Zee ["*It would be Zuyder Zee.*"] "Ah! dat was it—tank you. It *was* beautiful race; I be so pleased. I see him on the left side; he make just one great *plonge*, and then he take it in a minute. That was de race."

"*Did you see this Fisherman and North Lincoln?*"

"Oh, yes! dat Fisherman fine big horse. I see him come forward, and then he in his place. But de Gyd-Zee, that is de horse; he win in a minute, and I do scarce see it. What a beautiful horse, that Lincoln! such a sweet white face—we all like him so. But de Fisherman, he make us larf; his back just like a knife—dey give him no hay and corn for a week."

But, alas! at this point the guard saw that some fun was going on, and, no doubt out of respect for royalty, invited him into the break; and we saw our friend no more.*

Luke Nott and Mr. Kirby.

In Russia, at one time, Stuckey and Luke Nott might have made Alexander and his equerries believe that spavins and Roman heads were rather a beauty than otherwise, and that ring-bones and double joints were infallible indications of strength; but they could not tell Nicholas tales. The royal vendees, when they came out to the front of the palace at Peterhoff to inspect the English arrivals, took the measure of their vendors rather differently in 1845 to what they had done thirty years before. Luke Nott was the spokesman on one of the latter occasions. He had an order for two cows from England, one for a nobleman and the other for the Empress, but the royal cow died on the passage, and the worst had to be led to the palace for inspection. "*Why*," asked the Empress, "*are three teats so large and one so small?*" "*It's all correct, please your Majesty*," said the ever-ready Luke, "*three are for the milk, and the little one for the cream.*" "*Indeed!*" was the reply, and nothing more was said; "*But*," as Mr. Kirby used to remark, "*I stood fairly trimbling to hear the fellow tell such a wilful lee.*" Many had been sent off to Siberia for less; and it was all that Mr. Kirby himself could once do, even while he basked in

* How different the report of Sunbeam's Goodwood race, as we wrote it down the next month, from the lips of a labourer in a smock, who was sitting within ear-shot of us, with his wife, his six olive-branches, and, of course, the family umbrella, on the sunny slope of the Goodwood Hill. It ran thus:—"There's three gan—yonder they goes! Yellow's behind 'em—*he ain't fur;* he'll push it when they get into the straight coorse! Green and blue is cutting along! Dang! yellow's coming up right afore 'em, blowed if he ain't! They'll have a job with him, mind yer. He's gotten up foremost. Look at that, missis! Green's lossen all to nothing!" And with that "The Missus" closed his patriarchal mouth by the offer of a very green little apple from her basket.

the royal sunshine, to persuade the Guards that the porter-bottle which burst in his pocket, as he was smuggling it into the palace for one of the princes, was not the prohibited liquor of hated Britain, but "*only frisky beer.*"

The Emperor's Inspection of The Sheriff.

In 1853 the palace at Peterhoff was the same, but the actors were changed. Twenty new English horses were being marched round and round, in their scarlet clothing, by the Russian grooms in uniform, in its square; and Mr. Ashton, the English agent, was waiting all anxious to hear what his Majesty would think of The Sheriff by The Provost, for whom 3000 guineas had been refused after he won the July. The Emperor, with Prince Menschikoff at his side, stepped out on the terrace to the instant. Thrice the ring moved round him. "*Very good! that will do; but I think I told you, three years ago, I would have no white heels,*" he said, as he challenged a beautiful bay mare. "*She was so good, your Majesty, I daren't leave her,*" replied Mr. Ashton; and "*That may be—it's against the contract!*" told that the stern Imperial ukase against white knew no change. Then The Sheriff was beckoned out of the ring. "*What size, Ashton?*" "*Two artkeens and four veshiks, your Majesty*" (fifteen-three). A fierce doubting look, almost as daunting as a glance at the sun on a summer's day, was the only reply vouchsafed; and in two mighty strides "The Emperor of all the Russias" was at his withers. "*Beg pardon, Ashton—he's on short legs!*" And so the bay and the black passed into the royal stables; and the latter never flinched beneath his royal nineteen stone load at a review. He was the last horse that Nicholas gave orders on, to his army; and he was led behind him on his funeral-day.

Russian Studs.

The white-heel objection has always been a sovereign one with the Russians, and nothing but a white star falls within their creed of

perfection; in which neat muscular shoulders, a neck well out, and, above all, a clean jowl, are the cardinal points. There is, in fact, a saying, that "a long swan neck and a beautiful head knock them over at once." There are very few roarers in the country; and the trotting breed, which have nothing to do with the English, did not roar till they were crossed with mares and sires from Holland. The latter are mostly high-steppers, blacks, with drooping quarters, bad middles, fine heads, and lean necks; in fact like very varmint cart-horses. Count Orloff, who was the first of the Russian nobility who devoted his whole mind to it, crossed Symmetry and Trafalgar with Arabs, Persians, and mares of the country, and selected their stock for the stud almost entirely by their trotting action. When the Count died, the Government bought up his stud farm in Crenavoy Varonovitch, and began to breed on a large scale.

Imported English Sires.

There are at least twenty or thirty towns in which Government horses stand at a small price; but the choice English sires are stationed at Moscow and Crenavoy. Count Branetski has a very large stud of 700 brood mares, and has spent an immense sum over his hobby of importing Arab stallions. Among his English purchases were Ganymede by Orville, Mahmoud by Sultan, Paramour, Zanoni (*i.e.* Running Rein), Dr. Caius, Joinville, Cardinal Wolsey, and Deerstealer, &c. The Count is a great sportsman, and keeps an English pack of hounds, with Frank Beers, late second whip to the Brocklesby, and son of the renowned George, as his huntsman. He did not think so at first, but he is now convinced that the slowest of his thorough-bred English horses carry him and his men better to hounds than any Arab he can breed. A Government committee of some two hundred or three hundred members examine the sires as they arrive. With the Emperor's chargers and the private gentlemen's

horses they do not interfere. Those that are to be advertised are the sole subjects of their surveillance, and they will not allow a roarer under any consideration to be published in circulars or newspapers. Heretic by Muley Moloch was not passed; and Mr. Ashton had him on his hands for years, simply as a teazer.

Mr. Kirby in Difficulties.

Competition in blood sires proved the best; and hence, when in later years the Government brought over such an infinity of their own, the private owners had to lower their price, and their standard along with it. In the early part of the century, Messrs. Banks and Tomlin had fifteen high-class sires in Moscow; and while Mr. Jackson had Soothsayer, Leopold, Magistrate, Sovereign, and Antar, Mr. Kirby confronted him with Juggler by Comus, Archibald, and Bourbon. The latter was then sold to a nobleman, and when the Alderman and Fleur-de-Lis, the only pledges that he left behind him, ran so well, the keen old tyke hurried across with a 2500 guinea offer for him. Alas! the Count was not to be spoken to, except through his steward; he, good man, would not move in the matter until his dear wife had received two costly shawls; and after all, the Emperor or his aide-de-camp got hold of the *Racing Calendar*, and would not let him go. We have often sat with the old man, while he told us, race-meeting after race-meeting at York, how he was done out of those shawls. In our last visit, even when his rosary occupied all his thoughts, he looked up at intervals, and dipping back into the past, told that tale once more; and how he and his favourite jockey, Mark Noble, put a gouty horse into blue clay boots at Ormskirk all night, and won a plate with him next day.

Mr. Walkden came after Mr. Kirby, and an offer of three thousand guineas arrived out from the repentant Mr. Forth for his horse Interpreter, as soon as

Lilias (née Babel) had won the Oaks, and Translation run second to Gulnare. The Imperial permit in this case was duly signed, and a van and horses hired to take him overland to Warsaw; but he died of inflammation the night before, and Marcus was left alone. At this time Mr. Walkden held the Government commission for thirty stallions a year for seven years, and in 1827 Mr. Ashton succeeded him.

Old Friends in Russia.

The history of our exported sires to Russia is a very chequered one. Middleton and Memnon, the Derby and Leger winners of 1825, both went out, the former along with Birmingham, who got some leggy but very durable stock. Memnon was much more lucky than Middleton; and Elliot, the present Richmond trainer, won some of the best prizes with his son Actor, who was bought to get chargers at the Imperial stud. Allegro, by Orvile, was a great success; but Coronation soon lost caste. The young Squires quite disgraced their great namesake by their softness; Jereed did not get them with constitutions; Ithuriel died after a two years' sojourn of inflammation, and Uriel was sent for immediately. General Chassé's stock were remarkably stout; nearly all chestnuts, and with light manes and tails, and those which did not take after him were bad-coloured bays. Several Russian soldiers lost their legs and arms in attendance on him. No Rarey was found in the whole Russian dominions to quench him, and all that David Saxby could do was to get hold of the rope, which was always attached to him, by the aid of a shepherd's crook. Wanota was another foreigner who often required hooking; but he luckily died young, to the great economy of life and limb. Few have been so much liked in Russia as Zanoni, who was a horse of very great style and beauty. He stood at Moscow two years, and his Magnifique out of Mary, by Waterloo, a twenty-seven-year-old mare, found, as the Galanthuses have done more recently,

but few to beat him over this course. He retained a memento of his old Derby days in the broken tusk, on the near side; and he was so shy about his mouth, that to give him physic became almost an impossibility.

The Voyage of Van Tromp.

It was long a moot question with Nicholas whether he would have Van Tromp. This goodliest son of Lanercost was following Glen Saddel in a gallop on Middleham High Moor, when some gipsies ran to the wall to peep over. The swarthy apparitions made him stop so suddenly, that his suspensory ligament went, and after Mr. Kirby had had him for two seasons, he offered him to Colonel Schrider for 2000 guineas. The answer was that the Emperor had seen Herring's portrait of him, and did not like his neck; but Mr. Kirby replied that his crest was up now, and the bargain was confirmed. Galanthus and Morgan Rattler, one of the rarest of Lincolnshire hunter sires, went out at the same time, consigned to Prince Galitzin, in a Hull steamer. They were at sea nearly thirty hours, in such a fearful gale, that the captain finding himself overweighted with deck-luggage, was within an ace of throwing all three overboard. The bulwarks were broken in; two horses of minor renown were washed from their stalls against the cabin windows; and a sow farrowed eleven, amid all the wild hubbub beneath Morgan Rattler, before they could put back to port. That devoted horse had been to Germany once before, and kept his sea-legs well; but the two others, in addition to their chafed tails and halter-grazed noses, were most dreadfully distressed. After two days on shore, and having escaped the lot of Judge Advocate, who died of inflammation, and was thrown over in the Cattegat, they reached Moscow in safety. The late Emperor was all for Van Tromp to the last; but, as in England, he has not proved himself the surest foal-getter.

Purchase of Andover and Peep-o'-day Boy.

Colonel Schrider's next purchases were much less happy in his sovereign's eyes. Andover, for whom he gave two thousand to Sir Tatton, had certainly light back ribs, as many of that tribe have; but still he was to our minds the nicest mover, and best type of a Derby horse that we ever saw by the old "Jersey bay." We remember lingering to the very last, on a Goodwood Cup-day, simply that we might see him once more steal along with Alfred Day, in a walk over. However, his wide ears, his inclination to turn out his toes, and his roaring were fatal to him; but still, despite the latter defect, they kept him for the public in Moscow. Burgundy accompanied him, but soon died; and Freeman, though hardly high class enough to leave Moscow, was received into great favour. Peep-o'-day Boy was principally disliked from his somewhat light fore legs, and the high price which had been paid for him. According to the Russian account, 600 guineas was the first demand, when the Colonel went to visit him at Neasdon. He would not give an answer then; but fairly trembled with delight at seeing a horse just suited to his mind; and when he went to say Yes, the price was raised to 1200 guineas. Another demur shot the price up to 1600 guineas, and the Colonel sent in a fury to fetch him.

Russian Cavalry Mounts.

Hetmann Platoff's ancient objection to greys has gradually lost its force, and one of their crack regiments is mounted on them, while the others have bays or browns. All their chargers are bred from English horses; and when some of the more thoughtful of the Russian officers learnt from the English importers that our horses on the Balaklava day were, perhaps, the lighter-boned of the twain, it may have flashed on them for the first time that the English would not have "*rode us down like sheep*," if a serf's arm had guided the rein. In the southern parts, the studs for cavalry horses alone

comprise 1000 to 1500 mares each. Strict military discipline is kept up, and all the grooms wear the red collar uniform. The great object is to get the horses as thorough-bred as possible, as the half-breds cannot stand six or seven hours of manœuvring on parade. In the Royal stables alone, in Nicholas's day, there were 600 chargers, and 600 in training, 1200 harness horses, and 1200 in breaking; and these did not include those at Warsaw and Moscow. The chargers were generally in the riding-school for two years before the Emperor mounted them; and if he had marked one for his own when they first entered, he never forgot its name. All the picked chargers were divided between his four sons, when Nicholas died, five or six to each, and after the coronation the whole establishment was diminished. "No more till further orders" was the ukase, and no more have been sent for yet.

Sire Purchases for the French Government.

It was to select a crack for the French Government that the last legitimist agent, M. le Chevalier de Place, came over in the July of 1846. Gladiator was his heaviest and most successful purchase, but Lanercost was his first love that year. He became so much smitten with him when Van Tromp had won his maiden race at Liverpool, and was strongly fancied for the Champagne, that he bid Mr. Kirby 3000*l.* for the horse then and there, but he could not be induced to sell. On the Doncaster Monday, the offer was renewed, with a 500*l.* bonus annexed, in case Van Tromp won next day, but Mr. Kirby was still inexorable. Being thus foiled he went off to Dean Hill, in pursuit of Gladiator, and a cheque for 2000*l.* to Colonel Anson transferred to Paris one of the most fortunate bargains they ever made. He was a spiry, muscular, fifteen-two horse, with such an elastic and beautiful trot, that as a park-hack alone, he would at five years old have fetched 200*l.* Worthless, Ionian, Roebuck, and Prime Warden

were among the Chevalier's other purchases, and Sting was nearly his last and his cheapest. He started off to Newmarket to see him; but as the horse refused to travel by rail, the two crossed on the road, and he finally followed him back to Tattersall's, and purchased him privately for 600*l.*

Mons. Perrot de Thannberg, the Inspector-General of the Haras, picked up The Baron, the next summer, for ten guineas beyond the one thousand guineas reserve at Mr. Theobald's sale, after some very intricate and curious biddings, which made old Mr. Tattersall think that for once in his life he could not see what was going on. Like Van Tromp, however, the chestnut prize proved rather uncertain at the stud, where he was forthwith priced at 300 francs. Napier, Ion at 450*l.*, and The Emperor, who died very soon after of *coup de soleil*, owing to the reflection on the bricks and sand of the walled yards in which they are so fond of riding their stallions, were further purchases of Mons. de Thannberg's; but he would have Peep-o'-day Boy at no price, and Nunnykirk's drooping back did not please when he had bought him; while Elthiron, Womersley, Hernandez, and Lanercost (fallen some ninety per cent. from his high estate), were the purchases of Mons. Ernest le Roi.

Specimens for the Agricultural School.

Caravan had been purchased years before, by the Minister of War, to go to the Military School at Saumur in the South, where he was destined to become a perfect Abraham among troop-horses; and in 1848 the Minister of Agriculture sent over Mons. St. Marie to buy of every kind for the Agricultural School near Versailles. As 120*l.* was his limit for blood mares, he only came within some 40*l.* of the price which Mr. Theobald put on Pocahontas, who was in foal with Stockwell at the time. Having thus narrowly escaped depriving Lord Exeter of his trump card, he bid 1000 guineas for The Baron, but Mr. Theobald would set

no price on him. Eventually he departed with a perfect Noah's Ark full of specimens for the pupils. There was nothing—

"To pencil dear, or pen,"

which was not, after that, to be found on their farm. Assault and Cataract represented the blood stock, and two Clevelands, a grey Norfolk trotter, two Suffolk Punches, and a hunting mare of Lord Elcho's, over whom any anatomical professor might have lectured, were the chief residents. Added to these, were specimens from the styes of Lord Radnor, Mr. Pusey, and Fisher Hobbs; Wiseton furnished its shorthorn descendants of old Gold, and game fowl and Dorkings were not forgotten.

A French Steeplechase.

The Derby is quite the Frenchman's race, and with a little more Epsom practice, they would become quite as expert Knights of the Foray as those who annually issue from the Grand Stand, and proceed to "draw the hill," about hamper time. Steeplechasing is also their great delight, and it was the one which Captain Peel won on Proceed at Worcester that first stimulated Mons. de Thannberg to establish them at the Haras du Pen, three hundred miles from Paris. The peasants had plenty of brood mares in that province, and it was thought that they would overcome their objection to using our blemished stallions, when they had once seen them jump. A handicap claiming race was accordingly set on foot, and ten or twelve English horses were entered. In their zeal to get a high test, the stiffest of posts and rails were screwed and morticed together, so that nothing short of steam-power could break them; fences were built up with osiers fourteen feet high; a ditch was dammed back till it swelled into a Serbonian bog; and Multum in Parvo, a fifteen-one, Lincolnshire hunter, and Saucy Boy, by Sir Arthur, with heavily repaired hocks, were the only two that got

over the ground at all. Saucy Boy had them all so pounded, that his rider, Reay of Repository fame, went back a short space, and dismounted to pick up his whip.

Victories and End of Jem Hill.

In spite of these slight set-offs, the plan had the desired effect, as three horses were claimed on the spot, and Multum in Parvo had as many mares sent him as the Government would permit. The peasants were fit to eat him in their frenzy, and carried Jem Hill, the rider, to scale on their shoulders. What Jem considered a still greater triumph was to come, when the Prefect of the Commune insisted on paying the prize in five-franc pieces; and he might well say to Mr. Phillips, as he staggered out of the tent with them on his back, in a horse-cloth, "*Only to think, master, that I should go and win more money than I can carry!*" Next year he won for Mr. Phillips again on The Stoker, when there was as much excitement, and much less to jump; but with that victory came an objection and a wrangle, and so an end of the whole. Jem did not long survive this abrupt eclipse of his French prospects. He was soon after sent in charge of some horses for the King of Sardinia, which he was to deliver at Boulogne. In the darkness, at the London Bridge Quay, he slipped between two steamers moored alongside each other; and no one missed him till a letter arrived to say, that the horses had reached Boulogne by themselves, and with the lip strings not even undone. No clue was discovered, till the very steamer in which he was to have sailed came back from France, and turned the poor fellow up from among the mud with her paddles, as he lay unnoticed, close by the quay.

An Interview with Dick Stockdale and Maroon.

The Belgians have but little taste for blood horses; their Haras at Terverin, seven miles out of Brussels, and once the country seat of the Prince of Orange, has gone to sad

decay, and their ideas range very little beyond half-bred French and Norman horses. Maroon was purchased for 1000 guineas ; but they hardly gave him ten mares ; thus missing the chance of scores of pairs of those slashing whole coloured, coaching bays, which he has sown broadcast in Yorkshire, and the first of which became Her Majesty's for 400 guineas.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies would have quailed with remorse if they could have only heard the words of his jolly old guardian, Dick Stockdale, when beaming in every feature with delight, he pointed out his "crimson bay" to us for the first time, on a September morning, as he drew himself up to his full height, amid a troop of Driffield prize-Cochins on a little knoll in his paddock at Skerne. There he stood, looking almost as fresh in his twenty-first summer, as when all Yorkshire lamented that Holmes had not thrown his orders to the wind, or that his reins had not been soaped on the Leger-day. Dick dwelt, with emphasis, and outstretched hand, upon his excellent temper, his teeth, and his legs, and after taking a rapid retrospect of their six seasons, impressively wound up with allowing that "*he has but one fault—he's just a little bit too big for Sir Tatton Sykes.*"

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

"'Midst cringing serfs, and trembling hinds forlorn,
Dwindles the offspring of the 'Desert Born;'
But here it thrives unrivalled; far more fleet
Our steeds than those which Yemen's barley eat."

The Godolphin Arabian

THE antecedents of this Knight of the Wonderful Crest are quite beyond our ken. A treatise might doubtless be written, not only proving to demonstration that his dam could fulfil the requirements of the Koran, and hide her rider with her tail, but settling the very position of the palm tree under which he was foaled in the star-light, or of the tent-door at which children's tiny fingers first fed him with crusts on the slopes of Lebanon. It is enough for us to learn that he measured fourteen and a half; that he was originally given by a Mr. Coke, to the proprietor of the St. James's Coffee-house, and that he died honourably under the shadow of the Gogmagog Hills in 1753. The sire-list, eight years after his death, contained at least fifteen of his sons, one of which, "The Gower Stallion" is described therein as having "bone enough to carry eighteen stone a hunting." Few of them seem to have possessed so much early promise as Spanking Roger, whose dam was by the Duke of Rutland's Cyprus Arabian. He, however, fell dead in a trial, and although the note to his "Portraiture" remarks "that he was a horse of size and beauty;" it candidly adds, "the latter of which received a considerable addition from a heat of temper in his nature, which was rather too great to be rightly consistent with the advantage of running." Mr. Gladstone, or the most highly tried clerk in the Circumlocution Office, could not have sketched a hard puller more ably.

Calendar Advertisements.

To write attractive notices of their horses for the advertisement sheet of Mr

Reginald Heber (who combined "mild *York River* Tobacco, finest *Durham* Mustard, and right *Woodstock* gloves," with the *Racing Calendar* business), was quite a literary exercitation, with the owners of that day. They are for the most part decisive in their meaning, but wild in their grammar. Dormouse, for instance, "has strength in proportion, and a shape that promises to have been a racer, but was lamed at a year old, therefore not trained, though he walks upright;" while Newcomb's Arabian was "more like the Godolphin, than ever a horse was seen." The Bell-Size Arabian had "his unexceptionable pedigree and certificates lodged in the hands of Mr. *Skeet*, at the *Victualling Office*;" while the owner of the black brown, from Damascus, scorns the idea of his having any mixture of Turcoman or Barb in his veins, and invites inspection of the same "certified on Stamp Paper at Smeaton near Northalarton." "He was bred," says that document, "by the Arab who is Sheick or Chief of Aeria, noted for his breed of horses, and, when a foal, presented to the Bashaw of Damascus, and given by him to a rich *Turk* merchant at *Aleppo*, with whom the Bashaw had great Dealings in Money Affairs."

Match'em and Snap.

History says little of Old Cade, except that he was a worthy inheritor of the honours, which, in a stable sense, "*gleamed upon Godolphin's breast*," and that his most renowned son Match'em could command a fifty-pound fee when he was seven-and-twenty. It used to be a boast among the touts, that they could tell a Match'em in the dark, from the way he laid his legs to the ground, and "Snap for speed and Match'em for truth and daylight" was quite a paddock axiom. From a union of the latter and a Snap mare, Conductor sprang. It was a peculiarity of the Snap tribe, that the colts uniformly ran well, but seldom got a winner; while this order of nature was just reversed in the fillies, who

showed a good deal of temper. Sir Peter Teazle was out of one of them, and they received honourable mention in the epitaph which the wits of the coffee-houses wrote upon their sire, who was by Snip and never beaten. It ran thus—

"Died at his seat at West Wratting, Cambridgeshire, aged 27 years, Cuthbert Snap, Esq., who has left a numerous progeny; he had many favourite daughters, among whom was Angelica, married early to Tartar Herod, Esq., by whom she had Charles Evergreen, Esq."

The Trumpator line.

Trumpator was the produce of Conductor and a mare by the speedy Squirrel, who is said to have died in a fish-cart on the Western Road. The aged bones of his grandson found a much more glorious resting place at the end of the Clermont Course, and Paynator, Sorcerer, and Penelope kept up the honour of their line. The former was a fifteen-two horse, very like his sire, but hardly so lengthy; and his stock had remarkably good legs and neat muscular heads. Dr. Syntax, who was out of a Beningboro' mare, had both these attributes in the highest degree, and those who remembered Match'em were always struck with the likeness between the two. "Doctor," as they fondly termed him in the North, was a remarkable horse to look at; scarcely fifteen hands, very broad at the base of the nose, with open nostrils, an eye as full and bright as a hawk's, a high, drooping rump, and on the side view rather short-quartered. He was quite a mouse in his colour, and remarkably short in his coat, on which a slight canter would bring out all the veins, so that he seemed covered with net-work, as if by magic. His smallness as a yearling determined Mr. Riddell to have him cut as a hack for his son, and Mr. Crowther, the then great northern veterinary surgeon, was sent for. He was actually cast for the purpose, but luckily the day came out so hot that it was decided not to operate. Just then John Lonsdale the trainer, looked in, and took such a fancy to the

Doctor Syntax.

little patient, that he determined to try and get him out of Mr. Crowther's hand on the morrow; but it was only with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Riddell would grant the reprieve, and let him go back with John to Tupgill.

From a two-year-old, he could never bear whip or spur, and Bob Johnson could always get every ounce out of him by merely stroking and talking to him. He fell in his maiden race as a two-year-old at Catterick, and went down again quite exhaused just beyond the post when Little Driver pressed him hard in his last, which was for the Richmond Cup. His practice during his ten seasons was principally among Gold Cups, and confined to Lancaster, Preston, and Richmond. Making running was his forte, and as John Jackson used to say, if any of the others "*warn't up till mark, Doctor 'd find oot complaint afore he'd gotten a mile.*" Still, like his daughter Beeswing, he did not care to have more than eight-eleven on his back. The Lancashire men ran to meet him, the moment John Lonsdale was seen leading him, year after year, on to the Preston Course, with as much enthusiasm as they were wont in later years to cluster round Cerito on a Waterloo Cup day. He stood at Brompton-on-Swale for a short time along with Whisker and Memnon, while Octavian was at Oran; but his last five seasons were spent at William Edwards's Newmarket Paddocks. His stock, the Doctor to wit, were generally somewhat light and shelly. Black Doctor kept up this under-sized family type to the full, in spite of the strains of Lottery and Voltaire, and barring his legs he deserved to become the very Abraham of English cobs.

Beeswing.

Gallopade and Ralph (who had a strong dash of Altisidora) were both good horses; and Beeswing was the most noted of "Doctor's" daughters. This pride of Northumberland, who could hardly make fifteen-two, always ran big, and

had the sweetest head in the world. Her hips and ribs were capital; but still she was rather light-boned, which might have been owing, in a measure, to her not having been kept very well as a foal. With all his varied lore, Mr. Orde had not gleaned that bone and muscle must originally go in at the mouth, and hence he did not, from a notion that it would make her too gross, allow her corn till she was a pretty well advanced yearling. She never hit except to Touchstone, who did not seem the horse to correct her somewhat upright shoulders, and Nunnykirk and Newminster, the best of her sons, were both beautiful movers. The walk from Warrington to Chester in her sixth visit to Touchstone was too much for her, and she fairly tottered into her box at the Eaton Paddocks, on the evening of the second day. After that, she only got up once, to take a little gruel, and then died, quite worn out with fatigue, and the weight of a brown Dutchman colt, which was not due for two months. There was no mark of violence upon her, but the flesh came away in flakes from the backbone, as if from a thing too long kept, and her mane was sent as a relic by post to Mr. Orde.

Interview with Bob Johnson about Ascot.

She was a most tremendous kicker in her stall, which was indented five feet from the ground; but she showed no vice at the post, and beyond pulling hard at first, she was a delightful mare to ride. The sprightly style in which she led her horses round the Stand turn in the Cup, hugging the rails so as not to throw one inch of ground away, was one of our earliest and pleasantest recollections of Doncaster, and it was after she had given The Shadow a hopeless stern chase in 1841, that Mr. Orde resting his hand on the betting-room table, had again returned thanks for her, and repeated for the hundredth time "*my mare is the property of the people of Northumberland*," that his most memorable scene came off with Bob Johnson. Everybody pressed

him so much when he had concluded, to take the mare to Ascot next year, that, although not exactly liking his errand, he proceeded to the Turf Tavern, to sound Bob on the matter. Colonel Crawfurd and Mr. Powlett volunteered to accompany him, and having drawn the bar in vain, they proceeded to his bedroom. Mr. Powlett shook him into consciousness, as he snored over the glories of the day, and at last he extracted a "*Whose thoo?*" "Bob," said that gentleman, "we've come to speak to you about Beeswing." "*But what have thou t'it do wid meer t'neit. What's come noo for? Gan thee ways back, and come i't' morning if thoo wants ought,*" was all *he* could extract in addition. "Now, Robert," mildly interposed Mr. Orde, "we've been at the Rooms, and a great many of the gentlemen wish us to take the mare South for the Ascot Cup." Bob stared wildly at his visitors, and then recovering his presence of mind, let out as follows:—"'*Well, then thoo'll just tak her thee sel; I sant gan wid her. Thou'rt just a silly old fule to think of sic a thing; let the Sooth come t'it North if they want to be beat; not we gan to them.*" Remonstrance was hopeless, as Bob's head went resolutely on to his pillow once more, and his heart refused to melt. It was no use begging him to refrain from strong language, so the trio retired, leaving Mr. Orde not a little discomfited, and the others in a roar. He had, however, to yield his point; and although the Vase was just missed, the Ascot Cup came to Nunnykirk, as a memorial of that interview.

Bob Johnson's Singing Powers.

Bob was always a very abstemious man, but two glasses got into his head. It was on one of these occasions that he mounted the table behind the Grand Stand at Newcastle to return thanks, after the mare had beaten Lanercost and The Young'un for the Cup; but he did not get on very fluently, and Mr. Orde soon pulled him forcibly down by the coat-tails, and went on with the running in his

most brilliant vein. At home, when Bob was a good deal elated with winning, it did not require much persuasion to get him to sing; and if left to himself, he invariably struck up the old Cumberland ditty :—

"If ye ax wheer oi comes fra,
I'll say the Fell side;
Where feyther and mither,
And honest folk bide;
My sweetheart, God bless her,
She thowt nin like me;
For when we shuk hands,
The tear gushed fra her ee."

He threw such expression into his song, as he proceeded (wringing his hands, and pressing them dramatically on his stomach), to describe how Margery Jackson, the old miser-woman of the Warwick Bridge road, hired him, and almost starved him to death; and how the Carlisle fellows hung and skinned "Cwolly," the companion of his fortunes—

"For shoon to their feet,"

—that he was offered a very considerable sum to sing it on the stage in character.

Jack Spigot and the Ardrossans.

Beeswing's dam was a lame mare by Ardrossan, who was an immense horse, with a crest almost equal to the Godolphin's himself, and grandsire to St. Giles and Bloomsbury through Arcot Lass. Bob Johnson won his maiden race on her at Doncaster, and she never ran again, as she slipped her stifle-joint coming home, and became a cripple for life. Her half-brother, Jack Spigot, came there the next year, and won the St. Leger; but he took such a dislike to Bill Scott, that never after that would he suffer him to come into the stable, and he was quite furious, if he even heard his voice. He was a very beautiful foal, but his dam, a sister to Bourbon, for whom Mr. Powlett gave a small sum, after she had been blind and barren for years, took such a perpetual galloping fit in the paddock, that she almost knocked

him off his legs. He accordingly got a tenant to allow his mare to bring up the colt, and it grew so under its new treatment, that Mr. Powlett wanted to call it "Jack Faucet" after the farmer. To this the latter objected on the ground that it "*was certain to win t'Leger, and then they'll all be hooting and shooting after me.*" "Well, John," said Mr. Powlett, "a faucet's nothing without a spigot," and Spigot was substituted accordingly.

Sorcerer, who was five years younger than Paynator, was the other founder of the Trumpator tribe. He was a black-brown, of about sixteen-one, and not only inherited Squirrel's turn of speed himself, but transmitted a fatal heritage of unsoundness to his stock. His son, Smolensko, showed great breeding, but his Derby year was as Clift said of Cedric's, "all wheelers and no leaders." He was marked with a paint brush on the shoulder for a heriot (as Tumbler and a bull—The Briar—were, at Cobham, in 1858), and his case was cited by Lord Cranworth in the Lords, as being one of unusual hardship. Bourbon might have done much for Sorcerer, as the dams of Fleur-de-Lis and the Alderman were the only mares that were sent to him in his only season in England. Smolensko's son, Jerry, was a black of remarkable size and substance, and inherited a good deal of the Orvile coarseness, through his dam; but Jericho died not many seasons after his celebrated Ascot "revival," and the other Jerries did not flourish in Lord Glasgow's hands. The Sorcerer Family.

Nutwith and Gameboy have had the principal keeping of the Tomboy by Jerry honours, but as the former's fee kept him to all intents and purposes hermetically sealed at Burghley, it is difficult to say what he might have achieved. Considering his very limited sphere, he did well; and Knight of Kars bears the strongest marks of his lineage. As he became inseparably connected with Lord Tomboy.

Exeter, it is rather a remarkable coincidence, that his lordship refused to purchase him as a two-year-old. Mr. Herring had been at Tupgill, painting that portrait of Beeswing which Mr. Orde never lived to see, and was so much struck with his smart look and his light, nice style of going, that he called on Lord Exeter the first moment he could on his return to London, and told him that there was a St. Leger colt which was exactly his style. His lordship replied that he had so many horses at present that he was a seller rather than a buyer; and as Harry Hill did not care to give twelve hundred on the outside chance, Captain Wrather was induced to hold on. Gameboy was small, and full of quality; but his thoroughbreds were too often weeds, and his half-breds giants. A great many of them were also pigeon-toed, which was always the Tomboy fault. Tomboy himself was at one time quite invincible at Doncaster; but the St. Leger honours, which were denied to his son Fancyboy, fell nine years latter on his grandson Saucebox.

The Story of Saucebox.

When his dam, Priscilla Tomboy, died, this little fellow had his milk from a tea-pot, and if William Stebbings had not, more from a mere whim than anything else, told his brother Harry (who died before the race), that he might, if he liked, put in two more in his name, the day would have been Rifleman's. Although he was only fourteen-two, and had been beaten seven times, Mr. Parr got smitten with that beautiful dish-nose head and muscular back, and bid 150*l.* for him at Reading. This was fifty short of his figure, and mite as he was, he pulled off three races, and came up to Tattersall's in the winter with the rest of Josh Arnold's stud. Mr. Parr still felt a sneaking fondness for him, and told a friend to "*buy me Saucebox, for a hundred if you can.*" However, that energetic proxy went nodding on, till he got him for 155 guineas, and the Benhams air agreed with him so

well that he took a start, and measured fifteen hands before midwinter.

His misfortunes began a week after Christmas, as his boy suddenly found him walk lame in the Park, where some hedge thorns had been lying about, and on getting off to feel, broke one short into his off fore fetlock. No one could discover its whereabouts, and the leg swelled to such an extent that he was not out of his box for six weeks. After a severe blister he went pretty sound again, but he never seemed to get actually rid of the thorn till he won the Lincoln Handicap. It was supposed that the gathering burst from the exertion, as the leg grew fine from that hour. He had round but not high action, which in deep ground became perfectly dead. Aldcroft liked his style of running in the Ebor Handicap so much, that he begged to ride him in the Great Yorkshire; and Mr. Parr was so convinced, from what he saw of the race up to the distance, that he had the foot of Rifleman, that he did not hesitate to back him at long odds for the St. Leger, in spite of his fourth place. He had also a notion that he did not relish the sharp twisted snaffle in which he was ridden at York; and when he had telegraphed to his London agent for the smoothest bit he could send, he found, when he got upon him in his exercise at Derby the next Tuesday, that he went quite gaily up to it. His confidence was increased by hearing Nat take the odds to two or three sovereigns about him on the Stand.

"*It's not often you see me bet,*" said he, when some of his friends demanded to know what was up; "*but this little gentleman took a deal of catching at York.*" And so having scored his twelfth victory, he went back to Benhams for his final polish, and did strong work until nine days before the St. Leger. Three days' walking exercise, and then a gentle gallop, preceded his Friday's trial, and on that evening Mr. Parr went up to London, and got on to win six thousand

more, at forties and fifties to one. It was not decided until two o'clock in the afternoon, that Wells, and not Clements, who rode in the trial, was to have the St. Leger mount, and the orders were simply, "*Don't be second! draw back to the last at the foot of the hill if the pace is good, and then come on the outside, halfway up the distance.* Lady Tatton could not make a pace, and therefore the result was achieved in a different way; but the running of her ladyship proved that Rifleman was far below his York form. After Doncaster, Saucebox was never so good again, and his leg filled so much when he had won the Old Berkshire Hunt Stake at Abingdon, next year, that they dare not train him on, and sold him to the French Government for 550*l.* Such were the varied fortunes of "the little cade-lamb" of Hambleton.

The Descendants of Comus.

After this little Tomboy episode we must hie back once more to Sorcerer, and follow his blood, which, thanks to a strong corrective in the shape of a Sir Peter cross, has flourished for some fifty years in the Comus line.

Comus.

This chestnut, who belonged to Mr. Kit Wilson, of Ledstone Hall, and was marked all over with white and black spots, was rather a grand and even horse, and ran third for the Derby. He went blind from a fever; and it is rather remarkable that Sorcerer and Phantom, also left Sir John Shelley's stable in the same plight. His eyes were as white as eggs, but although Sir Tatton Sykes used him freely for six seasons, until he was rising eight-and-twenty, he only got him one blind foal. He filled the Sledmere pastures with dozens of white-legged chestnuts; but Sir Tatton never had anything by him nearly so perfect as Grey Momus. Mr. Bowe gave five hundred for the grey, as a yearling, with a contingency of fifty for his first win; and he was so much liked at Danebury, that even when his brother Grey Milton was only a foal, they wanted to make a

prospective bargain of a thousand for him, if alive at two years old. The bird-in-the-hand style of dealing was, however, more to Sir Tatton's taste, and when he put the ultimatum to them, of paying five hundred guineas down for his foal, or running the risk of his terms two years hence, they would not leave him, and got hit for their fancy. The dam of these greys was a short-legged Cervantes mare, and the last of her race produced twins in 1858, to Rifleman. They are the only twins that were ever reared at Sledmere; and the colt which did its best to baffle Snarry's long deferred hope, by driving its sister from the milk, was even in its very foal-hood the most perfect fac-simile of its sire, when he was in training, that the eye of man could conceive.

Comus's first season was by far his most brilliant one. Only seventeen mares were sent to him at Mr. Kit Wilson's, and sixteen colts and one filly were the harvest. All Mr. Henry Pierse's mares were among them, and his Rosette and sister to Rosette bred Reveller and Ranter, the first and second for the St. Leger; while The Marshal, another of the Comuses in Croft's stable, was third. Only four Comuses were in this race; and in Theodore's year only three started, and beat everything but him. It was with Runt by Reveller, that Mr. Parr drew his first winnings at Haverfordwest; and the blood at one time promised to achieve great things with its mares; but Lucetta's descendants, save and excepting the brilliant but eccentric Phlegon, were unworthy of her, whatever she was sent to. As a general thing, she either missed or they died as foals. Ascot had a good deal of coarseness about him, and so had his son Fernhill, who was rather an ungenerous horse himself, and got all of his stock, that we have seen, save and excepting Gorsehill, of a decidedly common stamp.

Humphrey Clinker was the biggest of the Comuses, and though he did prophesy of himself pretty loudly

as he came up the cords, he was, like his son Melbourne, remarkably fast. Old trainers all agree in speaking of him as a golden yellow bay, "and as splendid a horse as ever was seen." In a lucky hour he was crossed with a Cervantes mare, and Melbourne, the greatest hero of all the Comiad, was the produce. Mr. Watts was always an enthusiast for Cervantes, who was a horse of great symmetry, and a fine filly getter; and hence his mare Nitocris was Melbourne's first love. Their filly foal was not a bad one to look at, but her knees failed her early in John Day's stable.

Melbourne.

It was the sight of Melbourne's knees, a point in which many of his stock are deficient, that made Mr. Sidney Herbert decline him, when he was offered to him along with two other Humphrey Clinker yearlings at Carnaby, in the August of '35. He gave 250 guineas a-piece for his companions, which belonged to Mr. Robinson senior, and as the son considered that his own colt was as good as either, and declined to take a halfpenny less, he kept him, and became his own trainer—first at Hambleton, and then in a field near his farm. Hesseltine also had him, and then Job Marson for six weeks at Beverley; and what with diabetes, and such a vagrant education, it is only a miracle that he performed so well. He was desperately knuckle-knee'd from a foal, and few horses were ever seen with so thin a crest, or such length from the shoulder point to the hip. A fall from Escalade at the Cawston Paddocks was fatal to him, and it was all they could do after several weeks of care to coax him the three miles to the station. When we saw him in September, he was wasted to a shadow, his gaunt dusty neck seemed a rood long, and he had a painful stringhalt to boot. Speaking out of the fulness of his two seasons' experience of him, Dick Stockdale assured us that "he was always a most vulgar uncultivated

horse," and the lop-eared Patty Primrose by Margrave was anything but a flower of loveliness.

The Horse Sir Tatton Sykes.

Her owner, Stables, had some theory about "taking a real fancy," which consisted in leading his mare round and round the horse, and as Dick humoured him for a quarter of an hour, he might well in after-years attribute the fulfilment of his prophecy, "*I'm certain to have winner of t'Leger*," to the unfettered working of the charm. However, he had to sell the mare, when she was in foal, for eighteen pounds; and when one of the ugliest and coarsest little creatures that ever breathed Yorkshire air came to yearling estate, it had such fine ribs and gaskins that Bill Scott, who was a wonderful judge of young stock, and made up his mind at a glance, gave a hundred for it. He had a good deal of trouble with its christening. First he called it "Tibthorpe," from the farm where it was dropped. Then it became "Jack Robson;" but as his friend Jack contradicted him about something one day, he withdrew the honour, and placed the colt in the Baronetage at once as "Sir Tatton Sykes." As in duty bound, Sir Tatton came over to see it; and on his remarking, "*Dear me! Mr. Scott, how his head grows!*" Bill fervently responded, "*Look at his hocks! Those will take him up the hill on the Surrey side!*" And so they would have done to a certainty if Bill hadn't got off so badly to begin with, and then made matters worse by almost stopping his horse to give the starter a bit of his mind. Doncaster put things to rights, and after the real Sir Tatton had led him back to scale, he made an appointment for "five to-morrow morning, sir," with Mr. Herring, to be painted at his namesake's side.

Melbourne.

The Melbourne blood nicked well with the Touchstone in West Australian, but it sometimes happened that when he was put to Touchstone mares, he got them, as in the case of Sortie, too long. Blanche of Middlebie, who was so

bred, was by far the lengthiest foal we ever handled, but her growth took a different turn. Cannobie, who was out of a short little Hornsea mare, inherited his fine length, and so did Oakball, Canezou, and Tasmania. This characteristic was invariably to be found in his stayers, but his blood hit best for speed when he got them rather short. Prime Minister, for instance, was a flyer, in the days when five thousand would not tempt Mr. Halford to resign his hopes at "The Isthmian Games;" Blink Bonny from the peculiar droop in her quarters always looked as if she had been cut short, and Brocket had not quite enough length for his general frame. Montenegro is the last foal that can be traced to him, and as it was led out on the Royal Sale day, and fell for 610 guineas to Admiral Rous's nod, we thought that there had seldom been a nobler close to a great stud career.

The knob in this colt's throat was only the effects of the Hampton Court water; but still it was not nearly so marked as Wrestler's two years before. By some mysterious law of nature, the Hampton knobs form just under the jowl, and unlike Miss Letty's celebrated one, they do not prove perpetual, but gradually move down, till they merge in the chest. Melbourne himself shared the fate of Lord Brougham, who had his necrology published in some of the daily papers so far back as '37, when he was reported as killed from his carriage near Penrith. They had decided to shoot the old horse in February, and promised one of his legs for a keepsake to go into Lincolnshire; but he rallied, and got a reprieve till May 4th. Long before he failed, he had done quite enough for his fame, or else his scores of winners, beginning with Sir Tatton Sykes at Newmarket, speak through the pages of Weatherby in vain.

THE BYERLY TURK.

"'Twas here, in Jersey's colours,
That he viewed his favourite bay,
E'en ere he reached the Bushes
Vanquish Elis and John Day;
'Twas here the dam of Surplice,
Through light or heavy ground,
The "sky-blue" bore triumphantly,
'Neath many an extra pound."

The Herods.

MR. GOODWIN, in his Table of Thorough Bred Pedigrees, fixed the advent of this horse at 1689; and seventy years later, we find Herod, the hero of his line, with both Barb and Arab blood in his veins. Weak fore-legs, which were a constitutional failing with him, made him resign the post for the paddock very early in the day. He flourished there under considerable disadvantages as to keep and care in Sir John Moore's hands, but ere he had reached his sixth grass, both Highflyer and Woodpecker were in his foal-list. Those renowned brood mares, Tuberose and Faith, were also by him; and the latter, who was the dam of Marcia, kept up an unbroken line of greys for forty years, and foaled to Remembrancer when she was twenty-seven. Marcia, like her half-sister Vesta, was one of the gamest of this rare grey blood, and so light in hand, that, as her trainer Joe Ackroyd used to say, she "wouldn't pull a duck off her nest." Her son, Otho by St. Paul, reckoned Merlin and Doctor Syntax among his Cup victims at Doncaster and Richmond; and Trajan, a son of Vesta and Delpini, was long remembered in Sir Mark Sykes's hunt, as much by his rare stock, as the style in which he carried Tom Carter through many a long day.

Sir Peter Teazle.

The speedy and lasting particles in Herod's nature seem in a measure to have severed, and to have descended in a remarkable

degree through Woodpecker to Buzzard, and through Highflyer to Sir Peter. Highflyer was bred by Lord Bolingbroke, who gradually became embarrassed, and glad to fly to "The Corner" for a little succour; and Mr. Tattersall, whose red waistcoat and blue coat have quite faded out of living recollection, must have leant on that hooked "lucky stick," (which was never absent from his hand when he made a bargain,) at Lichfield, on the day he saw him run for the King's Plate, and decided to give two thousand five hundred for him. "The stain of old Prunella," his daughter, rose, as time rolled on, into the dignity of a proverb, and the Snap cross brought him early into note, with his son Sir Peter, whom no money could part from Knowsley. He was a rare weight carrier, and won the Derby in a year when O'Kelly was second for both events with an Eclipse, a disappointment over which the Highflyer division chuckled not a little. His most daring effort was to give Dash two stone and a-half over the Beacon, but he got pricked in shoeing three days before the race, and had to be stopped in his work.

He stood at Knowsley while Pot-8-o's was at Eaton, and his stock, like himself, were nearly all fine rich browns. They had great constitutions, but required such strong work for the post, that comparatively few were brought there. Sir Solomon was one of the stoutest of them, and with John Shepherd to measure for him, won against Cockfighter the best four-mile race that was ever run over Doncaster. The pace told its tale as the four-year-old Chance disposed of the two in succession, at the same distance, on the Friday of the same week. Sir Peter's daughters generally bred well, and the cross between one of them and her sire, resulted in an excellent Yorkshire whip's horse. Storey, his old groom, was quite a character; and a legend still lingers at Knowsley, that when he was told that the Prince of Wales had come to the

paddock, he sturdily replied, "*Then he may wait until I've done my dinner.*" The portrait of this Downright Shippen is preserved in the picture in the Knowsley dining-room, which is now matched by Longbow and his groom, from Mr. Harry Hall's hand, and a plain flat stone near the boxes, with the simple words "*Sir Peter*," marks where his favourite lies.

Sir Peter's Sons.

Four eminent sires kept up his charter, to wit, Sir Paul, Walton, Haphazard, and Stamford. The two latter resulted from that cross with Eclipse mares, which was then thought the acmé of paddock prowess; but the compact little Stamford, who had more quality and less heaviness than the majority of the breed, only preserved the family honours in tail female, and the dams of Mameluke, Beiram, Actæon, and Emilius were all by him. The Haphazards were soon forgotten in spite of the fine cross with Mrs. Barnet by Waxy, from which Filho da Puta sprang; but after him the blood grew jady with Betsy Bedlam, who fretted and jumped about like a crazy thing when she was out of the stable; while Colwick, who never really loved a distance, and was bred very closely in through his Sir Oliver dam, got nothing worth speaking of except Attila. In fact, but for Sleight of Hand, whose mares have dotted the Sledmere pastures with several chestnut winners, the Haphazard blood, of which Gambler and Figaro were good specimens, has virtually vanished. Poor Bill Scott invariably coupled Attila with Magistrate, as having tried them higher than anything they ever had at Whitewall. Attila looked almost too pretty to be very good, and when in condition as a sire, he was, like Sultan, one of the most "mouldy" that painter ever glanced at, and Bessy Bedlam was a beautiful little brown mare, rather tucked up, but wonderful in her two-year-old days.

Filho da Puta.

Filho da Puta went very wide behind, and his blood is still to be found mingled

with Venison's in Royal Ravenhill, whose dark brown hunters and coachers make dealers prick up their ears. Filho was full sixteen hands, and as good as he was good-looking. He failed in his great match with Sir Joshua owing to his rearing suddenly at the post, and losing some lengths which he never could quite make up. They offered to run it over again for twice the sum, but the Sir Joshua party would not have it. Jackson, who had been rather ill-used in not having the mount, told Goodisson on the first opportunity, in rather a caustic strain, that he was afraid of his horse, and Tom calmly responded that he did not like the job. Tom was a very fine rider, and so abstemious that he would trudge all day with his gun to bag a lark, and eat nothing else for dinner. He rode rather too long, and on one occasion his horse flung him at the post, and when he gathered himself up he simply said—"*There's for you! that's the grand jockey, Tom Goodisson: if it had been a horsedealer's cad, he'd never have been flung that way*," and on he got again. Arnull rode Sir Joshua in his match, and as Marshall (who once interpreted "full canonicals" to mean "your hood and body clothes" when an Oxonian went to sit to him) kept him nearly a whole day in full costume on a saddle, "niggling away all the time at one eye," he could hardly be got to face an easel again.

Haphazard.

Haphazard himself was a gay nag-looking horse, with a low back and very fine action, but never a great favourite with, nor a great catch for, Lord Lowther. Billy Pierse thought that he had hardly been on a truer four-mile horse than him and Agonistes, both of the same age, and both of them by Sir Peter, and companions in the Raby stable. His finest race on Haphazard was against Marcia and Buckle, for the Great Subscription Plate at York, when he won half a head, though many thought it a wrong decision, and Marcia receiving 3lbs. avenged herself on Agonistes, over the same

four-mile course. To prevent all misconception, Marcia and Haphazard met next year for the same Subscription Plate, and Haphazard won a much slower run race; Orvile, who was two years their junior, being last. Sir Paul's were of a much stouter stamp, and his son Paulowitz had another stain of Highflyer in the third cross, a mode of breeding which many good judges adopt with nearly every first-class blood except Selim's. Cain was the produce of Paulowitz and a Paynator mare, and through his son Ion and Ellen Middleton, the finest of the Bay Middleton mares, we have the beautifully topped but rather too leggy Wild Dayrell.

Walton.

Sir John Shelley bought the clever but cobby-looking Walton when he was beaten for the Craven Stakes by Aniseed, in the year that old Eleanor was third. He was awkward to ride, and Buckle said of him that he was "always on his head for the first mile." His stock had no great character about them; but although he had only seven mares his first season, Phantom, a winner of the Derby (out of Julia, sister to Eleanor), Vandyke Junior, and Rainbow, who beat Phantom for the Claret Stakes, were among his lucky hits. Bay Middleton, Ishmael, and Voltaire were out of Phantom mares; and George IV. was latterly as fond of his son Waterloo as he had been in his younger days of the Trumpators and Gohannas. His favourite Maria was by Waterloo; and trainers used to say of her, that "it would take twice round the Ascot Cup Course, best pace, before she would blow out a rush-light." It was one of the peculiarities of the blood, that it always bred in-and-in very well, and among other instances Cedric, "the little chestnut buggy horse" who won the Derby, and Ivanhoe, who was nearly the best of his year, were both by Phantom out of a Walton mare. Hence many of the best judges at that time began to think that sire to daugh-

ter, and son to dam, with one cross out, in regular rotation, was the real touchstone of breeding science. Walton's most distinguished son, Partisan, who ran fourth and last in his maiden race to Bourbon, strained back to Highflyer through his dam Parasol by Pot-8-o's out of Prunella. On the Turf he was a very fair performer, especially in matches, for which the Grafton stable took his measure pretty accurately by trying with Whisker. Trainers used to say of him that he was the finest actioned horse that ever went over Newmarket, and after proving the sire of Venison, Mameluke, Gladiator, and Glaucus, he was eventually sold for 165 guineas.

Glaucus.

Glaucus, the incidents of whose Ascot Cup day form one of the liveliest pictures in Mr. Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," followed his American admirer early across the Atlantic; but Mr. Harvey Combe clung most fondly to his blood in The Nob, who remained for many years under Will Todd's guardianship at Cobham Park. He was, in fact, so determined to keep it in his hands, that he put the old horse at a price which few owners of a thoroughbred mare chose to pay, and when he was offered sixteen hundred for Trouncer to go to Ireland, before he ran for the Ascot Cup, and half as much after he broke down so badly, he would not listen to either offer. To use his own words—"I'd sooner see his hoof on my sideboard than his hoof-prints in any one else's paddock;" and accordingly ordered him to be led at once to the kennels, and handed over to the Royal boiler. He was the first foal of Premature, who was herself foaled, as her name indicates, not only long before her time, but five or six days before the close of one December, and she was such a miserable little object that it was some years before he even cared to look at her. After losing three out of her five fillies in 1846-51, he became most anxious to have one out of her every year, by The Nob or

Alarm, but she rancorously persisted in breeding him five colts in succession.

Gladiator.

Gladiator would have given Bay Middleton more to do for the Derby, if he had not sprung a curb at the Spread Eagle at Snaresbrook, a month before, in days too when the solvent touch of iodine was not thought of in such emergencies. Mundig had been similarly afflicted there before his Derby, and a few weeks previous to that he had been borne up in his stall, "dead weak" from inflammation. When Gladiator had been in work again, he was tried with Ebberston at nine pounds, and knocked him as completely out of time by six lengths, as he did in the race itself, where he was almost stopped after running a few yards, as Bill Scott did not believe that it could be a start.

Sweetmeat.

Sweetmeat was far away Gladiator's best son; and although he bore no traces of it, except in requiring a great amount of work, in which poor Tasker (who was the first to get on his back) invariably rode him, he was full of Blacklock blood. Major Yarborough always maintained that his dam was as truly by Voltaire as his grandam was by Blacklock, seeing that she broke to Starch before she went to Voltaire, and came to the latter's stint to a day. War Eagle's double connexion with the blood was much more singular, as his dam was by Voltaire, and his great grandam was Voltaire's own dam. After Sweetmeat's fore-leg gave way, Mr. Cookson purchased him for three hundred, and sold him for eight hundred guineas. He was a taking horse, with no very great length or bone, a clever straight head and neck, and rather heavy in the shoulders, a fault which may have communicated that tight shoulder action to so many of his stock. In Comfit, the sweetest filly we ever saw by him, it was painfully perceptible, and the same fault runs through many of the Annandales. He went blind soon after he came to

Nesham Hall, and save and except Watchdog, in a race at Salisbury in 1858, and the colt who was seized with a panic from the salute of a vessel as it crossed the Mersey to Lucas's, we remember no case more sudden. The first eye seemed to go in a day; the pupil was as red as beef in the morning, and then the lid and the ball wasted to half their size, and the fellow one followed suit in ten days. He was always rather a curious and fitful getter, as regards size, though he seldom failed to give them a fine turn of speed, and a dislike to a distance. His colts were generally too big, and unable to stand strong preparations, but his fillies very nearly won three Oaks in succession. Like Bay Middleton, he was essentially a filly getter, and they are now exceedingly valuable.

Venison. A gamer or more gentlemanly little horse than Venison never cantered down the cords; and cross him as you chose, nearly all his stock came small with grey hairs in their coat, a tapering head, and a beautiful deer-like eye. This lack of size came through his grandam Jerboa, of the Gohanna blood. He was rather a lurching long-actioned goer himself, and wanted a great deal of assistance. His turf finish was right worthy of him. He carried 9st. 6lb. at Stockbridge, and broke down about three-quarters of a mile from home; but he only faltered for about twenty yards, and, thanks to the careful nursing of young John Day, finished the last of the four, with his head at the winner's girths. The blood hit well with that of Emilius, both in Fallow Buck and Buckthorn; but handsome and true as the latter was, both in shape and running, the old temper showed itself, and they were not sorry to get rid of him at Eaton, though Backbiter was a poor enough substitute. No owner need despair of a colt fining down in his points, if they remember what a "dangerous countryman" Rattle by Fallow Buck looked on the Derby day, and what a handsome hero he was when he ran second for

the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch eighteen months afterwards.

The Alarms have preserved the staying properties of the family, and a trifle of the temper as well. The point about him which most struck the eye was his wonderful hips, which might belong to a massive steer. Kingston (for whom the Americans offered 5300*l.* in '58), filled out so much, that we could hardly catch a trace of the original gay-heart, who used to come dancing, Bay Middleton fashion, into the enclosure with Nat or Bob Basham in the orange, and Harry Stebbings' hand on the rein. Barring Orlando, there was, we think, no stud horse quite so beautiful, nor worthier to woo Virago and Mowerina. Jockeys were always fond of him, and Job Marson used to say that he was "quite an armchair."

Cruiser.

We have heard of horses, one of Mr. Mare's, out of Breastgirth, for instance, who left the turf for the Circus; but we never knew any before Cruiser, whose stock were winning while he was nightly lying down at a word among the sawdust. Rattlebone, who is out of Wicket, a short-legged Stumps mare, as white in her coat and sweet-looking as the whole of her beautiful race, solved the problem at last. Cruiser's temper did not show itself very much at Danebury. In the Criterion he certainly ran somewhat unkindly, and Rogers, who won on Para, backed him at long shots for the Derby, from feeling sure that he could have done much better if he liked. Still John Day had only to hit him two or three times, when he was with him; but he suspected enough to give the man who took him to Rawcliffe an ineffectual warning, as to not taking his halter off when he got him into a stable, or, as sure as fate, there would be a mess. At Rawcliffe again, they say that "Argus" must have braced himself for his *Post feuilleton* by a series of pork-chop suppers, when he

described certain scenes with that bay Nana Sahib, at their establishment, than which—

> "Mat Lewis never borrowed
> Any horrors half so horrid"

—so vividly, that Mr. Rarey was induced to beard him in his den, at Greywell, and soon heard the jingle of the guinea at the Round-house, for his pains.

The Woodpecker Line.

And so, leaving Highflyer, we must essay to trace the second great branch of the Herod genealogical tree, through Woodpecker. He was himself a large coarse horse, with wide lop ears, almost like a prize rabbit, which descended in a marked way to his stock. Through him, Petworth quite "out-Heroded Herod" in its breeding in-and-in. A grey and a chestnut Skim were both by him, out of a Herod mare; and the former was the dam of Grey Skim, by Gohanna, who was out of a Herod mare as well. Then again Golumpus was by Gohanna, dam by Woodpecker, till the stud-grooms were almost as much puzzled, as dabblers in the Herd Book with the seventy "Duchesses." Woodpecker's greatest hit was with Buzzard, who was out of a mare by Dux; and the blood of this great unknown was destined to flow in the veins of the most wonderful leash of brothers that ever sought glory in the Stud Book.

Castrel, Rubens, and Selim.

Their dam was a grand-daughter of Eclipse through Alexander, but she was such a mere weed to the eye, that the Duke of Queensberry could not get five-and-twenty pounds for her, and therefore he did not think that he had done any very munificent act, when he gave her away to his Newmarket surgeon. Her success at Buzzard's paddocks seems almost fabulous, as her filly, Bronze, who was also by him, won the Oaks. Castrel, the eldest of the three brothers, was a magnificent chestnut of sixteen hands high, and with great quality; and but for his roaring, there were few better on the Turf.

Eventually he came into that "Hospital for Decayed Cracks," as Parson Harvey's Sloane-street stables were termed. After that, he stood at "The Royells," in Cheshire, where he was not very lucky, and he was rising twenty-tree, and at Mr. Lechmere Charlton's, near Ludlow, when he got Pantaloon. This chestnut, who was very profusely marked with black spots, was on a very large scale, with a heavy neck and most beautiful legs; and John Scott used to be one of his most devoted admirers. He was rather proud and odd with strangers, and was a wonderfully cheap bargain for Lord Westminster at six hundred guineas, which would never have been given but for the strong entreaties of Nutting, the then stud-groom. His blood nicked reverse ways with Touchstone's, in the case of Phryne and Ghuznee (the very model of a useful, short-legged mare); and in fact whenever it has come together, and with that of no other horse so well. The dashing family speed came out through him in Sleight-of-Hand, and his son, Odd Trick, whose great upstanding quarters sent him like a minié ball up the Cambridgeshire hill, albeit his middle is so little in keeping with them. He is the speediest Mr. Parr ever trained, and the sixty guineas which he gave for him as a yearling, at Sir Tatton's sale, returned with usury in the shape of twenty thousand in bets, none of which was got on at less than thirties to one.

Death of Merlin's Groom.

Merlin was, after all, the best racer by Castrel, and Lord Foley gave two thousand guineas for him at two years old. His remembrance of the slings, in the days when he broke his leg running with Tiresias, made such a fury of him, that grooms and breeders grew alike frightened, and Lamplighter and his son, Phosphorus, did not keep the lamp of his fame alive. The broken leg eventually became the best, but the accident produced a most remarkable species of stringhalt; and he was wont to lift each leg, and shake them tremulously for some

seconds in succession, when he was led out with iron rods on each side. Tyler, the groom at Riddlesworth, was the only man who dare go up to him, armed with an immense stick; and one unhappy day, when another of the grooms, whom the horse especially hated, was called for, all that was known about him was that he had been seen going into the box. "*Mercy on us!*" said Tyler, "*he's a dead man; that's the moan I heard as I passed there, ten minutes since.*" And sure enough the horse was kneeling on him, and fairly wallowing in his blood. Both his ears were torn off, and his side was so lacerated that they declared they could see the heart beat. He only lived two hours after he was got away, and Mr. Thornhill settled a handsome pension on his widow. Even when the horse was being painted, he yapped as if he would devour both painter and easel, till his head and breast were all covered with foam.

Rubens had less appearance to recommend him than Castrel, and was a heavy-topped fleshy horse, of sixteen hands, and only fit for a flash of speed. The Prince sold him for a thousand to Lord Darlington, on condition that Clift said he was sound, and the astute peer not only saved the forfeits in two matches, but won twelve thousand, and was offered treble the purchase money for him. Alas! it was always the fate of George Guelph to run counter to political economists by buying in the dearest, and selling in the cheapest market. He did not get a great amount of stock in England, but Defence, Recovery, Coronation, and Ascot were all out of his daughters, some of which were also very successful, both as runners and breeders, in the Duke of Grafton's hands, and his only son of caste was the aptly-named Peter Lely.

The Selims.

Selim was given by the Prince to Colonel Leigh, when his horses were sold. He was full of quality, and so majestic altogether, that no one would have suspected him to be the workman

he was at all distances. Still there was a certain softness lingering somewhere in the tribe; and it came out in the Sultans and Langars, although the cross with Williamson's Ditto and Walton in each instance was as orthodox as it could be. Langar was a flash Arab-style of horse about his forehand; and both his sons, Epirus and Elis, were out of mares by Sir Oliver, who had a long run and a high reputation for speed in Cheshire. The flying white-legged Vulture, by Langar, lives in the Orlandoes; and the roach-backed Virago, his great-granddaughter, is the flower, so far, of the Epirus and Pyrrhus the First line.

Sultan.

The Sultan branch of Selim is a much more famous one; but it is fast wearing out on the male side. His forehand, which breeders used as a simile, was just the thing to catch foreigners; and hence a story went the round of the clubs that a noble Russ wanted to barter two thousand acres and seventy-eight peasants for him! Half a neck was the fiat against him in the Derby, where Soothsayer's best son, Tiresias, never let himself be headed. There would have been no Sandbeck rejoicings in honour of Tarrare, if "Crocky's white nose" had not broken down on the Saturday before the St. Leger. He could hardly be got into Mr. Mawe's stables at Belle Vue; and some few, who stood heaviest on him, raced off in chaises with bribed drivers to beat the news to Sheffield and Nottingham, and try to save a little of their money. He was sold after that to Mr. Bouverie and then to Lord Exeter, and had a tremendous first season. A Stamford and two Phantom mares bore him, in course of time, Beiram, Ishmael, and Bay Middleton. The former, along with Galata, that tucked up but speediest of Burghley mares, and Greenmantle, made "the narrow blue stripes" a spectre to trainers for four or five seasons; and if Lord Exeter had stuck to Beiram instead of Sultan after that, and not used two crosses of the blood, there seems a strong

probability that he would have held his own much longer. There was a toughness about the Beirams, Ilex, and Midas, which could bring them home in a strong-run race over the Ditch-in, while the Sultans and Sultanas would be running with their mouths open long before the Turn of the Lands. Augustus was rather a brilliant member of the family, but he fought sadly in his gallop; and Ishmael was the founder of a fine stamp of jumpers, though none of them have been equal to Burgundy, as far as build went. The latter was just the lengthy, short-legged sort of sire that farmers require. Augur is a grandson of Ishmael, through Nickname; and although his stock have perhaps no great liberty about them, they are, if not quick enough to train, dark chestnut fourteen-stone hunters, ready to keep up the jumping charter.

Glencoe.

Of all the countless Sultans he had through his hands, Tiny Edwards most loved Glencoe, a low-backed chestnut with great speed, and the rare Tramp staying power about him. His ends were very fine, and Robinson used to look like a man seated in a valley. It was not, however, as the pantomimes have it, "The Valley of Calm Delight," when Plenipo was at hand, and poor Conolly's good-natured drawling tones were heard about a length behind, "*Now, Master Jemmy, I'm here; I can come when I'm wanted.*" He was sold to a Mr. Richards, of George Town, Kentucky, and died in the August of '57, in his twenty-seventh year. With all his ancient pluck, he stood up against spasmodic colic and lung fever for ten days; and kept on his feet the last three, till he fell and died quite exhausted with bleeding at the nose. His picture, "one of Troye's best efforts in anatomy and colouring," was quite an object of interest at the United States Fair at Louisville; and if his son, Pryor, had not died here, they looked forward to getting him to supply his place in "the Blue Grass Region."

Middleton.

Long before Lord Jersey sent his Cobweb to Sultan, he had no common Epsom luck with the Web by Waxy blood. Web's son, the chestnut Middleton by Phantom, had won the only race he ever ran for; but that was the Derby, in which Actæon was beaten and Cain fell. After that, he bolted away with Sam Barnard, who thought he was going to Bury, and played the deuce with everybody and everything. When he was first broken he shambled and rolled so in his action, and seemed so utterly unable to walk, that Lord Jersey and Edwards thought there was not a hope for him. He was of a Suffolk Punch stamp; a bigger-boned horse, and with nothing like the liberty of Bay Middleton. Like Plenipo, a T.Y.C. was his *forte*, and, owing to his weight, he did not care to carry himself much farther; but for that distance Robinson always thought him better than Bay Middleton. For speed, trial horses were no good to him; and he could have trotted past the post in the Derby. They only laid seven to four against him at starting, little knowing the perils he had escaped that morning. His lad had been got at; and when he was entrusted with a bucket of water to plait his mane, he allowed him to drink it off, and there was nothing but the sponge when Ransome, who was then the head lad, came in. The culprit vowed that he had thrown the rest down the sink; but the evidence of guilt was so clear, that at first Edwards thought it was all over. However, his spirits revived when he had walked the horse four miles from Mickleham to The Warren; but he looked so barrel-like at the post, that Lord Jersey remarked that he must have had more water than they knew of. Still Edwards stuck to it that he was throwing off his food as he rode with him to the course; and that, "*even with five gallons inside, nothing could touch him.*" And so it happily proved, and Lord Jersey's and the Duke of Wellington's coachmen were said to have won

considerably above a thousand each. Edwards had learnt from his experience of the Web family, that they could always run big. He was wont to say of them—"*They're as fat as pigs: if I work them two days together, they're lame; and if their bellies brush the ground, they're so good they'll get through.*" Nearly all the Cobwebs had navicular disease, which she inherited from Soothsayer; but still she imparted to them, as a counterpoise, that clear-winded Arab attribute which came to her through Phantom from Sir Charles Bunbury's smart Whiskey tribe. Web and her daughter, Filagree, had each thrown an Epsom winner to Phantom; and it now became the granddaughter's turn to cap them both with Bay Middleton.

Bay Middleton.

This distinguished horse was a most frantic subject to begin with; and became so bad, that when Lord Jersey met Robinson by chance in London, in the February of his Derby year, he begged him, as an especial favour, to go back and ride him. Jim accordingly booked himself by "The Magnet," and knocked up Edwards immediately on his arrival. He put his night-capped head forth from his lattice, and said—"*Oh, dear! I'm so glad you've come. He's bolted with everybody. We'll gallop at the Cambridge Gap in the morning.*" Before mounting, Robinson had some fearful admonitions from "Paddy Carey," as the head boy was called. He asked him to stick to his head for a minute, till he was settled in the saddle; but—"*My flesh! I'd better hold the hack—we'll be all killed together,*" was his prompt counter-proposition, and he let him go almost before Jim had time to lick his fingers.

In his first canter, he went very uneasily, as the martingale was far too short, and tearing at the girths. "My Flesh" was then called to let it out or take it off; and when, by a series of nervous dashes, he had succeeded in partially doing the latter, the horse trod

upon it and broke it, and feeling his head loose at last, went off like a gun-shot. Edwards in vain tried to lead him on Sepoy; but he had no notion of following anything, and dashed up the hill right across the Cambridge turnpike into The Links. This was his first essay; but Robinson gradually brought him under; and when a few horses had been pulled up, to teach him to leave them on the long hill, he went away from Muezzin, at 13lbs., in a match, with his ears pricked. He was not a quick beginner, and at half a mile many would have scrambled away from him; but whatever distance the race or the sweat might be (for they never tried him), Robinson never heard him blow. He was rather short in his back ribs, and weak in his loins; but his brisket, thighs, and hocks were as good as they could be, and his plump hind-quarters (in which the Cowls follow him), his wicked style of head, and his arched neck, which was so beautifully set in from the withers, may be traced in many of his descendants, especially in the mares. It is a rule which holds good 999 times out of a thousand, that the length of the head multiplied by three gives the length of the horse, and we believe that in Bay Middleton the measure answered exactly. Lord Jersey remarked on the length of his head, when Mr. Herring was painting the bay after the Derby, but—"Yes, my lord, if he hadn't had so long a head you would not have had so long a horse," was the reply. His shoulders were thin, and well laid back, and good ones to correct Touchstone's with. None of his sons really resembled him to our mind, except Ruby, and he only did so when he was drawn quite fine for the Ascot meeting, and then the likeness struck no one more than Lord Jersey himself.

Graves of Bay Middleton and Crucifix.

The old horse was ill all the summer of '56, and died on November 3rd of the following year. His heels had been very bad, and kept in perpetual turnip poultices, and for the

last three or four days he lay down and tossed in great pain. Matter seemed to come from every part of him, including his eyes; and the mysterious off fore-foot enlarged considerably, but there was no *post mortem* upon it. He was buried within ten yards of his stable door; and but a few days after they had to dig down to him, as Lord Jersey sent to beg the near forefoot. His old mate Crucifix, who just survived him a year, is now buried beside him inside the rustic paling of a small flower plot; and John and Alfred Day have each planted a cedar to their memory. The spot was all blooming with hollyhocks when we passed it in October '58, to take another glance at old Crucifix. There she stood, quite wasted and listless, under the wall of a loose box, with withers as sharp as a knife. She had kept in pretty blooming condition till her wonted Stockbridge race levée was over, and then she began to fail very fast. Since Chalice, in 1852, she had bred no foal, and always broke at the end of a fortnight. Her great peculiarity was the narrowness of her chest; and hence, in her training, she perpetually suffered from speedy cut.

Her legs went within a week after the Oaks race, but the secret never fairly oozed out, till the Saturday before the St. Leger. Looking thinner than she was in her "sky-blue and white cap" days, and with her great hips and deep brisket more prominently marked than ever, she seemed like the last turf relic of Lord George, whose heart was at one time never far from the Danebury paddocks. He spent no less than fifteen hundred over them in three years in bone-dust alone, and spread some of it himself with his coat off, while John Day junior wheeled the barrow. A neighbouring parson espied him at his labours, and said that he could "*blow off such top-dressing with my pocket-handkerchief.*" Of course some one was kind enough to repeat it to his lordship; and at a dinner party in the neighbourhood shortly after, he told with

great glee how The Church had been touting him through the hedge, and, little thinking that the very man sat right opposite him, asked the lady of the house, "*Who is this parson * * * ?*"

Andover.

The Selim and Defence blood suited well in Andover, who only wanted a little closer ribbing up to make him look the workman he was. Still he was a very nice topped horse, and it was quite a treat to get a bird's-eye view of him from a grand stand. His stock disappointed us, as they had his failure of back-rib, which was aggravated by their length, and lacked general style and quality. He had also a strong dash of eccentricity at times; and was once extracted by Snarry from the chimney of an old brewhouse, up which he had made a well-meant effort to become a climbing-boy.

The Flying Dutchman.

As to the infancy of Bay Middleton's other Derby winning son, the Flying Dutchman, we know very little, except that he was born on Feb. 27th. "*He was always a good doer,*" said his early guardian, Coverdale, to us, as we strolled out from Redcar to leave a card on Barbelle; "*but as for Van, I never could glutton him. Zuyder Zee,*" he added, "*I could frighten into a mouse-hole, but he got master of the man somehow on his road to Fobert's.*" Old Barbelle herself had been sent to Ashgill, who had been sold not long before at an auction for 40*l.*; and within a few minutes of our visit she had been separated from her Pottinger filly, and the two were indulging in a succession of answering cheers. She was standing, after her bereavement, in a cart-stable, separated by a rail from a black pony; and as she looked more of the light-necked, drooping quartered hack than the brood mare, we could hardly have thought that such virtue as three "thousand guinea yearlings," two of them St. Leger winners, had come out of her. Her head is rather plain and long, but there is nothing particular to find fault with her feet,

though her sire, Sandbeck, was rather mulish that way; and so was his son, Redshank. The Dutchman's did not get him through dirt; and we have heard it stated (and as flatly contradicted), by men whose judgment we should be sorry to question, that his doubtful Derby performance was perhaps more owing to a lack of knee-action than anything else. If a horse does not bend his knee well, in nine cases out of ten the Epsom hill puts him wrong, as he cannot lie away so far at first, and trust to his horse's coming back to him, as in the St. Leger.

THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

"To talk with him of other days,
Seemed converse with Old Time;
He remembered feats of Banbury,
And Mellish in their prime:
Hambletonian and *Diamond*
Seemed but yestreen; from his lips
Fell tales of young Bay Malton,
And the colts got by Eclipse."

Eclipse's Origin.

LEAVING this renowned Arab, Bartlett Childers, and Squirt amid the olive-tinted haze of time, we come to "Marske, dam by Blacklegs," who is always drawn as standing among the rocks on the sea-coast, in honour of the mansion from which he was named. Mr. Tattersall, who was quite a literary ferret in these matters, and was never beaten except over "The Ratcatcher's Mare," left it as his Scrap Book opinion that—to judge from colour, style, and everything else—Shakspeare, and not Marske, was the sire of Eclipse. "Shakspeare," he observes, "was a chestnut with a white face and legs, and a good runner, whereas Marske was a bad colour and small." He was sold to a farmer after the Duke

of Cumberland's death, and stood for a long time at half-a-guinea; but the Earl of Abingdon, in 1776, asked 200 guineas for his services, when he was rising twenty-seven, and he commanded a hundred when he died. Wahtever Mr. Tattersall may have thought privately, he was keen enough to buy Marske mares to cross with Highflyer; while O'Kelly looked out like a falcon for Herod ones. These two proud owner rivals were widely different in temperament. The Englishman only trained once, and let others take the risk; while the Irishman matched everything. Eclipse's stock were all light-fleshed, active, and excitable, and could be got ready to run at very short notice. Those who put mares to him felt quite certain that the foals would be after this type, and chestnuts with white legs and faces to boot.

His Funeral and Epitaph.

He died of nephritic colic at Canons, in Middlesex, in 1789, whither he had been drawn in a van. Ale and cake was given at his funeral; and Mons. Vial de Saintbell made his fame as an anatomist by dissecting him. His heart scaled-in at 13lbs., which was 8lbs. less than Mr. Davis's equally immortal Hermit; and O'Kelly chivalrously hired a poet to fling his last defiance at Highflyer and his owner. One verse, which aims at being the most biting, runs thus—

> "True, o'er the tomb in which this favourite lies,
> No vaunting boast appears of lineage good;
> Yet the Turf Register's bright page defies
> The race of Herod to show better blood."

Fifteen years before, Mr. O'Kelly's grey colt, Horizon, scored the first race to his credit at Abingdon, at two years old; and in the twenty-three succeeding years, 344 of his winners made 518,000*l.*, an enormous sum for those cautious days.

The Young Eclipses.

The direct Eclipse lines of Alexander, Mercury, and Joe Andrews have been

small in comparison with those of King Fergus and Pot-8-o's. Alexander was an immense chestnut, and the sire of Boadicea the grandam of Touchstone. His stock were much liked for their size; the colts being often strongly-whited chestnuts, and the mares, which were remarkably good, for the most part browns, full of speed and quality, and with very fine expression about the head and throat. The Mercuries first came out in all their strength and stoutness with Gohanna, who was, like Waxy, out of a Herod mare, and the twain ran the memorable race for the Derby in what has always been termed the Pot-8-o's year. Seven out of the thirteen were by that chestnut, and but for the Petworth pet dividing them, they would have made up the first three. No two horses were more widely different to look at than Gohanna and Waxy, although their forms were as near at 3lbs. as Scythian and Champagne's were at evens for a mile. High quality, so to speak, came into English blood-stock very much with Waxy, whereas Gohanna was a plain hunter style of horse to look at. He was put to all kinds of mares, and got great power on a short leg, and if they exceeded fifteen one, it was beyond the average. They had broad foreheads, small noses, and a very prominent eye, and were uniformly speedy and staying. Election was one of the smallest and most delicate of his sons, and very different from the hardy Golumpus, for whom, before Catton had made him a name, there was no Salutation bidder.

The Cattons.

Orville's blood united with Catton's immediately in Mulatto, and one degree off in Slane. In appearance the Cattons generally followed Gohanna, but Mulatto had much more style, and was more round and plump, and with the most blood-like head and neck. Catton was a very firm well-seasoned horse, and took punishment from Sammy King, in his races, like a hero. Few lines of blood

have done more for Yorkshire. Racing, hunting, or coaching, in fact nothing came amiss to his stock; and in the days when George Clark was in his glory at Barnby Moor, the upholder of "the blue jacket and white hat line" on the Great North Road, while Scrooby patronized the black, he got an almost fabulous price for two colts, by his son Akarius, out of Highflyer Coach mares. Like all Lord Fitzwilliam's horses in Scaife's day, Mulatto was very badly broken. Clift used to say of him, and in fact of every one of them, "*Here's a pretty brute! I never get on one but I've a chance of getting my neck broke; no mouth, no nothing; I've to make all.*" Welbeck, on the contrary, was quite as remarkable for the height to which it carried its breaking. The late Duke of Portland used to say that a horse should not go on to a race-course till it could face anything. Hence, in order to complete their education, they were marched over and over again past a drum and fife band, with a flag, in the park, and so many screws of powder were let off on the corn bin, that at last they would hardly put their heads out of the manger for a pistol report.

Mulatto and his Daughters.

Mulatto will long be memorable as the winner of that Doncaster Cup race, when Fleur-de-Lis, Memnon, Actæon, Longwaist, and Tarrare went down before the green banner of Wentworth; and his fame is still bright in the Stud-book as the sire of Martha Lynn, the dam of Voltigeur, and Morsel, the dam of The Cure. Old Martha, by no means a handsome, was rather a deep than a broad mare, with fine hips and hocks, and somewhat drooping quarters, a muscular neck, and ribs well arched. Morsel, who looked very little above fourteen and a-half, was sold at a Mr. Thomlinson's sale in Cumberland as a two-year-old for fifty guineas by Mr. Wetherell, the celebrated auctioneer, to himself. He sent her to Physician, whose smart two-year-olds

were then making him all the rage, and sold her for seventy-five guineas only two months before she foaled The Cure. It might truly be said of her that she "marched a queen," and although The Cure had that peculiarity that every muscle in his body seemed in movement when he walked, he never had quite her majesty. As Maroon was in a hunter and harness sphere, the male line of Mulatto virtually ended with Old England, the sire of Defiance. At Sir Joseph Hawley's sale the latter went into Mr. Parr's hands for thirty-eight guineas, where he prospered not a little. It was always a matter of difficulty to get him away from his horses, as, like his father, he had a strong touch of temper and sluggishness, and hence Mr. Parr could so seldom get him ridden to his mind, that he not unfrequently donned his own puce and white. His forehand was good and somewhat massive, but he fell off behind the saddle. Still we thought that we never saw two such good horses of their stamp in one man's hands as when he and Weathergage were led about at the back of the Northampton course, before they had won their races; and it was a strange reflection that they had only cost about 200 guineas the pair!

Joe and Dick Andrews.

Joe Andrews was beaten under his original title of "Dennis-Oh!" by Faith for the great Subscription at York, the day after John Shepherd made his first appearance in silk for a Give and Take Plate, in which 6st. 5lb. 4oz. was allotted for his hamper. He stood for some time in the West of England, and his hunters were thought very high-class, but he died in obscurity many years before his son, Dick Andrews, made his blood famous with Altisidora (who was a chestnut, with a good deal of The Princess character about her), and the renowned Tramp. Dick was rather a narrow horse, with a long, lean, and expressive head, and showed great bottom and breeding. Tramp inherited the former quality

from him, and through his Gohanna dam came the broad Petworth forehead.

Tramp.

Tramp was a nice level horse of fifteen-two, long and low, and perhaps somewhat straight in his back, and "carried his flag" in a coaching style, which pleased the East Riding amazingly. Of all his sons, Tyke, the conqueror of his half-brother Zinganee for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, was, barring his colour, the most complete resemblance to him. He was himself a wonderful four-mile horse, and the Subscription Purse at York in 1814, when Sir Mark Sykes's Prime Minister just beat him, produced the most betting and excitement that Knavesmire had ever known, except perhaps on the Voltigeur and Dutchman day. They ran the old four-mile course, Jackson forcing the pace with Tramp round the Bason turn, and the echoes of "*Now, Tramp! Now, Minister!*" which rent the air, as John Shepherd went up and headed him coming back by the wood, linger vividly in the ears of the Yorkshire patriarchs yet. His stock had all a knack of jumping, and the only thing against them was a strong inclination to be vicious. Zinganee had the sourest of eyes, but there was no harm in him, whereas St. Giles would stop and kick furiously at exercise, and if he had not his muzzle on, would try to tear his lad out of the saddle; and his grandsons, Inheritor and Zohrab, were in a milder way quite as troublesome at exercise and saddling. Until he had Blacklock, Mr. Watt could never bear to keep a stallion, and hence he parted with Tramp for 300*l.*, and his groom used to bring him very proudly to Driffield on market days, and boast that *his* horse was "shod with four Gold Cups." His new owners kept him two years, and then sold him for fourteen hundred. At last he became blind, and so broken-winded that it was quite painful to hear him sigh. Still breeders were not afraid of him, and although he would not

notice St. Giles's dam, they were shut up in a loose box all night, and a chestnut Derby winner was the result. Next year Isaac Sadler was so determined to have a Tramp, that the same plan was pursued with his mare Defiance; and Dangerous, another Derby winner, rewarded him as well.

Liverpool. A cross between Tramp and a Whisker mare produced Liverpool, who was bred by Mr. Watt. That fine old Yorkshire worthy was the first to espy him in his morning rambles, as he was dropped in the Dove-Cote Paddock; and away he hurried to tell Robert Elrington, assuring him, while the suppressed twinkle of his eye told a very different tale, "*It's the worst foal you ever saw in your life.*" Although his loins at three years old made many think that he was a weak horse, they gave up their ideas on that head when they had seen or heard of his race with Consol at Preston. Eventually he passed from Crutch Robinson's into the Duke of Cleveland's hands, and so to Mr. Ramshay's of Naworth Barns, for a couple of hundred. His forelegs were rather too light to please the Cumberland farmers, and added to this he was a trifle ragged in his hips and thick in his jowl.

The British Yeoman was certainly the handsomest son Liverpool ever got, and like him he was remarkably clean hocked. His promising Derby chance was quite destroyed by a most peculiar seizure. On the setting on of his off arm there came a soft swelling about the size and thickness of a large dish, and another to match above the hock on that side. It looked as if he had been stung by an adder; and the faculty had not agreed as to the nature of the swelling when it disappeared again. He was accompanied on many of his Cumberland journeys by the celebrated little Highland Laddie. This renowned teazer was originally sold after running in a pony gig for 21*l.* 14*s.*, at the rate of 6*d.* per pound, and was

purchased for 100 guineas by Mr. Starkey when he won the Pony Sire prize at Chester. As a getter of race-horses, "The Yeoman" had but very little scope; and high as his hunter name so deservedly stands, there would have been but very few to touch him if he had been less indiscriminate in his favours.

Death of Liverpool.

The dams of Wee Willie and Lanercost were almost the only blood mares that came to Liverpool at Naworth his first season, and Lanercost was in verity his first begotten, and from a mare who had been bought from Lord Egremont by one of his Cockermouth tenants for something under fifteen pounds. In 1844, the old horse was sold for two thousand to the French Government, but he died before he was delivered. He had narrowly escaped, along with

> "The slight and slender jasmine tree,
> That blooms on my Border tower,"

being burnt alive amid the ruins of Naworth Castle, only to meet a less glorious fate. During the confusion which ensued for the next two or three weeks, he was left to incompetent hands to physic, and his gut was so much torn by their previous back raking, that the glyster passed into his bowels, and he died in most fearful pain.

Lanercost.

In spite of this misfortune with him, Mr. Ramshay did well with his sons Naworth, Moss Trooper, and Broadwath, and still better with Lanercost, whom he bought as a yearling for 120 guineas, from the owner of his dam, Otis. He was an enormous feeder, and became so thick and fat that he was sent off to Tom Dawson's to do gentle work at Middleham, all his two-year-old season. The coarse head and neck, the latter of which assumed a ewe shape in many of his stock, were all there then; and slug as he was, he could always, as if in anticipation of Ascot, make the liveliest resistance if any medicine was to be put down him. When they first

tried it, he went right on end, and struck his head into the plaster ceiling of his box; and a little egg-shaped indentation which still tells of "Lanercost, his mark," had much more interest for us in our Northern wanderings than Belt Willie's armour in the old Banquet Hall. Among modern horses, Lord Zetland's Tros, in every point but length, most strongly resembled him, although there was no earthly affinity. Harry Edwards took to the flannels again, and "got him out" gloriously in the Newcastle St. Leger, and then he passed into Mr. Ramsay's hands for 1500*l.* It was in the once famous green and yellow of Barnton that he accomplished his best feat of giving Hetman Platoff, who was as fresh as he was stale, eleven pounds for his year, and beating him for the Cambridgeshire. Never were two horses greater opposites. Hetman, as the stable-boys say, "might have been ridden with a woman's garter;" whereas Lanercost, like his particular friend Melbourne, always had his head on his jockey's arms, and would make a race with a donkey.

To judge from the amount of persuasion he required to move him, he was nearly as thick-skinned as Brunswick, who used to go six miles and wear thick double hoods and quarter pieces, &c., whenever he had to sweat. The last vision we had of Lanercost, in his racing days, was crawling round the turn for home at Ascot, and his action quite gave us that impression, which had more than once flashed across Templeman, that his back was broken. Still, Mr. Kirby was not the man to give him up when there was a shilling to be made, and despatched him to Liverpool a month after for the Cup. The poison was, however, still lurking in his system, and he broke out into such a black sweat the day before, that he was sent home to Yorkshire, and the Turf knew its great modern four-miler no more. He had all the requisites of a racer—fine arched loins and a beautiful back, and with the best of legs, if they had not been afflicted with corns.

Mr. Kirby was amazingly fond of him. He would stand with his hands in his drab breeches-pockets, looking at him day after day with visitors, and then out would come his "*There! it's my opinion—and I've seen a many horses in my time—but I never seed one, tak him altogether, that pleased me mair than Lanercost.*" A pause regularly ensued, only to be thus broken again in the same monotonous tone—"*And thou'll recollect, I had old Orvile.*"

The Sons of Lanercost.

His first year's stud essays with Van Tromp, War Eagle, and Ellerdale were his best; but it was gradually found that his stock did not ripen early, and were not nearly smart enough for two-year-old races, and such a discovery is now-a-days fatal to a horse. Thirty years before, he would have been invaluable. Mr. Kirby moreover did not show his wonted tact as to limiting, and hence many of them came small; and instead of making an annuity out of him for a series of years, he was glad, after five or six, to let him to Lord Exeter and the Hampton Paddocks. His son Loupgarou, who was at the latter establishment one season, heaped coals of fire on their head for tiring of him so soon by beating their crack Orlando cleverly in the next sale average with the 710-guinea Hecate. The backs of the Van Tromps were rather narrow and doubtful, and the Yorkshiremen "didn't like the sample" at all when Ivan first walked into the York enclosure. For magnificence, however, Vandermulin had scarcely a peer, although he was more of a foreigner's horse; and Zeta was the best-looking and gamest Van Tromp mare that was ever out. We shall not easily forget her in two Doncaster finishes, two years running.

Lottery.

Lottery was a very blood-like horse, not very strong behind, but still the best of Tramp's sons, if his temper had not been such a fearful bane. He was drilled by Jem Garbutt in a fallow field in Holderness, and though the spirit was

nearly galloped out of him, it was never subdued. He would lie down and roll when he couldn't get his jockey off, and Mr. Watt was so afraid of further mischief, that he wanted to shoot him. After that he was sold to Mr. Whittaker for four hundred; but one morning he came so savagely at Shepherd, that he dismounted, and turned his hack loose to divert his attention, and the two galloped off Langton Wold back to their stables together. He was fully sixteen hands, and his best race was when he was only beaten half a head by Mercutio, who we believe died on his way home after his Doncaster Cup win. He was first favourite for the St. Leger at 2 to 1; but the flat-footed Will Wheatley turned his toes out and put his spurs into "Tinker" in vain. He had not digested an oat properly for some days before, and was beaten quite easily. The Carpenter was a fine slashing horse by him, and Inheritor was remarkably well built; but he had bad feet and always scrambled a good deal at starting, though he was game to the backbone when he did begin. Zohrab was also a sticker, and after making every one give him a wide berth, both in the saddling ring or at the post, he would summon his energies for one last kick royal, and away. Weight was not a thing he objected to, but he was very long in his stride, and required much holding together. Like Inheritor, he was quite the hunter, and in fact nearly all the Lotteries had a strong Chase as well as Turf stamp about them. His principal son, Sheet Anchor, was quite the rage in Yorkshire at one time, in consequence of his having won the Colt Sapling at York Spring, when quite unprepared. There could be no other reason, as he was heavy shouldered and common, and never filled up over the quarters; in short, a mere magnified colt. After an enormous amount of chances, he in his turn begot Weatherbit, who was the only horse that Mendicant ever hit to, and certainly Beadsman takes completely after her in

his points. Weatherbit himself was rather light-girthed, and we did not just fancy the setting on of his neck, but his hind-quarters might be moulded from; and we remember, in fact, nothing in horse-flesh that we ever liked better.

The sturdy little broad nostrilled Weathergage is as unlike his sire as horse can be. The way in which he came to Benhams is rather curious. Mr. Parr had seen Clothworker done up for the night, and was pondering, cigar in mouth, over his Cup chances, at the little Croxton inn, when Sly arrived, and began saying that such a rare-bred horse from Newmarket had only been beaten a neck for the Selling Stakes at Northampton the week before, and that his trainer had had orders not to take him home. As he gradually unwound the pedigree by Weatherbit out of Miss Letty by Priam, Mr. Parr was all attention; and finding that Armstrong had claimed and taken him back to the place from whence he came, he wrote to say that he would come and look at him as soon as he got to Newmarket, as he wanted a companion for Bardolph. When he went to his stables, and heard that he only asked sixty guineas for such an apparently sound improving horse, he fully thought The Admiral had found out something wrong, and would not close with the offer till he had seen him canter on the Lime Kilns hill. Mizen took him out for exercise the first time, and complained "that his joints snocks;" but all that was forgotten when, with two stone more on, he made such an example of Bardolph and Wells, in their gallop the next day, that Mr. Parr, who was on Selina, was fain to roar to them to pull up before they got among the crowd near the Duke's stand. "Tiny" might well say to Mr. Parr, in the stable that evening, that he "could win the Newmarket Handicap far enough if I was on that one," pointing to the stall of the once despised bay.

The Story of Weathergage.

Bardolph's defeat did not trouble Mr. Parr much, as

he felt sure he had got a treasure, and he was convinced of the fact when he very soon found him to be a stone better than the six-year-old Clothworker at the Derby distance; and able to give Tame a good lump of weight over the T.Y.C. In short, he liked him so much that but for his being not a little interested in Hobbie Noble's success, it was his intention to have taken a Derby mount upon him, as he had done upon Sponge four years before. Instead of this, he rode him for the Aristocratic Handicap at Bath, in which Justice, a three thousand and not a thirty-guinea cast off from the Bedford stable, was a bad fourth to him. Then misfortune descended, and he knocked his hoof about so much by casting a shoe, that he had to be kept in damp swabs all day, and be walked about, hour after hour, on the dewy grass at night. With this gentle encouragement, it grew sufficiently to bear a shoe three weeks before Goodwood; but even with that short preparation, he beat the six-year-old Melford so easily at seven stone each, with nearly a stone in hand, that they would not hedge a penny.

His action was very short, and he had a peculiar power of propelling himself with his fore-legs. He could not bear to have his head confined, and his Queen's Plate race the next year with Deerhound at Northampton was very nearly lost from Marlow riding him by mistake in a martingale. He had also a very one-sided mouth, and would hang to the left when he first came to Benhams, the moment the rider dropped his hand; and hence Mr. Parr trotted him for months across plough and fallow with his head at liberty, and would never once indulge him by turning that way. The Goodwood Stakes course suited him in this respect, as the first mile was all to the left, and Wells had the strictest injunctions to keep his whip in his left hand for fear of accidents.

Strange as it may seem, they had tried him nearly a score of times at Newmarket, and liked him less

each time, and they would not have it when Mr. Parr privately told them before the race how good he believed him to be. The Admiral, however, avowed candidly that he had been far too much prejudiced, or he would have taken advantage of this warning voice from Benhams. Then came the great *coup* for the Cesarewitch, on which several of the ring dons so completely overlaid their books against him, that Mr. Parr, who had got on at fifties, laid off about six thousand of it in a ten minutes' walk between his lodgings and the Rooms. In fact, he was fairly beset, and never paid so dearly for a little exercise before or since. Mr. Megson bought the horse after that for twenty-five hundred, and they thought him, from his Salisbury running at the beginning of his four-year-old season, a still better horse than he had ever been; but the Northampton race overset him, and he never won again. Kingston smashed him and Teddington up together for The Whip, and the horse at whose name ancient listers still turn pale, passed through Mr. Blenkiron's hands to the French Government, and it seems left to Mandrake to raise up seed to the house of Weatherbit.

The Sons of King Fergus.

The King Fergus line was full of Herod blood, as Hambletonian was out of a Highflyer, and Beningboro' out of a Herod mare. The latter, for whom 3500 guineas was refused, was a horse of very great stamp, and the living image of Herod himself. He died at Middleham, full of years and stud-honours, and was buried under a mulberry tree in front of Mr. Dinsdale's house. His son Orvile dipped into the Herod blood again, and inherited his deep saucer eyes from his Highflyer dam.

Orvile.

Orvile was the first of Beningboro's get that ever started; and William Edwards always declared that while Selim was the speediest, he was the best for all lengths that he ever rode. His lungs and courage were quite inexhaustible. As

a proof of this, he ran a four-mile trial with Haphazard at Lewes, even weights, at four o'clock in the morning, and gave him such a tying up at the end of three miles that Sam Chifney did not persevere, and reported so decidedly as to his horse's loss of form, that he started in public no more. The King's Plate was run that afternoon, and William Edwards again handed his horse home first after a most punishing race with Walton.

He was a very difficult horse to ride, and so inanimate and dead-skinned that nothing but a whip that would curl well round him could make any impression whatever. His stock were generally large, plain, and brown, and many of them had rather cart-horse heads. There was a great deal of the coach-horse about him, and he stood very much over with one knee, and his son Don Juan, who was put to Cleveland mares near Catterick Bridge, got some of the best coaching stock that ever went to a Yorkshire fair. From a cross between him and a Highflyer mare, which made three close stains of Herod in succession, came Scud, the handsome sire of a handsome race; but this too close breeding may have borne fruits in Actæon, whose head and neck were most brilliant, and whose stock mostly cut up soft. Through his other son Muley, of Underley renown, Orvile at one time bid fair to be very famous; but while Alice Hawthorn and Wasp have bred pretty well, Galaor seems the stopping point in the branch of it which was represented by the great leggy Muley Moloch; while Moresco's descends through Taurus and John o'Gaunt to the lengthy handsome Hungerford. Taurus was a rank roarer, but he could almost fly over the T.Y.C., and it was all that Camarine (who liked any distance from the T.Y.C., where even Crutch was no use to her, up to six miles) could do to put him in difficulties by the time they had travelled over two miles of the Beacon, in the race which was a finisher for both of them.

Andrew was another of Orvile's sons, and it was to him that Belvoir owed Cadland, its only Derby winner, and through his son Prime Warden came the industrious Clothworker. Sam Darling claimed him when he had won a Selling Stakes at Shrewsbury, and Mr. Parr offered him fifty pounds for his bargain, but did not get hold of him for some time after. His peculiarity was that he must start last and catch his horses one by one, if there were thirty of them. If any of the rear ones could come again, and clatter up to his girths, he was such a cur that he would never try after. Jockey after jockey begged in vain to be allowed to come through with him, as they knew he was anything but fast; but his owner never consented, for fear of letting out the secret. Mr. Parr sold him at Stamford for four hundred, after Weathergage had made such an example of him, and put the money on his horse for the Goodwood Stakes, at forties to one; and he was eventually killed on a little race-course in Devonshire, where he had descended, like the once great St. Bennett, among the leather-flappers. Clothworker.

Orvile's best son, Emilius, inherited his plain head, but was not so coarse. He was a muscular, compact horse, with a great chest and arms, on short legs, and peculiarly straight hind ones. Add to this a great middle piece and good back ribs, with a muscular neck, not too long, and rather inclined to arch. He looked, in fact, quite as much a hunter as a blood-horse; and some very excellent ones he got too, at Riddlesworth, where latterly he had very few blood-mares at fifty guineas. Mr. Thornhill's executors let him when the Riddlesworth stud was broken up, and he died soon after the close of his first season at Easby Abbey. His stock, after he went North, were all rather small; and the youngest of them was England's Glory, out of Prairie Bird, though really his last inamorata (for there never Last Days of Emilius.

was such a Don Giovanni) was a piebald pony. He was perfectly well till just before his death, which was caused by some one giving him a feed of whole oats, which he was unable to masticate; and they buried him near some loose boxes in a paddock which the Abbot of the White Canons of Easby surveyed of yore from his study window. A stone that had once been the crosiered tomb of a cardinal, but had gradually mingled with the ruins, and then served as threshold to the box where Weatherbit now stands, is built into the wall to mark the spot; and thus, to a certain extent, Buckle's last Derby winner is canonized.

Easby Abbey.

For a picturesque combination of ruins and blood stock, commend us to that Swaledale Valley where he moulders, on a summer's afternoon. We had begun, like veritable racing pilgrims, at the Catterick Grand Stand, which seems to have been crossed in and in, till all trace of the original house has gone, and it has become a venerable brick balcony, doing duty as a granary for fifty-one weeks in the year. And so we leave that little meadow course, with its lofty line of ash and elm, its haystacks, and its hurdles; and pleasant thoughts arise of "the chocolate of Hornby," ready for all comers, and of Sir Tatton in his prime, winning a pipe of port on Sunley, and cheered as he rides back to scale by scores of foxhunters, who were right proud to

> "Let Uckerby boast of the feats of the Raby,
> And Ravenscar tell what the Hurworth have done,"

—as we saunter, scorning the rail, through the ponderous urn-topped gates, down the river-side to Richmond. It boots not, when we reach the ruins of Easby, that Royaldus, High Constable of Richmond, is buried there. We wonder much more who one "Fuller, of Newmarket, aged 83," can be; and we

would rather see the ring under the chapel wall, where Emilius, Birdcatcher, Teddington, and Longbow have all been lunged in their time, than the good St. Agatha herself.

A troop of brood mares are wandering near those ivy-clad patches of walls, which still stand as ancient landmarks. Mrs. Taft, of Cesarewitch memory, stands hard by the Abbot's Elm, beneath which the hunting exploits of "The Curtail Prior of Fountain," must have been talked over by the friars in the days when Robin Hood, heedless of the sheriff of the county, twanged the yew in many a Yorkshire and Sherwood glade. Lady Johns and Sweetheart are holding mysterious converse with The Belle beneath the crumbling Catherine-wheel of the refectory, whose mullions have been eaten by mild decay and left it hanging by balance. Gipsy Queen has ensconced herself in the massive cart shed, the top of which once did duty as a Record Office; while her foal, Curse Royal, is racing round like a lunatic within some hurdles near the cloisters, as if unable to endure the thought of the hopeless half-forfeits which its "man in boots" racing talent has incurred for Mr. Jaques. Old Comedy, who would hit to anything, and whom Billy Pierse swore by as the fastest two-year-old he ever had, till exposure in grass paddocks made her a rank roarer, has long since passed away, and she lies at the turn of the walk in the Abbey Wood hard by her daughter, Burletta and Augur's dam. Only one living trace of her is in sight, and that a chestnut Mildew yearling, which is trying to emulate its great-grandam's good name, and enlivening the good folk of Richmond in their afternoon's walk by its playful efforts in the ring.

Sons of Emilius.

But we must not linger too long at the grave of Emilius. The Bizarre line of Orville stopped with Rat-trap, who is remembered, if for nothing else, by that most punishing of races

which he ran with Mango at Ascot; and Emilius's line has not gone on in very regular order. Recovery and his pretty race fell into disrepute. Euclid died; Plenipo made no stud name; and good as Priam's mares were, he can only be worthily traced in the male line through Chesterfield to the Hero. Priam was a mare-looking horse, and so delicate a feeder that William Chifney used to say that he could tell to a handful of oats what he would eat in a week. His head and neck were light, and his hair feathered from his ears to the collar-place (if it be not sacrilege to speak of a collar in connexion with him) in a most eccentric style. He drooped rather on his hind pasterns, and stood on a remarkably straight hind leg, although nothing to compare, in this respect, with Landscape, who might have had two sets of fore-legs to look at. Lord Jersey had the offer of him as a yearling, but declined it, from an idea that he would put out ringbones.

American Purchases.

He was, along with Trustee, Margrave, and St. Giles, one of those high-priced purchases which the Americans made from our turfites in 1833-36. Such was the rage for him, that he not only had a hundred mares at fifty each, his first season, but it was said that "one leg of him" alone was sold for 5000*l.* However, the end came at last; and Messrs. Tattersall were told, the year before he died, that he was now stone-blind, and that they might have him for two hundred if they liked.

The Hero at Danebury.

The Hero has got nearly all his thorough-bred stock as small as Rogerthorpe, who was only trained because the learned friend to whom he was offered preferred a half-bred to a thorough-bred hack for his daughter, and received the Goodwood Cup he won in lieu. Theon, by far the best living son of Emilius, was sold along with Wasp and the rest at Raby, when the racing glories of the pink and black stripes ended. He had more quality

than any of the family, and he never looked so beautiful as when, although rising twenty, he stood in a fiery fret, with every vein out like the tendrils of a vine, for twelve long hours, on the first day of the Salisbury Royal. His blood mare chances were few, but he invariably got his hunters as good as they could be, and with more size and substance than himself. In fact, it is very much the secret of breeding not to use too big a sire. Middle-sized ones have oftener quality to give back, and get goodness as well as size; whereas big ones too often get their big stock three-cornered, and sadly apt to run soft.

Fleur de Lis.

The cross of Emilius and Fleur de Lis came to nothing at first, though it was so much thought of that three hundred sovereigns was bid for the foal if it lived three days. It turned out to be a very mean bay colt, with hardly stamina enough to keep it alive for twenty-four hours. The mare herself was bought when a foal by Sir Matthew White Ridley, from the Rev. Christopher Sykes. In a race she would not bear hurrying, but required to wait, in front if possible. She would not run without a very strong preparation, and was about sixteen hands, on a light leg, with rare shoulders, deep fore ribs, wide hips, and a great deal more action in her hind quarters than her fore, which rather stopped her at a hill, but gave her endless propulsion on the flat.

Nancy.

The Pompey line of Emilius has so far stopped short with Nancy, as he has of late had scarcely any blood mares. Nancy fed well and did well all 1851, but she received what was virtually her finishing stroke in the autumn of that year, as she took a gallop on Knavesmire. Going round the Middlethorpe turn, she slipped on a spot where the cattle had trodden down the grass, and sprained her off hind leg so severely, that she never stood a good preparation again. Her great power was from her

thighs to her hocks; but on her visit to Eglinton Park, to run for Lord Glasgow's Three Hundred Sovereigns Plate, she nearly lost the use of those and every other limb, by being thirteen hours in her railway box. To make matters worse, when she arrived in Edinburgh, it was nearly one in the morning and there was no stable to be had; and if an enthusiastic Scot had not met the luckless trio, and vowed, the moment he heard the name, that if he hadn't had a vacant stall, she should have gone into his best parlour all night, she would have passed the night in the street, along with old Job and his son Frank. Luckily, she grew better with rest; and although her action was so very short on the morning of the race, that the visitors at Eglinton Castle made it a certainty for her half-brother Hippolytus, careful riding and the 3lb. allowance just got her through. Her great peculiarity, to our eye, was the peculiarly graceful droop of her quarters, in which Saunterer a good deal resembles her. However, until we espied Troy, or rather Grand Mistress, in the sale ring at Doncaster, in 1858, we never met with anything that reminded us of her as a whole. Nancy was difficult to train, and furnished another proof that when mares can once be got into form they are more effective than horses, but that, while the latter will often get back their form, mares when they have once lost it, hardly ever will.

Hambletonian.

Leaving the Beningboro' branch of King Fergus's succession, we come to the Hambletonian one. This mighty bay was out of a Highflyer mare, and he and his opponent Diamond were, on the sire's side, two degrees from Eclipse and two from Herod respectively. It was the saying of the day, that the Eclipses were speedy and jady, and the Herods hard and stout; and there was a talk of matching the two over again at Bibury, 500 guineas a-side at eight stone each; Mr. Delmé Radcliffe to ride Hambletonian, and Lord Sackville, Diamond. It

eventually ended in nothing, and Diamond was made quite a lion of in Dublin, when he passed through it, to his new home, while Hambletonian's paddocks at Middleham became the most fashionable in the North. Shuttle and Hambletonian, both of them Sir Harry Vane Tempest's, were there together, but the Shuttles had such vile tempers that few cared to use him. Hambletonian did not get size so much as speed, and his stock were principally browns. He was a fine and lengthy, but rather a blotchy-skinned horse, a trait which both Stubbs and Sartorius have brought out in their pictures of him.

Camillus.

Camillus and Whitelock were his choicest sons, and Mr. Garforth made a most unlooked for hit with the former, who was half-brother to his Marcia and Marciana. He was a grey horse, from a chestnut strain, and became quite white rather early. His make and quality were very fine, and he got many very good grey and chestnut hunters when he was in Sir Mark Sykes's hands. In his training days Mr. Garforth went to see his string at Whitewall, where old Job Marson was head lad to Joe Ackroyd, and heard a bitter complaint from the latter, that the grey couldn't make his hack gallop. Still he did not like to throw him up without one more trial, and it was accordingly settled that he was to go for a Plate at Malton. He stopped for one more plunge at the post, and got thrown an immense way. Jem Garbutt was not the boy to spare him, and at him he went, hand and heel, till he got within the distance-post. By some mistake the flag was not dropped in time, or he would have been bowled out, and seizing his opportunity at last, he went in and won the other two heats. He was put to a mere pony mare by Ruler, and the low light-fleshed Oiseau was the result.

Oiseau.

Mr. Garforth began to think "that the parson's new plan" had not spoilt the breeding so much as he expected, when he saw him

come right away as a two-year-old, from two St. Leger winners, Octavian and Ashton, in the mile-and-a-half Fitzwilliam Stakes, and sold him into Ireland forthwith for a thousand guineas. His temper got completely ruined there by being run three times in one week on the Curragh, when he was quite out of form; and when he came back he was "for noise and row unequalled." Red Hart used to be bad enough at Walmgate Bar, and chase his own quarters round and round till he could hardly be seen for vapour; and Wanderer so nearly ate off his breast in one of his absent fits at Petworth, that he had to wear a cradle for the rest of his days; but they were sucking doves by the side of Oiseau, or "Oyster" as the tykes called him. He was never easy for one moment, and would stand and listen with his head on one side as if for the muffled tread of some ghostly tormentor. Heavy chains were put on his legs, to keep him from kicking himself to pieces, and thus unable to sate his rage on others, he at last turned savagely on to himself at midnight, and tore his own bowels out. He left a son of a very different mould in the elegant little Rowton; but the Revolutions were true to their sire, and fairly killed themselves with temper in breaking for the hunting field.

Whitelock.

Whitelock was the other great channel of the Hambletonian blood. Mr. Sylvester Reed bought him from Sir Mark Sykes, and used him as a country stallion, but there was nothing in his appearance which warranted his becoming so celebrated through Blacklock. His only performances were good enough, as he won a Sixty Pound Plate at Knutsford, and lost the Cup after a dead heat with the Cheshire mare Duchess. Still, Mr. Watt always declared that he had a white feather in him somewhere, which must come out sooner or later; and it was this conviction that made him "never take a real fancy" to Blacklock.

Canezou when she arrived in from Pigburn to meet Surplice, attracted a larger *posse comitatus* than any Sheriff of the County ever summoned; but still the High Street of Doncaster was never in such a flutter as when Blacklock walked up it in 1817, distinguished from the rest of Sykes's string by a complete set of oilskin clothing. Discussion rose high among the Yorkshiremen as to his merits. Some would have it he was a great ugly beast, and others that he was the finest they ever saw. There was, however, no difference of opinion when he had galloped on the Moor, and certainly never did horse deserve so thoroughly to win. Nothing but Sykes's over anxiety prevented it. His orders to Jackson were "to look oot for me at the distance, and I'll tell you what to do." Amid the clatter of eighteen horses and the many-headed multitude all "*Blacklocking*," it was a wonder that he could make himself heard by Jackson, but he unfortunately did, and "*Pull till 'em, John; pull till 'em; thoo hast it all thee own way*," were his words, which unfortunately fell on Bob Johnson's ear as well. Bob was not usually very leery, but he immediately pulled Ebor quite wide, in order that Jackson, who was busy watching Ben Smith on Restless, next the rails, might not see him so readily, and then snapped him on the post. Jackson always owed Sykes a grudge for this, and his happiness was complete when after making all the running on Theodore and defeating horse after horse, he at last saw Muta, as he peeped under his shoulder, get her head up to his boots, and then change legs and disappear. Oddly enough, he would not have been on Theodore that day if Mr. Petre had not seen him a little "cut" opposite the Betting Rooms, the night before, and thought that if that was his Doncaster game, he would only give him the worst of his mounts next day.

Blacklock.

Mr. Moss wanted Mr. Reed to buy Blacklock, but he "dare not venture on

Blacklock's Sons.

his fore-legs," as his fetlocks and pasterns almost formed a straight line. He was a great black-brown, with a stride which required half-a-mile to settle itself in, a head like a half moon, with eyes quite in his cheeks, and quarters and shoulders as fine as horse could wear. Perhaps to the eye he might be rather light in the fore ribs, though the tape told a different tale, and the hocks of his stock generally stood well away from them, a formation which requires great strength in the loin to support. The hunting field was quite as much their sphere as the race-course. The Cambridgeshire men still remember how well John Ward got to his hounds for seven seasons on Forester, and there must have been nearly a thousand of his grandsons, by the hollow-backed Belzoni, one time or another, at the cover side. Mr. Watt gave forty pounds for him as a two-year-old, and after his great racing career he broke through his rule, and kept him for the stud. The result was not encouraging, as his legs frightened breeders away; but Mr. Kirby took him for a season at a hundred, and cleared eight hundred per cent. by his bargain. Mr. Watt then had him back for three seasons, and was beginning the fourth with him, when he died. He had only been racked up five minutes, when a helper came running breathless after Elrington, and gasped out "*Blacklock's dying!*" He had fallen on his side, and never stirred again, and his heart was found to be sloughed. Two fillies dated from that morning, a chestnut filly, out of Sister to Bubastes, and Felix, by him or Langar; but Lady Laura, from whom he had just been led in, had no foal.

His son, Robin Hood, was virtually trained in his old paddock, as he did little else than canter round it, and then walked to Doncaster, where, after being beaten by Laurel in the Cup, he walked on to Lincoln, and won a seventy-pound plate. Cock Robin was the smallest that Blacklock ever got, and very little beyond

fourteen-three; but as good a little one as ever stepped. Unhappily, on pulling up in a race he fell on his head and knees, with Templeman, and put both fetlocks out of joint. He was taken home on a sledge, and won again next year; but he had to be cast to be fired, and in the struggle he broke his back.

The Great Lawn near the Old Hall is the necropolis of Blacklock and the other Bishop Burton worthies, and an oak tree grows from the breast of each. Blacklock and Muta's wave close together; and two much larger ones, side by side, testify to the memory of Mandane and Altisidora. Blacklock was taken up at the end of six years, and put together by an anatomist. Mr. Watt paid 10*l.* for a skeleton rider, who yapped his teeth when a string was pulled; and the spectral pair were exhibited at the agricultural meeting at Beverley. Muta was taken up as well, for the sake of her shoulder, which had set the Pharmacopœia at defiance; and hence the only tenanted grave of that trio to the left is marked by a mere sapling, which blooms for Nitocris out of Manuella, the last of the old blood. Her near hind hock was so swelled with farcy that the leg gradually became a burden to her. It was the doing of a stable lad; and although no one could ever discover the exact spot, there was evidence that he had struck her with a fork, out of revenge for not being allowed to go to Newmarket with her. It swelled so much that she had to be brought back when she had got as far as Doncaster, and she never could run again. She was the dam of Birthday by Assault, the last that Mr. Watt ever bred; and soon after its birth, he gave orders that she should be shot at eight o'clock in the morning to a moment, and opened his dressing-room window to hear the report. Birthday was brought up on sugar and milk, and is now a remarkably fine mare. He never saw her after she was a foal; and when Scott came to settle about

The Great Lawn at Bishop Burton.

training her he called out after him once more from the landing, to tell him not to break her down, and wrote next day to change his mind about sending her altogether. In vain did Mr. Martinson, in his Nancy zenith, offer him five hundred guineas for her, and she was never trained.

He might well be proud of his blood, as his Mandane, a splendid mare, who wasted almost to a skeleton before she died, bred Manuella and Altisidora to Dick Andrews, and Lottery to Tramp, while Liverpool was out of her Whisker Daughter. Few breeders could show such results from their endless searching of hearts and pedigrees. Manuella, like her dam, was very handsome; and all the Altisidora mares bred well. After Altisidora's death in the Great Lawn ditch, the yearling fillies which ran with the mares and foals were always brought in at night; and it was to their being a good deal coddled in small paddocks, which had neither sufficient space nor ground variation to give them action, that many attributed the gradual decline of the harlequin in the return lists. It must have been more from this cause than from their being taken in at night from the Dove Cote or Great Lawn that the decline is traceable, as the best breeders all say that six hours a day is enough for any yearling to be out, and that they should never be allowed to tire themselves.

Mr. Watt perhaps spoilt his stock most by his undue love for Cerberus. He rode many wide chestnut mares by him, who inherited his lack of size; and he was, in fact, anything but a worthy cross to follow Tramp and Dick Andrews. Manuella's son, Belshazzar, was the Blacklock for whom he had the greatest fancy, although he was most undeniably soft. He had sold him to Mr. Allen; but when his Cara won the Two Thousand, he determined not to be separated from him, and sent off an agent post-haste to redeem him from the foreigners, who had just got him. They

had, however, seen the report of Newmarket as well, and a three thousand offer fell dead on their ears. Neither money nor labour stopped him if he set his mind upon a thing; and in his heyday he would have hacks posted, and ride to his trainer, Sykes's, at Malton, twenty-five miles before breakfast, to see his lot gallop. Such was his love for them that if he had been two or three months from home, he would take a lantern the moment he got out of his carriage, and not rest till he had been all round among "the old blood."

The Blacklocks.

But we must bid it a long good-night, and hie back to the four perpetuators of the Blacklock tribe—Buzzard, Brutandorf, Voltaire, and Velocipede. No blood in the stud-book is better-winded or runs better when full of flesh, which shows that the internal conformation is good, and ought to be perpetuated. Their aptitude for a distance displays itself in a muscular neck, without which few horses ever yet stayed; and they have also great depth from the withers to the shoulder-points, and an immense roundness of rib in making the curve from the spine.

Voltigeur.

Voltigeur and Fandango have all these grand characteristics; and it is not improbable that if the former had always been allowed to run some stones heavier, he would never, in his earlier days at least, have been beaten. Robert Hill's notion always was, that when Voltigeur's neck was reduced, he would be fittest to run; but the horse being of an iron constitution, he could not accomplish his object (even by the aid of two hoods all summer, and Radulphus, Castanette, and St. Ann perpetually at him) for a season and a-half; and he lived long enough to see the neck and strength of his pet leave him together, and neither Atkinson nor John Scott could put flesh on him again.

His sire Voltaire, for whom the Duke of Cleveland

gave two thousand, was suspected to be a bit of a coward and was a little too peacocky to please some eyes. He had a remarkably fine barrel, and a ring-bone on the off fore-foot; and some of his carriage-horses were as good and lofty as they could be for their purpose. Martha Lynn and Eulogy were the only blood mares he had in his last season (1847), and Vortex and Euphony were the foals. As Charles XIIth's stock have quite disappeared after the failures of that splendid first batch at Doncaster in 1846, whose looks seemed to give quite a stimulus to breeding, and make owners dissatisfied with the puny average of their yearlings, his fame all hinges so far on the Martha Lynn cross. Barnton is, like Melbourne, a coarse-headed, lengthy, rough style of horse, good for any kind of small light mares; in fact, just the horse to stop gaps when a breeder cannot quite see his way. He is deep in the rib, and rather narrow like the mare, whereas Voltigeur has more of the Blacklock roundness of rib.

Voltigeur was originally sent up as a yearling to Doncaster; but as the two hundred *bonâ fide* bid came a hundred short of the reserve, he was sent back to Hart until after the Catterick meeting of the next year, and then came to Aske, where Boone broke him. He got an over-reach the day before he left Hart, and he very nearly gave himself another while running for the Derby. Nearly all his stock are whole-coloured browns, with very springy pasterns, and that thickness of neck which renders them—as in Vedette's and Skirmisher's two and three-year-old days—rather uneven to the eye. Vedette's action was very beautiful, and became nearer the ground in his third season; but up to the very last day George Abdale had him, he could never exactly make out where he was lame.

The Race of Owners for Nat.

Semiseria was the quickest of Voltaire's stock that was ever trained; and she

proved it in a very decisive way over Richmond, when she beat The Cure from "the Grey Stone in." Her greatest feat of speed was, however, at Newmarket, in her match with Queen of the Gipsies. It was made at the Rooms over-night: and then, like the rival attorneys of old, when they raced, as the legend goes, to Garrow's chambers, it became a question who could get Nat, as both had him in their eye when they fixed the weights. Mr. Jaques slipped up town first, and, finding he had gone to bed, flung some gravel up at his window. In a minute or two, Nat's solemn night-capped head was seen from behind the blind; and as business was evidently meant, he opened the window to inquire the cause. "Nat, I want you for a match to-morrow." "*What's the weight?*" "Seven stone nine." "*Then I can do it, sir. Good night!*" was the whole of the colloquy; and Nat resought his couch. He had scarcely pillowed his head when the gravel battery was heard to open once more with redoubled force, and again he was on the floor. This time it was Mr. O'Brien, almost breathless with haste; and Mr. Jaques, ensconced in the shadow of a wall hardly fifty yards off, heard these "Voices of the Night." "Nat, I want you for a match to-morrow." "*What for?*" "The Queen of the Gipsies." "*Against what?*" "Semiseria." "*I'm engaged!*" and down went the window. Great was the dismay of "The Traverser" on finding himself thus beaten by Yorkshire, when he thought he had managed it so nicely; but Nat had vanished, and he had only the stars to consult on the matter. In short, turf history can afford no parallel to it except in the case of an eminent bill discounter, when after having had his mare so specially prepared for a great spring handicap, he learnt for the first time, a season or two subsequently, from the lips of a "young friend" (who did not know his *nom de course*), that the fact of his having specially sent "my horse to knock that fellow's mare heels over head" was the

reason why the painful word "*fell*" was affixed to her name.

In the morning, however, Mr. O'Brien got it his own way; and as Cartwright was very anxious to ride Semiseria, on whom he had been fourth in the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Jacques consented to give Nat up. His commissioner, the late Mr. Dykes, spluttered so dreadfully that all the offers against her were snapped up before he could get out his "*I-I-I'll take you.*" Hence he had to operate for himself; and thinking it a rare good thing, 1000 to 300 was the last bet he laid on her. Both jockeys had orders to come through the half mile; and as neither got a pull from end to end, a tremendous finish just ended in favour of the Northern mare by a head. They thought her glandered in the winter, and she was put into a box at John Scott's by herself; but it proved a false alarm, and she was brought out fresh enough to run away with Nat in the next Chester Cup. Mildew, her second foal, was a very handsome and promising colt; and he left everything half-way in his trial at Richmond, and beat Lady Evelyn at evens before the Derby, for which Mr. Jaques stood to win 175,000*l.* on him. Still he was only fifth to Voltigeur, and became so lame after his St. Leger canter that Marlow brought him back to the enclosure.

The Semi-Franc Farce.

Semiseria's first foal, Semi-Franc by St. Francis, was barely fourteen hands, and not only ran in a big pasture all summer, but was there still when Mr. Jaques went to Doncaster, ready to pay forfeit for him in the North of England Produce Stakes. However, when he got there, he met Lord Glasgow, who asked after the little horse; adding, "*Belus is in such a state, that if yours is only living I'll guarantee him winning.*" A messenger was accordingly despatched to Easby; and a nice job they had, with lanterns, to find "the pony" on the fearfully wet evening of the Dutchman's Leger day. He

was walked to the rail, and groomed all the way in the railway-box, to get him a trifle into order. Then arose another difficulty, as to who was to ride him. Nat, who remembered his jump on the Iron Duke at Manchester that May, quite disdained the job, and told Winteringham that he "wasn't going to have any harlequin tricks played off on *him*." One, if not two more declined, under the impression that they were going to appear in the "comic countryman" line; and at last John Sharp consented to try, if they would give him twenty pounds, win or lose. The sum was accordingly promised; and the horse gave him plenty to do, as he was all over the course up to the hill. Going down the hill, John obeyed his orders to the letter, and set him off at his best pace, about fourteen miles an hour, which soon brought Belus to a dead stop. At first the ring thought it was coining money to lay 100 to one on Belus; and then they rubbed their eyes, and never could exactly make out how the horses seemed to change places, as if by magic. Poor Frank Butler's very last Doncaster ride, on Greyleg, who had been fetched from Newmarket on the Friday morning, was equally absurd; and the St. Leger course in both instances was happily got over in something under fifteen minutes! After his victory, Semi-Franc retired from public life; and Semiseria became the property of the Prince of Orange for five hundred guineas.

Buzzard was a very nice brown bay, the property of Mr. Lambton. He was too near for a Blacklock, and wore a leather cap, in his races, over his blind eye.

Brutandorf.

Brutandorf, who was by Blacklock out of a Pot-8-o's mare, was a sad pheasant; and Bill Scott warmly vowed, when he got off him, after the St. Leger, that when he called on him, "the great mucky beggar rolled his tail, and would have no more of it." He was a gluttonous, thick-fleshed horse

and very shabby and peculiar behind the saddle, although he filled up there as a stallion. His stock generally did well in their two-year-old season, and one of them, Bounce, ran the four-year-old Emancipation to a head, and was obliged to be entered as a three. His coachers were wonderfully fine, and, like Touchstone, he was never known to get a chestnut. He was so idle at one time that a thirty-six hour day would not have sufficed him; but Dick Stockdale went at him with a cudgel after the fashion of the Arabs, with such hearty good will, that, on emerging from the stable, his face was quite maroon with his exertions, and the process had not to be repeated. Arctic, out of a cart-mare by Old Noseley, was the best of his half-bred nags, and was sold for 80*l.* to Mr. Sidney Herbert, who let a farmer have him, under the impression that he had got a bad bargain; but the new owner begged to send his horse, some months after, to gallop with Percy's lot; and made such an example of them, that they were fain to get him back at a good ransom.

Physician.

Among Brutandorf's sons were Physician and Hetman Platoff. The former was a short round horse, and as complete a nag stepper as ever answered to a saddling-bell. At two years old his smart little fillies (of whom Maria Day was the sweetest and the best), could slip away from almost anything, but the second season generally found them out. The Cure, although he did not inherit size on either side, had quite enough of it himself, and a good deal of quality and length to boot; but he required to be very plump, to look his best. He was neglected for a long time, and got rather buried in Scotland, till the dam of Warlock brought him out with Lambton. He got them small, and this is the case with his half-breds as well as thoroughbreds. Underhand is elegance itself, but he is only fifteen hands, while El Hakim at four years old was

still less. The largest and perhaps the best was M.D.; but he was delicate as a two-year-old, and only just coming, when the season was over. He was bought on the St. Leger day; and Mr. Parr was so determined to have him, that with all his high Saucebox hopes, he waited to bid for him when scarcely four others were left with Mr. Tattersall. Being the only bidder he got him at his reserve price, 120 guineas, and Apathy for 100 guineas. The one was sold, after winning a race or two, for a thousand guineas; and the other looked quite as dangerous as Blink Bonny, when his leg gave way after crossing the road. Templeman had been unusually anxious about his mount, and he lived in Benhams for three weeks before, in order that he might ride the horse at exercise.

Hetman Platoff was out of a Comus mare, and though stout enough himself under killing weights, his stock, save and except Cossack, were seldom fond of a distance. Cossack was suspected of the same malady, but his running for the Cesarewitch as a three-year-old, under 8st. 6lbs., and his Goodwood Cup finish with Nancy, told a different tale. In their heads many of his stock go quite back to Blacklock, but they have rather prick ears, and it is just a doubt in our minds whether they are not rather overtopped.

Velocipede.

In respect of this short prick ear, they bore no small resemblance to Velocipede, the greatest of the line, whose plate encircling his portrait may well be the first that meets the eye, as you enter John Scott's yard at Whitewall. This king among horses had a rough, vulgar, Roman head, with a white blaze, and a flesh-coloured nose, which he transmitted to all his stock, the great majority of which took after him in colour and marks. His Juniper dam, half-sister to Camarine, the great mare of the South, was not more than fifteen hands, but

his own standard was just above sixteen, and Quiver was by far the smallest thing he ever got. Mr. Ridsdale gave eight hundred guineas for his brother George IV. as a yearling, but he turned out a most sorry bargain; and a mere foil for his elder brother. His finest daughter, Queen of Trumps, was a bad beginner; and if you watched her gallop, she went lame first with one leg and then with the other, till you became convinced that she was "lame all round." One small knot on Velocipede's off fore-leg, half-way between the knee and the fetlock, pressed on the inner tendon, and made him the magnificent cripple he was, and oddly enough, as if to knock over all theories, his whole chestnut leg was the one affected. After his fatal trial Scott and George Izard hardly left him for three weeks, night or day, and George never ceased applying lotions to it, as the last hope of getting him round. He would let them do it as he lay, but the mischief was too deeply seated, and there was no more dependence to be placed on the sinew, though the heart was never found to falter.

Velocipede's Stud Days and Death.

When he went first to the stud, he was stationed at Ainderby, which seems on a clear day to nestle beneath the range of the Hambleton hills, and "commanded the whole country" for two seasons. The village were not unmindful of the high honour of his stay, and his portrait still creaks mournfully on the ale-house sign. And well they might be, as a four-thousand offer from the foreigners was promptly refused. Eventually he passed out of Mr. Armytage's hands into Dr. Hobson's, and stood at the Shadwell Lane Paddocks near Leeds. John Scott often came over to see him, and "*Ah! if I had only such a four-year-old as you, with sound legs, I could break the world,*" fell more than once on his groom Berridge's ear, when the two old friends met in the box. His last public appearance, so to speak, was at Doncaster in 1846, whither he accompanied some

Melbourne and Sheet Anchor yearlings of his owner's, "just to let the world have another look at him." And what audiences he had, too, as he paced in the ring near the Pond, or convoyed his young friends down the lime avenue, back to the Rockingham! Even Bill Scott in his Jim Crow hat, which had two wheat ears in that morning, stepped off the causeway as he was going out to waste (with his two aide-de-camps, lay and clerical, behind him) just to give him greeting. It was none less hearty than his elder brother's, and forcible as usual. "*You old beggar! if I'd you a three-year-old, I'd straight them all if I can't on my own horse; but I think I can with him.*"

Two years afterwards he quitted Yorkshire, and took a four days' journey to his owner's farm at Corney Hall in Cumberland, and there in 1850 he came to his end. Dropsy had set in, with chronic disease of the lungs, and his respiration became so difficult, that he could be heard all over the yard. Non-civilization has been described as being ten miles from a lemon; and here was the dying crack, twenty-one miles from a vet. His body filled, and he became so unsightly and oppressed that he dare not lie down, for fear of not being able to get up again, and propped himself against the wall, as well as he could, refusing all corn for three weeks. His last foal, however, dated from a fortnight before his death, and was a big white-legged chestnut, who ran in a gig at Whitehaven. Matters became so bad, that the groom determined to kill him on his own account, and he led him out to a hill just overlooking the Irish Channel, where he had dug his grave in the sand; but his heart misgave him, and he could not handle his gun. A tailor was accordingly summoned from a neighbouring farm-house, and he soon broke the thread of life, with as little remorse as he would a cat's, and the mighty heart and little prick ears were still. Berridge issued from behind his wall,

at the report; and ere his old favourite was tumbled into his grave, curiosity determined him, to probe his malady to the source. Taking out his gully, he ripped open his chest, and nearly half-a-dozen pailfuls of yellow fluid, between water and oil, came away. And so the great chestnut champion, father of Queen of Trumps, and grandfather of Canezou, died at last, in his twenty-sixth year.

The Sons of Pot-8-o's.

The stud fame of Pot-8-o's, a chestnut son of Eclipse, was by no means doubtful or chequered, and began in 1793, with Waxy, who was out of Maria by Herod. The story went that it was originally intended to call his sire "Potatoes," and the idea struck one of the lads as so ludicrous, when Lord Abingdon first told his trainer of it, in the stable, that he burst out a laughing. His lordship good humouredly took up a piece of chalk, and said, "I'll give you a crown, my boy, if you can spell the word on the corn-bin." He wrote the "*Pot-8-o's*" accordingly, and although some stuck to the Pot-ooooooo, the lad's version was latterly adopted. Waxy, the idol of his trainer Robson's heart, was a very beautiful, one-eyed, lengthy style of horse, with a great deal of the Arab in his look. His quality was superb, and with him, so to speak, it came in the highest degree into English blood stock. He in his turn was put to Penelope by Trumpator, out of Prunella by Highflyer, and this union of the Darley, Byerley, and Godolphin strains was crowned by the births of Whalebone and Whisker at the Duke of Grafton's paddocks, at Euston, in the days when his brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, was in command, in 1809-18. Waxy's stock won the Derby four times, thrice for the Duke of Grafton, and the Oaks three times; and with Whisker and Minuet, His Grace fairly swept the Epsom board.

Whisker.

In those days the Northern and Southern breeds were kept very dis-

tinct, and the rich bay Whisker was the first of the Southern cracks who was sent North, and pitched his tent near Catterick. The racing circuits too had little to do with each other; and there must have been a very great end in view to tempt the horses off the one to Epsom, or off the other, across the Trent to York or Doncaster. Many Northern men never came farther south than Newmarket, which they reached by a weary post, or jolt with their saddle-bags, through the fens of Lincolnshire and the Isle Ely; and one of them, a Mr. Cornforth, who performed that journey regularly three times a year, for nearly half a century, had not even once the curiosity to ride on to London. When they did get Whisker there, the Yorkshire and Durham men, led by the Duke of Cleveland, dipped pretty deeply into him; and he left The Colonel for Mr. Petre, Memnon for Mr. Watt, and Emma for Mr. Bowes. Whisker was as near perfection in look as anything could be, with the exception of being a little calf-knee'd; and he seemed equally likely to get a racer, hunter, machiner, or hack. If a departed horse-dealer had seen him he would have once more dictated to his daughter as she sat, pen in hand, "The shadow of him on the vall is vorth all the money I axes; he can pick up his fut and go and catch a bird."

The Duke of Leeds loved his blood even more than Shuttle's, and Tom Pierse and his father Billy Pierse thought Swiss (who was out of a Shuttle mare, and savaged his boy so severely in the Belle Isle paddock, that his leg had to be taken off), one of the very best two-year-olds he ever trained. The Whisker blood has descended through The Colonel and Chatham in the male line, to Woolwich, who, considering his jady sire and Actæon dam, was a perfect wonder for a distance; and through Economist, to Harkaway and King Tom. It was always Mr. Herring's habit to submit his St. Leger sketch of St. Leger winners to His Majesty through Jack Ratford. When The

Colonel was sent in he received a special enquiry back with the sketch, to ask if he had flattered him at all, and when he returned, as answer, that he had not, the King never rested till he bought him. "*Buy, buy*" (like the "*Run, run*" of Lord Berners to his trainer when he came, over night, to beg that Phosphorus might not start for the Derby)—was all the commission he would deign give. At the royal sale Mr. Tattersall thought it such a shame that the French should get him for a thousand guineas that he bid fifty guineas more and bought him for his own stud farm. Setting aside Emma, the Whisker mares have always been out of the common way. Liverpool, Tearaway, Euclid, Knight of the Whistle, The Era, Mango, Cotherstone, Meteor, Mowerina, Mundig, and Theon are all out of them; and his daughter Catherina, who ran for 171 races, was at the stud in the thirtieth year of her age.

The Sons of Whalebone.

Whalebone was as shabby to the eye as old Prunella herself. He had rather a Turkish pony look, and was broad and strong, with a shortish neck. His own feet grew very pumiced, and his mares lost their speed early. Unlike Whisker, it is on his sons that he has to rely; and Camel, Waverley, Sir Hercules, Defence, and Stumps, in each of whom respectively his blood has united with Selim, Sir Peter, Wanderer, Rubens, and Delpini, have proved it quite as elastic as his name. There are scarcely any Stumps mares left, and we met with almost the last of this lily-white clan at Sir Tatton's and Mr. Parr's, last year. Save and except a beautiful Shorthorn heifer, made up for show, we know of nothing quite so beautiful in nature, or so effective in a painter's fore-ground. The line of Defence, who was rather thick and cobby-looking, has to trust to its mares now, from which Hero, Old England, Andover, Turnus, and Pyrrhus the First sprang. Waverley, whose head and neck helped off rather

light fore-legs, most probably begot Don John, who showed not a little temper in his stall at John Scott's, where he had a see-saw style of trying to get on to your toes, and then putting you below the manger, which Henry Bradley, who stuck to him through all his training, was obliged perpetually to guard against. He was a creeping goer, with great propelling power, playful at exercise, and had two big spavins at last. It is said that in America he got sadly neglected, scarcely going out for exercise for weeks together, and died not many months after his arrival.

His price was two hundred; but he was dear at that, as he did not leave a single "colt" (the name they give to fillies as well as colts there) behind him. Waverley's other son, The Saddler, out of a Castrel mare, still lives in Footstool; and the odd-looking Mortimer by Fitzallen by The Saddler, who ran forty times before Mr. Parr got him for 200*l.*, would have hit Mr. Davis for 27,000*l.* if he had only got through for the Chester Cup. He was a sluggish style of horse, and Fordham, who could then ride under five stone, could hardly spur him. The Provost was also by The Saddler, but there is little to remind us of him save a few mares. Hybla, the dam of Mince-meat and Kettledrum, is a fine specimen of them; her hind-legs are beautiful, but her fore ones are rather nipped in at the elbows, as both The Provost's and Tomboy's were.

Inheritress.

But among The Saddlers, we must not forget the rare old Inheritress. She was a big little one, with good ribs, a straight head and neck, and a tail rather high set on. Her original price was a hundred and fifty, and perhaps her finest race was with Sweetmeat at York. Nat got the best of the fifty yards of very deep ground near the distance, and that just settled the matter by a head. Horses generally run well on particular courses. Rataplan liked a little country one; Ellerdale delighted in

York, and Fisherman in Chester, but it was no matter to Inheritress where she ran, provided it was not Newmarket. The dead expanse of the heath seemed quite to scare her, and she stood and trembled at the post till the spurs and a couple of strokes from Sim's whalebone, which he was sadly loth to inflict on such a pet, roused her from her dreamy state, although it could not stir her heart. In after years, Birdcatcher quite hated her. It was the first time he had ever shown such daintiness, and when he could be got to notice her, it was not only a case of "Strangers withdraw," but even the groom was obliged to retire, and apply his eye to the key-hole. As might have been expected, the produce was wretched enough. Touchstone had also a great objection to young mares; and Assault not merely disliked (for that trait is common enough), but used to regard it as a perfect insult when any, be the age what it might, were brought to him, with satin coats or smelling of the stable. In fact, he cut up so rough with his groom, when one of Lord Glasgow's came to him straight from the racing stables, that the former was fain to save himself and her from being worried alive, by tying him up as quick as he could, and producing some highly artistic efforts in light and shade, with glazing from a friendly dung-heap, which quite satisfied the little connoisseur's eye.

Sir Hercules.

We need the tongue of old Forth, seated in his white hat on a summer evening, under the pleasant shade of his trees at Mitchel Grove, to tell the story of Sir Hercules and his stock aright. There was none that the old man clung to so fondly; and he spoke of his son Hyllus, whom he sadly wanted to buy back from the Messrs. Litchwald after he went abroad, as the horse of his heart, and vowed that he would never have been beaten, if he could have had a race run exactly to suit him. The failure of Sting preyed on him to the last

he said, "I had never called on nature too much, and yet he went wrong, I couldn't tell how." There were few horses in his long career that he had studied so closely. Jaques was the last he fancied, and he gave him away to Mr. Parr, with an injunction to run him for the Goodwood Cup, but he dislocated a pastern in his preparation. With all his acuteness, he was a man of very great prejudice, and seemed often to speak of training a horse to win a great race, without any reference to the field he might have to meet. He turned very nervous during Foig-a-Ballagh's St. Leger, when some one told him that Harry Bell was only lying third or fourth below the distance. "Confound the fellow," we heard him say, "I told him to come along, we'll be beat for want of a pace." Ireland has had the best of Sir Hercules, and both Birdcatcher and Foig-a-Ballagh were out of a Bob Booty dam.

Birdcatcher.

Birdcatcher, who was a hard-puller, and very fretful and difficult to train, would stay a long course; but his stock, who invariably carry the Sir Hercules crest in the shape of a few grey hairs at the root of the tail, rather inherit his fine dash of speed, than his staying powers. He stood over a good amount of ground, but he seldom got anything so long as himself. All his stock were very taking and gay as yearlings, though rather short, on long legs, a little drooping behind, but with capital back couplings. He invariably got them bright golden chestnuts; and if one happens to be a bay, it has a good allowance of white about it. Mr. Jaques paid as high as 800*l.* for him one season, when he earned 1750 guineas, and got Saunterer and Augury for his hirer as well. After trying so long for a crack, he unluckily parted with the pair for 50 guineas each, by auction, as foals at York, and John Osborne, who loved the blood nearly as much as the late Mr. Stephenson, refused, it was said, a thousand guineas for Augury. At Newmarket in 1852, he had only six

blood mares, but Habena and Warlock did not make Mr. Disney regret the change from Easby, where he then returned for four seasons more. Owing to a whim of Mr. Disney's, his turf career was very short, but unusually brilliant. He gave Harkaway 20lbs. for his year, in a mile, and was only beaten a head; and he left his horses outside the distance in the mile and three-quarters Peel Cup, and was never pulled up till he had gone a mile further. In fact, as the lad said—"*I had to clap into him to stop him.*" His hunters have always been nearly mature jumpers to begin with; and on the turf, in 1841-58, he had 318 winners of 685½ races, making 110,568*l.* in all. One fact, and a very important one, remains to be added, that he has realized for his owner, at the stud, no less than 7737*l.* 15*s.*

A cross with an Economist mare first brought him into especial notice with the slim, neat, and savage Baron. Pocahontas's Birdcatcher filly, Ayacanora, was rather slight and small in the bone; but she put her own substance on to her sons Stockwell and Rataplan. Both these horses began to fine very much after four years old, up to which point they were unusually coarse; but Stockwell's stock, as far as we have seen, show great quality and finish as yearlings, and neither his nor Rataplan's, as a general thing, have quite the bone or size we expected, while Rataplan's have his peculiar short drop on the quarter. Harlock believed Stockwell to be as good as ever he had been, when he was put out of training, and he was always much the more resolute horse of the two.

Rataplan.

Once in form, Rataplan could keep there, and did not require much work. He liked hard ground; and his game, when the pace was strong, was to lie well away. Weight was as little to him as it was to Longbow, and his performance for the Manchester Cup under 9st. 8lbs. was decidedly his best. It was quite a sight to see Prince stroking and

talking to him, as they followed the leaders; but in a hard struggle home, he was rather ungenerous, unless he had quite the best of it, and that small picket ear and narrowness between the eyes made him much too cute and suspicious. People may talk about an intelligent head, but horses may be often too cute in that organ. He did not come quite so often as Fisherman, as the latter only walked for a couple of days, then took long gallops for two more, and was all ripe and ready for another start with "*Garge*," who was never to be seen awaiting the arrival of Mr. Parr, on the railway-platform, in "a state of sanguine despondency" about *him*. Fisherman became Mr. Parr's for five hundred at two-years-old. He did not win once in his six starts that season, but his new owner argued that if such a great leggy frame could "act" at all then, he must do wonders as he grew down.

Birdcatcher's Stock.

The Chanticleers have always been short, and at one time they were thought rather bad-hearted as well. They are, however, a kind which require patience; often pretty good as two-year-olds, but still oftener improved by keeping. In fact, the whiter they get, the better they get; and we never saw any animal undergo such a thorough change in his looks as Lord Alfred did, between two and four. Hurworth, who was bought for 1500 guineas, and sold the year after for fifteen, was out of a Hetman Platoff mare; and so were Knight of St. George and Daniel O'Rourke, the lengthiest and most compact of the Birdcatcher family. The former cannot be above fifteen hands; but Daniel, who was only fourteen-three when he won the Derby, is now barely half an inch below fifteen-two; and all his wild Malton tricks are gone. He gets his foals of a darker chestnut than the Birdcatchers generally are, and all with backs and legs of iron. His own legs are perfection this way, and as you look down his back, it seems as cloven as a ram's. He reminded us most of a sort of lesser

edition of Pantaloon, and has none of that bulky grossness which so many stallions arrive at in the course of a couple of seasons. Womersley, who united so well at Sledmere, with the blood of "Sleight" (as Snarry terms him), was out of a Touchstone mare. He could stay remarkably well, as nearly all his stock have done, and Peck always attributed his difficulties with him to a lump forming between his thighs, which seemed like a callous boil, and interfered so much with his action as to render it almost impossible to train him.

None of the Birdcatcher stock have, however, stayed better than Yellow Jack, who had a good stain of Liverpool blood to help him, and he did what horse has never yet done, and hardly ever will again—stand a strong preparation and run second for the Two Thousand, Chester Cup, and Derby. His legs were never equal in substance to his top; but as trainers say, "they never break their legs if they're good enough." Considering his price he was wonderfully lucky, when we consider the fate of the 1800-guinea Lord of the Hills; and the 1010-guinea Voivoide. His sale seemed to take every one by surprise in 1854, but Chantrey by Touchstone had been bought in for a thousand guineas only seven years before, the cautious Mr. Gully giving the last *bonâ fide* bid of 980 guineas. Warlock was as delicate as horse could be in his training days, and very short and jumped up in his first two seasons; but still there is something very corky about him now, and if he had only been a chestnut, he was the truest type of what Birdcatcher almost invariably gets.

Touchstone.

"The cart-horse quartered Camel" can fairly challenge Sir Hercules for the Whalebone wreath, with the two own brothers, Touchstone and Launcelot. They were pretty nearly struck from the same die, but the latter was perhaps the biggest of the two, and did not show so much quality.

The curious growth of Camel's quarters was owing to his having reared and fallen back as a yearling, and another fall of a different kind made him eventually useless. Touchstone was hardly fifteen two, and the roots of his ears were quite his coarsest part. He was alike good for speed and staying; and galloped wide behind as many stayers do, but he wanted very fine riding, and would swerve if his jockey raised his whip. Calloway tried to dodge him, by changing his whip hand behind his back, as he followed Usury up the Mostyn mile; but the horse saw the movement, and was across the mare's track in an instant. Long gentle sweats were his mode of doing work, and one of John Scott's most elaborate recollections is, the way in which he staved off from him a threatened attack of black jaundice. His mares were generally low in the shoulder, and somewhat flat-sided, and hence in both these points the Blacklock blood was a corrective.

Caravan.

The short-shouldered Caravan was another of Camel's sons, but he was an idol with no one but Isaac Day; who in spite of some undue prejudices, which would make him stick season after season to a cripple (one of which never lay down for three years), he had few equals either in training a racer, or riding some of those hunters for whom price was no object, over the stone walls of the Heythrop and Vale of White Horse. Had Lord George lived there is no doubt that he would have trained for him; and "No relation, but always the best of friends," used to be his constant answer when any one asked him if he wasn't own brother to John Day. "*You* didn't win," was his only reply to Pavis, when he saw him after Caravan's Derby, and he never believed that anything ought to have beaten him. In fact, years after old grey Isaac had skimmed over the dirt at Shrewsbury, while Caravan laboured behind him up to his hocks, he would be seen unconsciously nodding his

head and repeating to himself as he sat, "*Isaac beat Caravan—Isaac beat Caravan,*" as if he could never completely master the fact. His highest ambition was to win the Chester Cup, and he always said that it was the worst day of his life when Caravan beat Harkaway over that course, as the handicappers would give him a chance no more. In the Houghton Meeting of '41 he was in his greatest force with Tamburini and Vulcan, the latter of whom the other Days, who had charge of him between the meetings, did not consider good enough to beat old Wardan, much less their Melody. The party dropped fifteen thousand on Melody; as in fact they knew of everything in the race but Vulcan, whose jockey was simply ordered to lie in front.

Orlando. It would be strange if Touchstone had been able to counteract all the softness of Vulture in Orlando, whose own action, which is very straight from his fore legs, did not give us a great notion that he was a stayer, and certainly as a general thing his stock are fondest of a mile. We never tired of looking at him, as he stood at ease in his box, resting his near hind foot, and showing the rich folds of that beautiful muscular neck, as he turned his high-bred forehead round, and looked with that fine but dim eye at his visitors. He was rather light in his fore ribs, and short from the withers to the shoulder point; but still there was little to find fault with in his shoulders, although they may, perhaps, have been a trifle upright. Teddington was remarkable in every way, and, in fact, he has always been a paradox to us in training, though he has proved beyond doubt already that he is a very clever filly getter. We never saw anything more fit and beautiful when he came out to meet Stockwell for the championship in the Ascot Cup; and nothing more miserable four months after, when Taylor sent him off after his Cesarewitch defeat, on his last solitary and fatal walk,

to the four mile stables, for the Whip. His shoulders were short, and yet he was able to get up a hill; and he turned his toes out, and yet he got well down a hill. The quickest horses invariably turn their toes out (in fact if they are broad-chested, there is no chance of getting speed without it) and there was a good deal of truth in the retort of Col. Peel's lad to a betting man as he was leading Fantastic to the Heath, "*Turn his toes out, indeed; he'll make you turn your toes out before he's done with you.*" With Teddington, if we remember rightly, it was the near one that went most out, and with Wild Dayrell the off one.

The Streatlam Paddocks.

It was to Eaton that old Emma, five times over, took her eight days' journey from Streatlam, through Kirby Stephen and Warrington; and Cotherstone and Mowerina, the dam of West Australian, were the best rewards of her toil. Seven years before, she had thrown her first Derby winner Mundig, to the game coarse Catton, who was great even in an age of four milers, and would run every yard of the way. The chestnut was the biggest and thickest she ever had, slovenly in his style, and with very great hips. Emma herself was a chestnut, low and long, and half-an-inch under fifteen-two, but not so big in her limbs as the dappled-bay Gibside Fairy. She died in her twenty-seventh year, quite worn out. At night she had taken her mash as usual, and then she had struggled to the door, where she lay stretched out and cold, with her head on the threshold, when Isaac Walker came in the morning. Her form still flourishes in the Cotherstone banner, which Mr. Herring painted for Mr. Bowes after the Derby of that year. Cotherstone himself is in the centre compartment with Bill Scott up; while Whalebone, Camel, and Touchstone on one side, and Whisker, Gibside Fairy, and Emma on the other, gracefully encircle him, with the Streatlam coat of arms. America also

got its most beautiful importation in her eldest Catton-begot son Trustee, who ran third for the Derby, and passed into the Duke of Cleveland's hands. She has no monument, but they still point out where Queen Mab, the daughter of O'Kelly's Tartar mare, who was said to have foaled her when she was thirty-six, lies under a thorn-tree, near the house, along with Remembrancer and Pipator.

Four Derby winners, and one of them a breaker of the double spell, left Walker's hands in eighteen years, and their portraits, by Mr. Harry Hall, each within a horse-plate, hang in pairs on two of the boxes. The paddocks themselves are shaded by high holly hedges, which John Smith planted; and there is nothing to disturb the quiet of the yearlings, save when a mighty cock-pheasant rises, startled from the neighbouring brake, and comes whirring through. Six brood mares were in an outlying paddock, headed by Mowerina, the remnant of old Emma's race, and who bore the last foal to Bay Middleton. John Scott's dream that she was to go to Bay Middleton, and breed a winner of the Derby, came to nought, as the little bay colt, although full of promise, died before its time. She was a great contrast in size to the Flapper, and was rather a light unpretending mare; slow in her racing days, and able to go for a week, till her legs failed. It was in order to get a little of his coarse bone, that, in a lucky hour, it was decided to send her to Melbourne, and thence came the real "Lord of Langley-dale," in the shape of West Australian. He was born on April 24th, (eighteen days earlier in the year than Cotherstone), whereas Daniel O'Rourke, in spite of his small stature, was foaled as early as January 7th. The "West" had very bad distemper towards the close of the year, and wasted to a mere sickly frame-work of skin and bone. It was quite a grapple for life or death with him for months; but the spring grass sent him along, and he looked behind him no more.

Conclusion.

And so the tide of luck and fashion in thorough-breds has ebbed and flowed for many a long year. The yearlings by Waxy, Whalebone, Tramp, Reveller, Emilius, Dr. Syntax, Sultan, and Velocipede, have all held sway in their turn; and then the stars of Touchstone, Venison, Birdcatcher, Orlando, and Melbourne arose, and shone with a still steadier light. It was not, however, until two-year-old racing began to come in earnest, at Lord George's beck, that breeders looked to public, and not to private sales, and gradually, in self-defence, forced their yearlings to two-year-old estate by their second autumn. Men of the old school might well fancy it a dream, as they strolled down to the Salutation, and saw Hunting Horn or Touchwood brought out to the hammer. The dispersion of the Hampton Court stud in '37 gave a slight fillip to prices; but still three hundred guineas continued to be thought a capital bidding clencher; and it was only when the rivalry of Messrs. Crawfurd, Merry and Padwick had made the "yellow jack" so prevalent, that every breeder, big and little, considered that he had an especial mission to rear a thousand-guinea yearling.

And so at last, from post and paddock, we must pass on to hound and horn. Although we have lingered so fondly over the hosts of turf worthies and their riders, who have come forth year after year at the sound of the saddling-bell, we must still have left scores of pleasant incidents of man and horse untold. We never pass into the yard at Tattersall's without thinking, with all an author's envy, of the rich bits of character which have been dropped there, with no pen to "fix them," when the "portly York ruled in the touting dominions," and the eighteen or twenty sterling bookmakers clustered in that little room on the left, whose portals old Jonathan Bray guarded with such fidelity and valour. Three of the

figures in that Newmarket match picture which Mr. Tattersall hung over the fire-place, just as he received it from the Prince Regent, were headless stumps; but there was head enough to spare in the assembly on which it looked down. "Knockings out" have lost much of their pristine vigour; a great horse now takes generally about two days to go; and there is none of the grandeur which attached to the process when those ancient heroes of metallic renown appeared upon the scene, and dealt their smashing blows.

When Ogden's day was over, "Jerry Cloves," who lost so heavily in his namesake's year, Crockford, Gully, and Tanfield, all went to the fore, with their twenty thousand to ten thousand books on the Derby; but the two Epsom events, the St. Leger, the Oatlands, the Chester Cup, and the Ascot Stakes were almost the only races which they cared to notice at The Corner. Right cautious point-dealers they were too; and 20 to 1 was the very outside they would lay against either Priam or Emilius for The Derby, when they were only colts in breaking. Crockford always wrote with his left hand, and was not so bold a better as Tanfield, of whom the saying went that "he wanted all St. James'-street to himself" when he condescended to walk down it. Peter and Dan Cloves, who were large coal-merchants, also followed in their uncle's footsteps; but they had none of his dash and daring, and were just as quiet as Jim Bland was noisy. The latter could neither read nor write, though his second wife so far instructed him in the *literæ humaniores* as to enable him to sign cheques. He could never make a note of a bet; but when he got home the list was read over to him, and no Crocker or Jedediah Buxton could have recounted more exactly what he had been doing at the betting-post. Bob Steward, of the Navy Office, was also esteemed cool and courageous; and so was Mr. Justice, though he seldom made more than

a five thousand book. The Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger contented Highton's book-yearnings; and "Goose" Davis never made one at all, but laid it on hot and thick against the favourites. This was also Crutch Robinson's line; and he very seldom descended on to London from his much-loved Staley Bridge, except for the Derby and Oaks week. It would have been well for Will Ridsdale if he had been as wise; but he would try his hand in a half-and-half way, and his lop-sided book fairly beat him in the long run. And so, as the years drew on, the old betting-giants died out, save and except Mr. Gully; the younger generation adjourned to the new Subscription Rooms, and the number of bookmakers became multiplied by ten.

We would fain, too, follow the fortunes of that coach-and-four which rattled over the stones each Friday before Doncaster from "The Corner" along the Great North Road, with Richard Tattersall, Charles Mathews, Young the tragedian, and three or four of those bookmakers as its merry freight; and be content even with reporting their "Table Talk" on Mameluke, Velocipede, Rowton, or Priam, when they reached the half-way hostel at Alconbury Hill. Alas! "*Doncaster in four hours*" has supplanted this pleasant old custom. It has gone for ever with four-mile races and Portland Plates, where Lord Bathurst's pig-tail and the Duke of Grafton's umbrella have gone before it; the Kents no longer saddle some two-and-twenty for the Duke and Lord George, on a Ham Stakes afternoon; and boy-handicaps and "milk fever" are the characteristics of an altered time. Still, with all its faults and failings, the Arab will weary of his mare and the Kaffir of his lance before an Englishman becomes quite indifferent to "a true and correct list." National instinct makes him love to be within ear-shot of that cry at least once or twice in a summer, and none other can lure a hundred and fifty thousand, with

one heart and one pulse, to Epsom Downs and Doncaster Moor. Twelve years have gone by since "John Davis" became its Tyrtæus in "The Ring." He spoke proudly then of

> "The sport which Grafton loves,
> Which Spencer, Portland, Albemarle approves;
> Which kings have fostered, and a country's pride,
> Protest who may, will never cast aside"—

and who is there to gainsay him?

CHAPTER IV.

SCARLET.

> "Each season has its joys, 'tis true,
> And none should wisdom spurn;
> But those who nature rightly view,
> Enjoy them in their turn;
> The angler, racer, courser, shot—
> As each to each is borne,—
> But the season of seasons, is it not
> When the huntsman winds his horn?"

RAMBLE THE FIRST.

Prophets of Evil.

WHEN great authorities assure us that fox-hunting is nothing more or less than "a number of horsemen riding furiously after a nasty smell," and cheerfully append their decision that "the whole thing must soon come to an end," it requires more than ordinary faith and elasticity to write upon the subject, with such words of doom in the air. Still the recollection of the scores of quiet evenings which we have spent, note-book in hand, not only with Dick Christian, but in certain snug little Nimrod shrines, from Durham to Dorset-

shire, will somehow inspire the hope that there may be, in ages to come,

"Once more a view-holloa from old Oulton Lowe,"

and that, although Will Goodall, on "my good little Emperor," can cheer them no more, the lineal descendants of Yarborough Rallywood may still challenge in Melton Spinney.

Hunting men will, doubtless, feel the scent sneer most acutely, and for them there is no help; but we are bound to quote in defence of the hounds the hypothesis of the late Hartley Coleridge, that "what seems to us merely a disagreeable smell, is perhaps to their canine organs a most beautiful poem." Beautiful as it may be, both masters and huntsmen have so far been unable to discover, even approximately, the laws on which that "poem" is constructed. Earl Fitzhardinge, after half a century in the scarlet, confessed that he had learnt nothing, except in a practical point of view, beyond what the pages of Somerville had told him when a boy. If that was the testimony of one who loved to walk a fox to death, and give his cheery "*Well done. Now, that's beautiful!*" as one of the "old Corbet sort," after minutes of puzzling, struck the scent at last; others, less enthusiastic, may leave the delicate scent problem to some future Isaac Newton of the hunting field.

Scent in Different Countries.

Will Goodall said in the last letter, dated April 8th, we ever received from him, "I can't say that I have observed any very odd peculiarity of scent in any part of our country; as with a N.E. wind, and a rising glass, they will run over any part of it, and catch their fox; but with a west wind, which has been piercing nearly the whole of this blessed season, we have never had a week's good scenting weather." No one living speaks with more authority than Mr. Farquharson, and he gives us, as the result of his observation, that "there is no

criterion by which scent can be properly estimated." "I have known," he adds, "a burning scent when apparently there should have been none; and *vice versâ*, I have known a great lack of it under the most propitious prospects. I have seen hounds fly in a strong *westerly* wind, which is supposed to be the most unfavourable for scent, and I have seen them run in all weathers and winds. There are, however, some rules which may be considered as regulating more or less the scent. For instance, when the quicksilver is low, the atmosphere is generally disturbed, and in that case, if not altogether a lack of scent, it is so fluctuating and *catching* that it varies almost momentarily. On the contrary, however, I have always found that when the quicksilver is steady and settled the scent is good. The condition of hounds has a good deal to do with their noses. Dorsetshire cannot be called a good scenting country in a moist season; the hills and woodlands, however, hold a fair scent, and I was able to place my hounds so as to suit the weather. The last season of my having hounds, I think, was the worst I can recollect for scent."

The Puckeridge is nearly all on the plough, and carries no great scent, and its huntsmen generally like to force the foxes into Essex. The Ainsty is very uncertain, and the Hurworth is good in wet, but bad in dry, as the clay gets as hard as a brick yard. In the Burton country, scent is not so good as it used to be; and the Southwold is best on the Tothill and Greenfield side, and near the Tower on the Moor. When the High Wold Brocklesbury country is dry it fails; in fact, "the more rain the better, both for it and the marshes, and up to our knees and hocks in mud, we go best." The Berkeley country, on the contrary, is best when dry; and the Cotswold Hills hold a scent better than the Vale; but the latter country knows no medium, and Harry Ayris always

loved most to have it very wet or very dry. In the Heythrop, the scent serves best in wet; and the Oxford side of the country, to wit, the Northaston side, which includes Acton's Barton and Ditchley Wood, is the worst. The Beaufort country is superior to the Heythrop, as it is richer land, and has more grass. Its Wilts side is better scenting, as the Tetbury one requires rain much oftener.

The Grafton country is first rate, as it has so much grass land; and the Oakley is pretty fair. The Pytchley country is generally favourable to scent, with the exception of the northern part adjoining Bedfordshire, and Badby Wood, which is notoriously the worst scenting covert in the hunt. Woodhay is the best side of the Craven country, and the Tedworth is very moderate as a whole, especially on Salisbury Plain, where the sheep make matters still worse. Still the Pewsey Vale is good, and so are Roist Woods and Savernake Forest; but they all want wet. In the Quorn country, the Six Hills and Forest side is capital, and the foxes wilder. In Cheshire the scent differs very little in any part; but in Shropshire, whenever there is scent on the Haughmond Hill, there is none in the valley; and the reverse holds good as well. The Woore side of North Staffordshire and the Market Drayton side, where they join Sir Watkin, is the best; Bishop's Burnt Woods is favourable to scent generally; but Jurymanton Old Park, near Trentham, which is full of young oaks, on a gravelly soil, holds very little except in wet. The Cheshire side of Sir Watkin's country is chiefly grass, and holds a rare scent; while the Shropshire ride is just the reverse, and, without rain at least once a week, the sport is most doubtful. The Old Berkshire shows most sport in a dry season. Becket, Coleshill, Buscot, and Farringdon parts are generally good after Christmas, but the scent in its woods is always remarkably variable. In Tar Wood, they sometimes cannot run a

yard, and yet at other times kill their brace of foxes without a check; and in Cokethorpe again, we have known them run all day with scarcely any scent, till the fog rose in an October evening, and then account for him in twenty minutes. On Appleton Common they can carry a head in any weather, while Tubney Wood, just over the next ditch, is the worst scenting wood in the world.

Nimrod the Second.

The first great practical hunter we have traces of in England, is "the brave Burrington," and we only hit on him in a 1733 "Essay on Hunting." The author of it "presumes on pardon from the loquacious world, if among so many treatises, vindications, replies, journals, craftsmen, hyp-doctors, and lay preachers, the press be borrowed a day or two for a plain essay on the innocent recreation of us country squires." A fox, it is true, lies curled up at the end of his Essay; but he runs hare throughout. Burrington is evidently the Dagon of his idolatry. It was he, and he alone, who by his marvellous knowledge of roads and morasses, caused "the celerity of the march of the Prince of Orange;" and such was his iron vigour years after he had passed his grand climacteric, that his eulogist is tempted triumphantly to inquire, "How many Beaux, Flats, and Spit-Frog Commission officers would he not at that age have driven to market with his single hunting pole?"

Early Fox-hunters.

Henry Fielding had, it is true, made Reynard "drop his bushy tail" in a hunting song before 1750; still it was sound orthodoxy in that age to hunt what first came to hand; and it was not until some twenty years later, when old Cooper was seen cheering Bluecap and Wanton in their five hundred a-side match against two of Mr. Meynell's hounds over Newmarket, that the line of demarcation between hare and fox began to grow sharp and clear. The Tarporley Hunt proclaimed their allegiance in

1769, and their red saddle-cloth was bound with green instead of blue, as a token. Earl Fitzwilliam had begun the year before, with Will Dean and a few hounds from the Dean of Peterborough, and then Meynell became more and more famous as the century drew to a close. "Marlborough," "Devonshire," "Thanet," "Spencer," "Arlington," Hewlins, Sheldon, Beckford, Monson, Simon Steward, Barnes, and Townshend were but lesser lights at his side; and it was years before "the race of Rutland and the nose of Yarborough" was a received axiom of kennel creed. There was Lady Salisbury, too, the most renowned Diana of her day, with her dwarf fox-hounds and her sky-blue uniform, with black collars, lappels, and jockey-caps. Enthusiastic penmen were found in Herts to write up to the *Sporting Magazine* the triumphs of the lady of Hatfield, when she had run her fox to earth, after two hours and a-half at Baldock. "Out of a field of fourscore," says one in the March of '95, "her ladyship soon gave honest Daniel the go-by; pressed Mr. Hale neck and neck, soon blowed the whipper-in, and continued indeed, throughout the whole of the chase, to be nearest the brush."

Lady Salisbury.

Lord Barrymore's eccentricities shone out as brightly in his hunting appointments as in everything else. The hunting field of Louis XIV., at Fontainbleau, was his model, and his four Africans in scarlet and silver, and with French horns, on which they wound blasts loud enough to startle every out-lying stag from his lair, kept him in music all day. The Barrymore fashion did not wholly die out with the old century, but it jumped with the humour of none save Colonel Thornton to adhere to it. He cared far more to see the Yorkshire woldsmen gaze in wonderment at his motley cavalcade, as it wound its way to Foxhunter's Hall, than for any sport he had when he got there.

Lord Barrymore and Colonel Thornton.

Fourteen servants with hawks on their wrists, ten hunters, principally by his Jupiter, a pack of stag hounds and lap-dog beagles, and a brace of wolves, against which the farmers soon levelled a round-robin, formed the advanced guard. Two brace of pointers, and thrice as many greyhounds, headed by Major, in rich buff and blue sheets, with armorial bearings, followed in their train; and his three eighty-guinea guns, and a box full of the plover's head feathers, with which alone he would condescend to fish, rumbled behind in the wagon.

Mr. Meynell.

Unfortunately for us, the writers of the period were much more anxious to note down such mere embroidery of sport, than to follow the sterling career of Mr. Meynell at Quorn. It pleased them better to tell how Merkin was sold for four hogsheads of claret and two couple of puppies, and how a bevy of sportsmen in consequence knew

> "Only from the hollow cask,
> How the waning night grew old,"

than how Jack Raven got his hounds away from Langton Caudle, or Glooston Wood. In 1795, it is true we find a slight notification to the effect that "Mr. Meynell recommenced his campaign in the Leicestershire Furzes;" and further that "Sir Henry Featherstone had thirty hunters daily exercised in body clothing, near Loughboro';" but after that, all became so dark and drear, that we abandoned the search in despair, and determined on seeking out some living oracle, who could furnish the missing links with the past.

Our Search for Tom Wingfield the Elder.

On making inquiry, we found that Tom Wingfield, the patriarch of huntsmen, was alive, hard by the resting-place of his old master; and before the week was out, we were at Ashbourne. To find him after that, although we knew that he was within three miles of the town, was no

easy task. The venerable ostler at the inn where Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds stay all night when they come into the country, and who ought to be quite a gazetteer on such points, vowed that he had not seen his face, or heard his name for "twelve years gone Christmas;" while the barber was "only new come," and knew nothing. A jolly young butcher was acquainted with such a man, both by sight and name, but then warming with his subject, and coming out of his beefy bower, he fairly laughed to scorn the notion that the Thomas Wingfield he meant had ever been a huntsman. He knew better, that he did; it couldn't be that man at all we were wanting. He, however, referred us to an adjacent cobbler, and we asked him in that disbelieving butcher's presence, by way of fixing the identity, whether this old man had only one eye. The question was unfortunate, but it settled the point, as when he looked up and answered in the affirmative, we saw, to our sorrow, that he had only one himself. And so toiling away up that memorable ascent, "down which" in political memory

> "Romantic Ashbourne! glides
> The Derby dilly, with its six insides,"

we reached the road-side residence of old Tom at last.

For a man of nearly eighty-four, he carries head bravely. It is just thirty years since he laid aside his horn, on Sir Thomas Mostyn resigning his hounds to Mr. Drake; but still, with his wiry ten stone frame, black surtout and stockings, and drab breeches, he looked quite the ancient martinet of the kennel. We fully unfolded our mission, and it is no fault of ours that his features are not preserved herewith in a wood-cut, but the ice of prejudice was too strong for us; and though he at first consented, he backed out on reflection. Modern hunting matters seemed

to have no charm for him. He was anxious, however, to know if Mr. Drake had taken to his father's country; and when we informed him that he was half through his second season, it turned out that he had written, sixteen months before, to a relative, requesting an answer on the point; but as he was "the best man in the world to keep a secret," the question might have been unanswered for years, if we had not called in.

Meynelliana.

And so we slipped with Tom into the past, and had about an hour and five minutes without a single check. He quite remembered the Meynell family keeping harriers, and following them with poles; but the real dawn of his fox-hunting life was when Mr. Meynell sent for him at ten for Quorn. There could not have been very much of him at that date, as he not only had to ride behind his new master with false stirrups in Hyde Park, on account of the inconvenient shortness of his legs, but that mighty Nimrod led him, on their very first interview, from his study to the meat safe, and after tying a piece of cord round his waist and thighs, suspended him to a steel-yard, and weighed him, a trifle under four stone. As he waxed in size and years, the kitchen became a luckless spot to him. In a fit of cupboard love, he went to ask the cook, Fanny Screeton, for an apple, and as he "paused for a reply" on the threshold, a fellow-servant shot an arrow from one of the children's bows at him, and his eye was irretrievably ruined. Still, he made one do double duty, and right ably too. Lord Stamford had hounds in those days at Bradgate Park, and Tom was specially selected by Mr. Meynell, and, to use his own words, "placed as an ensign on John's Hill," to see what hounds were leading when they joined packs to draw Swithland Wood. His report was not particularly gratifying to Quorn, as he placed three of Lord Stamford's first, and two of Mr. Meynell's second;

then came one of Lord Stamford's, then three of Mr. Meynell's, and he cared to count no longer. Before very long he was made the hard-riding Jack Raven's second whip, while Joe Harrison was first. Joe had his work set him in the kennel, while Tom kept to the stables, and beyond the fact that Mr. Meynell bred very much from Lord Monson, and that the hounds were "a lot of coarse close hunters," he cared to say little for them.

The Bradley Wood Fox.

With the Bradley Wood fox, on the contrary, he expressed the very deepest sympathy. It was his wont to break instantly at the end of the wood, towards Ashbourne, and they as regularly lost him at the end of a mile. At last they discovered that he ran the top of a hedge, and Mr. Meynell had five couple of hounds posted at that point. He accordingly went away the next time straight for the Peak of Derbyshire, and was lost near Hopton. Mr. Meynell had gone home early, and as Raven brought the hounds back to the kennel about four o'clock, he opened his dressing-room window, and ordered him to throw them into Bradley Wood once more, as he had just seen the hunted fox steal back. As to "the country people's story about a fox crossing the road before the hearse as they brought him from London," he "didn't believe a word of it;" but this he did know, that "Mr. Meynell never killed a fox unhandsome, only that once."

Lord Sefton's Mastership.

We had next a turn at Lord Sefton, who put, according to Tom, much more fashion on the horses and the men at Quorn. The green collar was kept, but the white metal buttons yielded to gilt with the Sefton crest. Two huntsmen then came on the scene, but his lordship did not choose to discharge Stephen Goodall, who had just had such a wonderful season with his hounds in Oxfordshire; and hence it was amicably arranged that Jack Raven should be head in the kennel, and take

the cream of the country two out of the four days, and that the heavy-weight should go into the woodlands. His lordship bought Mr. Meynell's fifty couple, and as Stephen had to pack up his household gods, Tom was sent in his place to Combe Abbey to bring the Oxfordshire fifty couple to Quorn. They passed through Leicester on the Good Friday of 1800, just as the people were going into church, and Tom said to the boiler, who was the whip that journey, "*Jack, we shouldn't be here.*" Lord Sefton cared very little for hounds, but his stud was superb, and he never had less than three horses out in a day. Gooseberry, Moseley, and a grey from Cheshire, which was said to be the finest in England—all did him yeoman's service under such a crushing hamper; but Loadstone carried him farther than any of them, and once went so far as not to come to a dead stop till good five minutes over the hour. They had run from Brooksby through Rotherby to Widmerpool, and had their fox dead beat, after a sharp six miles, when a fresh one jumped up from a hedge-row; and across the Vale of Belvoir to Blackberry Hill, where it was found dead next day at the mouth of an earth. Half a mile from that point, the hounds could make nothing of it, and his lordship and Loadstone only just got to Langar. Lord Sefton in his turn sold Quorn to Lord Foley; but it was during the five years' mastership of the former, that Jack Raven died, and Tom got his promotion as first whip, while George Raven was made second.

Mr. Assheton Smith.

In 1806, Mr. Assheton Smith became king of Quorn in his turn, and Tom rose to the dignity of kennel huntsman, while the redoubtable Jack Shirley, who had never been with hounds before, burst on to the world from Oxfordshire as second whip. The pack had become sadly uneven in Lord Foley's hands, the bitches averaging generally from eighteen to twenty-one inches, and the dog

hounds about twenty-four. Tom never fell in very kindly with Mr. Smith's kennel notions, especially about large hounds, of which Cerberus by Charon, a very noisy one, of twenty-five inches, bred by and given to him by Lord Althorp, was the beginner. Hence he had some sore trials in this respect; and never, perhaps, attached sufficient importance to the precept, "that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts," at least when Mr. Smith was in his drafting vein. "This Chuworth" (as he still speaks of Mr. Musters, from early instinct) often asked him why some of his favourites were seen no more, and his invariable reply was, "Because they wouldn't go into the smeuse when they were wanted to draw; that's all I know." After eight seasons Tom departed, to be kennel huntsman to "the Squire," in Nottinghamshire, where he stayed one season, and entered twelve of a litter out of Brevity before he passed on to Sir Thomas Mostyn.

Sir Thomas had principally made his pack by sending his bitches to Quorn; and Gayman, Hermit, Ranter, and Sultan were the hounds of theirs which he most used. Hermit by Justice, from a daughter of Lictor's, got some wonderful gorse drawers, but these Hermits turned out badly; and nine couple (including Lucifer, Lashwood, Lazarus, and Lictor, by Sultan) were entered from Lady, who at once made and marred the pack. The passion of Mr. Griff Lloyd for Lucifer was only equalled by his hunting appetite for pork-pie and purl; and Sir Thomas himself was not one whit less attached to Lady, who ran

Sir Thomas Mostyn.

> "Up stairs, and down stairs,
> And in my lady's chamber,"

exactly as she chose. Still it was a general opinion, that if he had not hearkened to the parson so much as he did, in consideration of their old school-boy friendship, he would have had a much better pack of hounds latterly. Lady's picture continues to be the

best kennel-nursery one we have; and her Cleopatra Needle monument, ten feet high, but bearing no inscription, is still standing in the middle of a field close by what once were the old Bainton kennels.

Lexicon, one of the hounds in the Duke of Rutland's pack, goes back to her; but the muteness has not descended to him. They were not only short of tongue when Tom Wingfield got hold of them, but far too quick for a bad scent, and it was mere chance whether they had a day's sport at all. In fact, every hunting man who saw them, used to confirm Tom's caustic comments, that "it was principally *our* opinion whether it was a fox or not; *they* didn't know what they were running half their time." During the next thirteen seasons, they got back their tongue by breeding from the Duke of Beaufort; but still they had hardly enough to satisfy Mr. Drake, and he selected, among others, stallion hounds from Mr. Warde's in the Craven country, which were even suspected of having too much. It was a remarkable fact, that in Stephen Goodall's and Ben Foote's day, they would always pack with the Duke of Beaufort's (when they clashed in the Heythrop country) and Lord Althorp's, but never with the Duke of Grafton's. In this they showed their judgment, as the latter were as wild in the open as they were effective in the woodlands. Still Tom Rose sometimes had very fine things with them, and it was at the end of one of them that he exultingly shouted, "I'd give five pounds to have Mr. Lloyd here. What *will* he say of our *fat bullocks* now?"

Mr. Griff Lloyd.

Few men knew better about the work of hounds than "the Parson;" and he was sure to get to the end of every run somehow or other; but not content with being field-master, he constituted himself a sort of standing counsel to the huntsman. He would never go to covert or to dinner except on horseback, and he did not care if he rode five-and-twenty miles to either. So faithfully did he stick to

Sir Thomas's, that he never but once honoured Jem Hills with his company. "*Hark to the Parson!*" said George Carter, who was out that day; and well he might, as he was not in his best of humours. However, he only saw a twenty-five minutes' thing, and went home at twelve, thereby just missing a brilliant one hour and five minutes from Tackley Heath. At times he was very wild in the field, and liked to slip away with a couple of hounds, till he and Tom Wingfield got to an explanation on the point at Geddington Low Pastures. No one seems to remember how he agreed with "The great Mr. Shaw," who had ridden after Lord Moira, and then hunted his beagles in Derbyshire three days a week; but a scene between him and old Stephen Goodall at Cottesford Heath set the country dinner tables in a roar.

Stephen Goodall's Polecat.

The hounds were in cover nearly an hour, and none of them spoke but Caroline, and she only at five minutes intervals. Stephen, who was always a perfect Job, kept cheering her each time, till at last Griff lost all patience, and dashing down one of the rides, roared "*Why don't you hold your tongue, Stephen, and come away? It's only a polecat.*" There was a deep pause, and from the depths of the wood came Stephen's rejoinder, "*Patience and water gruel, Mr. Lloyd, is both good things—have at 'em Caroline!*" and at that moment the fox was viewed away, and a capital run of an hour brought him to hand. "*This is a very fine polecat, Mr. Lloyd,*" said Stephen, as he held it triumphantly aloft, and the Parson growled out, that "We must all be mistaken sometimes."

Stephen Goodall.

In spite of the weight, old Stephen had a most wonderful power of getting to hounds, and when the renowned "Ben Foote, of the Craven," was the first whip, he had only to cast the hounds twice in the season. He seemed to drop on them out of a balloon; and on the second occasion,

although it was a very fast thing of four miles, without a check, from Reeves Gorse to Fringford Hill, Stephen was just coming into the field on his white Trinket as Ben swung them round. This horse, and the chestnut Ragman were prime favourites, but neither of them carried him like King Charles. Sir Thomas bought his horse from Charles Warde, who found him quite a jade when he squeezed him at the end of the first quarter of an hour; whereas Stephen, by holding him together, and never asking him to go beyond a certain pace, could get along with him over the best country. He was a fine goer, but did not look up to a great weight. Nothing could induce his rider to go to scale; but Mr. Harrison (who made up, with Sir Thomas, Lord Jersey, and Sir Henry Peyton, the hard-riding corps of the hunt) lured him by stratagem on to a patent weighing-chair, and saw with his own eyes the pointer standing at nineteen-four. Stephen found out that he had been done; and as Ragman sent him over his head into a pond that afternoon, when they were going to an outlying fixture, and the bacon dripped on to his head with the heat of the public-house fire, which was lighted to rough-dry him, he retired prematurely to rest, growling that he had never gone through such a day in his life. He rode two holes shorter on the right side, and was niggling so perpetually at his horses with his short-necked spurs, that the grey contracted quite an enormous white mark, and the chestnut a black one to match.

Leviathan as he was, his knowledge of hounds and hunting was quite in accordance with his weight. The price of draft hounds has seldom been known to be so high as when Charles X. bought 150 of the biggest hounds he could in 1824-26; but such was Stephen's fame as a breeder and breaker, that he could always command as much as fifteen guineas a couple for his in the home market. He loved to stoop them to hare with the couples on, but never ran them in view, and

he was so very relentless on the subject of riot, that at one time he kept a buck-rabbit, who was carried into the kennels every morning, and became such a veteran at the business, that it went hopping about and nibbling the sterns of the culprits, while the whips laid on lustily, and cried "*Ware hare! Coom, young men, get your whips,*" became a regular morning salute; but one of them rebelled at last so stoutly, and said he would resign rather than do it, that the boiler ate the rabbit, and ended the system. In his fourteen-stone days Stephen hunted a pack in Mr. Corbet's Shropshire country, and it was then that the old dog jumped a park wall, and killed his fox by himself in that memorable style, which still makes the Shropshire roof-trees ring again in response to "*One cheer more for the blood of old Trojan.*"

Tom Moody and Tom Sebright's father were his whips; but although he was a very great rider, there was no hunting talent about the former to justify the hero-worship which song writers and painters have accorded to him. He was a little eight-stone man, sweet tempered, but decidedly dirty, and would as soon as not keep on his boots at a stretch, from Monday till Saturday. His whole existence centered on hunting, and as he could not read a word, his spare summer time was devoted to fishing. He never scrupled to give up his money to Mrs. Goodall when he was sober, and beg to have it by only a shilling at a time; but he had, like poor Tom Flint, "always a pain in his chest" as he called it, going to covert, which did not admit of the cold water cure; and his gigantic horn which was filled with ale, not once, but a hundred times too often, was soon the only relic of him above ground.

Tom Moody.

And so we leave the great first whip of the eighteenth, and pass on to the still greater master of the nineteenth century,

Mr. Ferneley's Quorn Hunt Picture.

whom we left at Quorn, with Jack Shirley and Dick Burton, who came to him at fifteen, as his aides-de-camp. Save Dick and the venerable painter himself, every one of the fifteen whom Mr. Ferneley grouped in the celebrated picture, which he executed for Lord Plymouth, have dropped one by one into their graves. Barkby Holt in the spring time of 1815 is the meet, and the eye stretches away on the extreme right past the church at Hungerton and Quenby Hall, to the fir-clad Billesdon Coplow. "*Le Grand Chasseur Smit*," as the Parisians termed him when he went over after the Peace, stands in the centre, by the side of his light chestnut Gift, of which Dick Burton holds the rein, and talks to Mr. Mills on his iron-grey; while his fidus Achates Tom Edge chimes in at intervals from the back of that bony Gayman, whom so many were wont to term "the skeleton cart-horse." Mr. Paris is in the back-ground on the brown, for whom Lord Alvanley gave notes untold; and Lord Plymouth stands leaning over Fancy, as if, although she did cost him six hundred, he is glad to interpose her as a barrier between himself and Lord Aylesford, when he sees that his lordship's Beelzebub, the most vicious of his race, has got his ears back for a round with somebody. Oxfordshire has sent its representative in Mr. Bradshaw; and Lord Dartmouth on his best grey almost obscures the figure of Gamboy Henton, than whom no better "blue coat" ever went to the fore in "a blazing hour." On the left, Mr. Mayler, who soon after died in the hunting field, only presents a back view, as he sits on his brown, and attentively scans Gift and his rider. John Moore, the father of the Old Club in *Nimrod's* day, has got among the hounds and servants, who are as well mounted as their master. Jack Shirley looks down at his pets from the back of Young Jack-'o-Lantern; Will Beck, who was afterwards with Mr. Musters, is up on the dark chestnut Minster, so terrible in the Vale of Belvoir; and

young Will Burton is lingering on the outside before he takes his master's hack home, just to see the throw off. He weighed only six stone four when he was fifteen, and died not many months after, of consumption, at Quorn. Mr. Smith had his picture painted, and he was wont to say, as he looked at it, year after year, in his room at Tedworth, that he would have given ten thousand to save him.

Mr. Smith's Hound Fancies.

Will is represented holding some couples, and the dark grey Manager looks up wistfully in his face. This was one of the twenty-five inch hounds by whom Mr. Smith swore, and he was so much too fast for the rest of the pack, that although they buckled a shot-belt round his neck, and filled him three parts full of boiled lights, he still defied them and their handicaps. Tom Wingfield hated him, and if he could see him drop back into the second flight with an afternoon fox, he never forgot to mention it. When Mr. Smith bought Lord Foley's, he liked them small, and bred almost entirely from the best, with the exception of using a son of the Fitzwilliam Collier, and going occasionally to Mr. Musters, whose pack he purchased in 1814, for a change of blood, and killed a brace of foxes with them on the Forest, the first day they went out. Lord Lonsdale's and Lord Althorp's he never sent to, and "the great calves" was the only title he bestowed on the Pytchley, when they were in John Warde's hands. Glorious John returned the compliment with compound interest, when he spoke of "the egg suckers," and the "picket-noses" of Quorn, and used a personal simile of undoubted breadth, when he described to a circle of friends at Tattersall's exactly what a hound's nose ought to be. There was hardly a dog-hound at Quorn much beyond twenty-three when Mr. Smith chanced to clash with Lord Lonsdale's in Launde Wood, and Jack Shirley counted twelve of Lord Lonsdale's first away. Many thought that Mr. Smith's

hounds naturally refused to go to a strange cry; but their master's idea was, that owing to their smaller size, they were unable to jump over the long green briars, which were too close to admit of creeping, and his troubled spirit knew no rest till the bitch standard had been raised to as much over twenty-three as he could get it, and his dogs to as near twenty-five as possible.

It was thus that the Manager dynasty came in; but the neighbouring hunts did not bow to it, and Lord Althorp stuck to the twenty-three and a-half Champion by Meynell's Ranter and Pontiff, and had some fifteen litters of whelps by them one season. The short-legged Pontiff was then the pick of the pack, albeit he was a trifle throaty, and hardly able to go the pace, and his picture still hangs in the ante-room at Tedworth, along with the little half-faced Dairy-maid. Tigress also nestled very near Mr. Smith's heart, although she was a confirmed hare-hunter, and scarcely ever came home with them. His love of large hounds did not desert him in Lincolnshire, and the only complaint he had against the county was, that the banks in the coverts rather let his hounds' toes down early, by the stress it put on to them in jumping. However near it might be to cub-hunting, he would allow no "singing" in his kennels, which were situated just below the Middle Station, in Lincoln, where Mr. Chaplin's hunters now stand.

Mr. Smith's Tedworth Pack.

When he passed on from his beloved Langton and Wragby Woods to Penton in Hampshire, where he lived till his father's death, we find him again breeding very extensively for size from two brothers Rifleman and Reginald by Sir Richard Sutton's Trimmer. With George Carter came sixty couple of the Grafton hounds, of which no less than thirty were of the good old Goodwood badger pye. Carter had used Mr. Osbaldeston's Ferryman, Ranter, and Royalist by Ranter, as well as Mr. Drake's Sultan,

Regent, and Hampden, very extensively during his Whittlebury Forest campaigns. The brothers, Rochester, Rioter, and Richmond, were all by Ranter, and part of the Grafton pack; and the blood of Hazard conferred a rare Benefit on Tedworth. Sensitive by Mr. Smith's Racer came with Carter, as well as Saffron and Goneril, and there were soon none that he loved better to draw for visitors. He would vow too that Watchman by Vine Larkspur was "without a fault, till he was ten years old;" and he once assured Joe Maiden that Nigel (a grandson of Harrogate), who got nearly all his stock rather cream-coloured, was the best he ever had. He also delighted in his one-eyed Collier, and his Royalist by Fitzhardinge Rockwood, who goes back their Commoner.

Bertram and Nelson.

Time gradually brought new favourites, and none greater than Bertram. This silver grey son of the tan Belvoir Bertram was drafted by Will Goodall for being twenty-four and a-half; and as Mr. Smith was still strong in the old Manager faith, and liked his work, he had at one time no less than five-and-twenty couple by him in the kennel. He was lent at seven years old to Lord Portsmouth in rather high condition, and died suddenly on the bench after a day's hunting. Nelson by Belvoir Rustic was the hound which knew him best to the last, and he always singled him out among the pack. When he hunted his own hounds, they would wind him three hundred yards off, and no Burton or Carter could stop them, and he wouldn't have them stopped. At Penton they would dash off in a body the moment they were out of kennel, and wait at the front door, whether they had heard his wonted voice at his bed-room window or not. His intimacy with Nelson was not much cemented in the field, but began when he brought him in the railway carriage from London. He was a gift from Lord Forester; but as he was rather delicate in his constitution, and light below the knee, they did not

breed from him, and if Mrs. Smith had lived he was to have been kept in a kennel near the house.

His Last Great Runs.

The last great run Mr. Smith was in, was one of an hour and forty minutes, from Ham Ashley to Hungerford, and he was so pleased with the chestnut he rode, that he gave Mr. Sam Reeves one hundred and seventy-five guineas for him. He christened him from the covert where they found, and ranked him ever after with the Amport, Rochelle, and Ayston, of his Hampshire affections. The last named was perhaps the best of the three, and on one occasion when he tripped on the road to covert, and Mr. Pierrepoint said, "*If I were you, Tom, I'd ride that horse no more*," he replied, "*If I were going to ride for my life I'd ride him and no other;*" and he did so for several seasons. His last hunting gallop was on Shamrock in the October of 1856, three miles in twenty minutes from Sinicote Park to Siding Cut, and he crossed the downs as gaily as a boy. The cover side knew him no more after the October of '57, when he just cantered up to Wilbury, on his chestnut hack Blemish, to see his hounds draw; and he was on her, at the door of his covered conservatory rides, facing over Wilbury Liberty, when he took his last look at his hounds. Carter got his orders to bring the choicest of the 1858 entry, and he and Will Bryce arrived at the usual rendezvous with five couple of bitches by the Fitzwilliam Hardwicke and Hermit. He looked at them a short time, and said, "*Well! they're as beautiful as they can be;*" bade both his men good bye, and they saw him no more. That June he was in Rotten Row and at Tattersall's as usual on Blemish, and when he rode into the Ring there one morning, and found Mr. Rarey driving his Zebra round it, he made his servant bring his horse alongside; and quite gloried in showing the celebrated American how nimbly he could still change horses in a run without dismounting. Such was the last public

episode in the old fox-hunter's life, and in a few weeks he suddenly took to his bed in Wales, and died after only two days of illness, or rather great weakness. What was once a summer temple at the top of a long beech-shaded vista in his garden, is now his resting-place. Thousands, whose lot it was to labour to produce his wealth, and for whose happiness and well-being he effected so much in return, will long cling fondly to his memory. Still in the eye of the world, which knew little of these things, it was foxhunting which lent such an intense earnestness to his life, and looking back at him only in that point of view, none will be found to dispute, that however hasty both in temper and action he might be in the field or on the flags, he was the mightiest hunter that ever "rode across Belvoir's sweet Vale," or wore a horn at his saddle-bow.

Early Days in Dorsetshire.

Those were right pleasant days in Dorsetshire, when the Prince of Wales lived at Moor Critchell, and wore the scarlet coat and white cloth waistcoat uniform of the H. H. His pack of rabbit beagles, seven couple of which could ride to the meet in a couple of panniers, were his delight on bye days, and he had a heartier hand-shake for none than Parson Butler. The coverside would not have looked itself without this eccentric cassock, and his half-sheared terrier, Impey, who was as great a foe to badgers as he was to foxes. He was never beaten but once, on the day when Ben Foote, then a mere boy, was run away with by Traveller (who had been purchased out of a light coach), in a rare five-and-forty minute thing from Frampton to Cerne. "Urging," like a second Mazeppa, "on his wild career," through the village, Ben caught a glimpse of something jumping up at a window from the inside, and when he got back to them, and found that they had come to a twenty minutes' check, they vowed that he had been dreaming in his flight. However,

the Parson seeing a fresh chance of distinction for his terrier, stuck up for the lad; and as it turned out that the fox had got into the house, Impey, assisted by Stormer, the best hound in the pack, eventually drew him from his position under the stairs. This was in October, and he proved to be only a cub.

Mr. Farquharson.

Jem Treadwell was but a lad of six, playing about with his younger brother Charles in the pleasant Oxfordshire village of Stoke Talmage, when his future master bade adieu to the quadrangle of Christ Church, and commenced at two-and-twenty as a master of hounds. Scorning harriers as a start, he flung himself boldly into the fox-hunting breach, set up two kennels, and hunted, at his own expense, all Dorsetshire and part of Somersetshire, six days a week from the outset, with thirty horses and ninety couple of hounds. His first meet was in the autumn of 1806 at Bondsley, a very extensive gorse belonging to Mr. Beckford in the Houghton part of the country. This fox-hunting Nestor was not slow to impart to the young leader of the white collars countless wrinkles about hounds and his new country, which he had once hunted himself; and as fifty-two seasons proved, he had found an apt disciple. Mr. Farquharson bought his first pack from Mr. Wyndham of Dinton, and a clever lot they were, the bitches being about twenty-one inches, and the dog-hounds twenty-three; and his kennel was further strengthened by purchases from the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Petre, and drafts from the Duke of Richmond. The style of Mr. Wyndham's continued unaltered for many seasons, except that the bitches' standard was raised an inch; and it was not till much later that the eye of "The Meynell of the West" loved to rest upon a five-and-twenty inch hound. Since then he has kept a large and a small pack, but Jem Treadwell quite shared his weakness for the large, which always went into the Vale, and thought that

they not only "streamed away more," but uniformly gave a better account of their foxes, be the fences big or little. Thirteen hundred and forty-four brace were brought to hand by Jem in his twenty-one seasons; but the eighty-seven brace of his 1842-43 season were never equalled, as far too many rabbit traps got set in later years, among the short oaks and hazels of Cranbourne Chase, which was once the great Dorsetshire nursery. Foxes were so rife in the country at one time, in Ben Jennings's (who came to Mr. Farquharson, at the beginning of his second season, from Mr. Conyers) and Sol Baker's day, that seven were dug out of one hole at Downey Cliff, and of the four which were alive, one was quietly turned out on Blandford race-course next day, and was killed after going for forty minutes, racing pace, within three miles of the old rock. Mr. Nichol had always a very high opinion of Ben, and he used to say that if it had pleased Providence to make a fox of him originally, he would have picked any other man in England to be hunted by.

Mr. Farquharson's Kennel Blood.

There was a good deal of New Forest Justice blood in the kennel during the first part of the thirty seasons for which Ben was in office, as although Justice, and his son Jasper had been sold by Mr. Wyndham to Mr. Nichol the year before Mr. Farquharson bought the pack, the latter sent bitches to both, Justice especially, for some seasons, and the puppies, which were generally yellow and white, turned out remarkably well. When Treadwell came in '37, the dog hounds were generally twenty-four inches, and he brought with him thirty-two couple of Mr. Codrington's old hounds, which he had hunted one season for Mr. Hall in the Blackmore Vale. Reveller was the best of the pack, but he was not big enough to breed from, and the effort to keep up the Collier sort was principally made through Richmond. However, from some peculiarity of climate, Eastbury

was quite a City of the Plague. The bitches missed, and out of five-and-forty couple of puppies, fully half died of distemper or yellows, before they were sent to walk, and it was a good year indeed which saw nine couple put forward. Luckily there were plenty of good drafts to be had. Trickster and Castor, whose stock, with their fine power and slight lack of length, looked quite of a family, lent no little strength to the Puckeridge drafts, as also did the Trusties with their dark sandy bodies and light-coloured heads; and when Mr. Smith returned to his earlier standard, George Carter always found Mr. Farquharson ready for the large drafts, which were full of Rockwood and Ranter blood. George's old Yardley Chase experiences with Mr. Grantley Berkeley had taught him the value of the Rockwood strain, and he did not forget it when he was at the Duke of Grafton's. The bitches were the best, and as they were remarkably tough and lengthy, they crossed well with the upstanding and rather short Ranters. Mr. Farquharson had Rochester, Rioter, Roderick, and Richmond all black and white Ranter brothers, among which Rochester had the most power, and went straight through a covert if there was no fox. The beautiful grey-backed Rarity from Rakish by Assheton Smith's Conqueror, and who gets her wonderful deer-like neck from her sire Roderick, showed well for Tedworth at the sale; and Rampish, another daughter of Rakish, and Autocrat were equally fine specimens of a cross with the Beaufort Falstaff and Rufus. Adelaide, the dam of that twenty-four-and-a-half inch *Autocrat* of the kennel goes back to Horlock's Lounger and Foljambe's Albion; and all Dorsetshire used to call out for her dam Rival, when they came to a check on the road.

Road-hitting.

The talent of road-hitting descends like many others; and Will Goodall had a striking instance of it in Goblin by Harold, both of

whom would fling their tongues when none of the other "Belvoir black tans" would own to it. Still, however remarkable Rival might have been in this respect, the greatest natural wonder of Mr. Farquharson's pack was his Splendour, who resolutely refused for three years to leave the huntsman's heels, and then felt what a pickpocket would style "the uncontrollable impulse." Jezebel by Beaufort Harasser equally withstood all Joe Maiden's endearments till long after Christmas; and yet, when he was casting wide near Bewerton, in the Woore country, on a very stormy day, he saw her suddenly go and feel for the line of scent by herself through a large herd of cattle, and then speak to it through a meuse at last. Vanquisher also baffled Kit Naylor for one season and a cub hunting, and then suddenly spoke to it on a flagged footpath, of all places, as he was casting down a lane; but still Dorsetshire Splendour has quite the palm for obstinacy as yet.

Mr. Farquharson's Stud.

Mr. Farquharson was fondest of Short and Clifton Woods, and Melcombe Park in the Vale; but his greatest runs during the last twenty years have been from Uddens and the Decoy Pond near Kingston Lacey. The former was eleven miles without a check, fast across the Heath, slower from Charlbury Hill through Chettle Wood, and then a brilliant finish from scent to view over the Downs to Thickthorn Hill. On the second day they had sixteen miles of it, plough and down; and he hung very little either in Badbury Rings or the Chettle Wood Covers, but crossed the Downs by Long Critchell, through Oakley Wood, and past Woodyates Inn to Pentridge Hill, where Mr. Farquharson, on Champion, was among the few left to see Jem get off Poplin and give the "Whaw Hoop!" Poplin was an Irish mare, and left several colts—Spectre, Will-o'-the-Wisp, &c., by Hobgoblin (whose blood goes back through Annette to Phantom), as her legacy to the

stud. Cadiz, the sire of Hobgoblin, was a bay by Ebor, and would have done enough for Eastbury even if he had only got The Pony out of a pony mare. This wonderful fourteen-two animal carried Treadwell, who was about twelve-four with his saddle, through nearly three hundred runs in their eight seasons; and be it a cramped or a flying country, she only gave him one fall. It was, however, on Murphy (another Irish horse) that he made his celebrated fourteen-feet drop in the Buckland country. Mr. Farquharson also sent several mares to Sir Hercules, when Mr. Sydney Herbert had him in the neighbourhood; and his rare jumping blood is still represented in the Langton paddock by Testator out of Variety, who was an own brother to Mabel, Darling, Kathleen, and Fancy, the four picked mares of the stud. It was on one of the two last, or Botanist, that Mr. Farquharson was latterly seen at the coverside.

Mr. Farquharson's Last Public Day.

A kick from one of them unfortunately prevented him from sharing in the closing weeks of his glorious career as master; and hence we missed him from among the white collars and the staunch century of farmers who showed up in obedience to the last announcement of "Mr. Farquharson's Hounds" at Hyde. We could not bear to lose this great closing day, but it proved dull enough, even without seeing a future Dorsetshire master carried pale and bleeding from the field. There were two foxes in Newfoundland, and they went flashing away with one over the bogs, and bent to the right along the bold heather platforms by Heffleton Wood, and so to ground. "Treadwell on The Pony," and looking the very incarnation of one of those calm, passionless huntsmen who might have made an Ironside swear that the sport was orthodox, then held them along the edge of some wheat, to cut off the line of the second fox; and when they disappeared over a heather ridge, to try again we

departed. This was April 28th; but we heard of the pair for the last time on May morning, when, cold and stormy as it was, the big pack met at the kennel, and drew in the Chace. They found a dog-fox, and killed him in a spinney at the high end of Stubhampton; and as if to make a good end, they broke him up, brush and all, and thus Eastbury was deprived of his last trophy.

A Morning's Walk.

We had still one more visit to pay to Dorsetshire, and on the morning of the sale we left the train, about 2 A.M., at Wimborne Minster.

> "Low on the sand, and loud on the stone,
> The last wheel echoed away,"

as the Blandford mail-bags were hurried off through the mist; and after lingering a little near the church porch till the clock struck three, and then making a wild shot in the darkness at one of the three cross roads, we pointed, as we hoped, from previous hunting map studies, for the Eastbury kennels. We felt no remorse for the beds we left behind us, as it would have required more than Spartan self-control at that hour for any Wimborne publican to arise and let us in, and they were never put to the test. A walk on an early summer morning, just as the bridal chuckle of the blackbirds begins to open in every spinney, and the weasels are never done crossing the road and keeping you in stone practice, is peculiarly exhilarating. However, nature had no more charms after half-past four; and having once tried the same thing near Godalming, as a boy, for the sake of cub-hunting with Colonel Wyndham's hounds, we can publicly assure the owner of a hay-field abutting on the fifth milestone out of Blandford that he was the unconscious donor of a most charming slumber. The sound of a peal of church-bells came floating up the river, and awoke us at last; and shaking off sleep and the hay seeds, we strode gaily on our way.

The Eastbury Kennels.

Blandford did not present any signs of unusual life. One or two masters of hounds might be seen "stealing away" from the "Crown" in the direction of Eastbury, by eight o'clock, to have a quiet hour on the flags before the country stream set in; but scarcely another soul passed us in the next five miles. The first three were along a dusty road; and it was not a little refreshing to find ourselves on the Pimperne Downs at last, and Percy's string of five, with "C" and "O" on their sheets, quietly returning from exercise, the leading object in the foreground. Autocrat, in hound and not in horse shape, was in our thoughts that day; and leaving them to wend their way inside the hedge to their stables, which stand by the roadside some half-mile nearer Blandford, we struck across the downs to the left. Passing "the Bushes," we soon struck into the deeply-wooded recesses of Eastbury Park, amid a troop of browsing Devons, and some young hunting stock, which at once told the tale of the "old chestnut blood." Hard by the kennels the whole of the seventeen puppies (eleven of them brother and sister Autocrats) had politely stretched themselves out for immediate inspection on a straw-spread surface beneath an ash tree, and lay there dreaming and curling themselves into many a fantastic group, over which Frank Grant or Landseer might have lingered with delight.

As the lots were looked over, they were passed through into the adjoining paddock; and many a Dorsetshire man gazed with bitter regret at this grand pack as they "packed" for the last time under a large white thorn. Oft had "The Thorn" been trolled at a Dorsetshire fireside in their honour, and now, alas! but six short hours, and no blast from Treadwell could summon his favourites more.

Five minutes' walk brought us to the house, a fine grey stone structure, with a broad square tower and a massive ivy-clad gateway. The days of portcullisses

and moats had long passed away before Sir John Vanbrugh numbered Eastbury Park House among his triumphs. A natural wall of laurel, laburnum, and lime trees flanks the stable-yard on one side, and joins on with that belt of plantation which encircles the park, and amid which, undisturbed by traps and strychnine, many a gallant fox-cub has been reared in its day. The house itself—near whose back-door three or four hogsheads of old and pale ale had begun to know no rest from pilgrims before noon—is only a solitary left wing; and the remainder of it, which passed through three or four families into Mr. Farquharson's hands, has long since disappeared. The deserted wine-cellar, with its prostrate door, its rusty gratings, and its mouldering ceiling, under whose now-battered and led-coloured rose many a stoup of Burgundy or Canary must have been drained dry, alone remains to testify to the hard-drinking spirits, who of yore wound the *reveillée* for the roe-hunt from Grange or Houghton Woods, and killed the yellow-breasted marten for the hem of the robes of their dames or ladye loves in the pleasant purlieus of Cranbourne Chase.

We care not to go into the details of that day. *The Life* has already told how the Dorsetshire men sat cheering on the wall, and ejaculating "*Hyde for ever!*" as Mr. Radclyffe formed the new pack; how they assured Mr. Arkwright publicly, when he bought the Banker lot, that *he* "*wouldn't leave a mouse in covert;*" how they conjured Mr. Scratton "*to mind and take care of Rosamond—she's an uncommon good bitch—I know her well;*" and how that gentleman was seen to obey the mandate by taking her tenderly back to Essex with his own hands. Mr. Osbaldeston strolled up in the afternoon, to see the horses sold; and old Percy was there, looking over the lots in the stable, and recalling many a recollection, as we sat on the corn-bin together, of the triumphs of the "red and

black cap" of Langton. With him to train, and Sawyer, and then Conolly, to ride, it was perpetually seen in front at Salisbury, Weymouth, and elsewhere in the "south countrie." Grey Marquis, Presentiment, Garus, and Black-and-all-Black alone won with it eighty times; and the last became such a hero in the Dorsetshire peasants' eyes, that even now they would as soon strike a horse with a twig of hornbeam as believe that their black knight could not have vanquished Eclipse himself. And so the great hunting era of Eastbury passed away on that pleasant June afternoon. The cry of another pack is heard in Coker Wood and Badbury Rings; but still, long after the present century is numbered with the past, a pleasant tradition will linger round Dorsetshire firesides, of how a former squire of Langton took to hounds when a mere college stripling, and how even his fifty-second and last season found him with a heart as young, and a cheer as shrill as ever.

Mr. Codrington.

South Wilts claims its notice, for Mr. Codrington's sake. It was he who entered Jem Treadwell, to fox in 1818; and when his whip, Tom Snooks, next season, blooded an O.B.H. lad of nine, who contrived to get well up on his pony, when they killed at Stone's Heath, near Powder Hill, he little thought that he was entering a future M.F.H. of that very country, and that the brush Tom presented, and the moustache he so artistically painted, would produce such glorious after-fruits at Tubney. Mr. Codrington was a peculiarly quiet man with hounds; and as Jem phrases it, "No rating—no whipcord—make them hunt through anything." Grovely and Great Ridge were his pet covers in South Wilts; and he hunted them once a week regularly, and sometimes twice, till the foxes learnt to fly the instant they heard his horn. He was fond of walking round and round a gorse with his hounds at his heels, and then drawing into a meuse; and like

Mr. Musters, he never cared to have more than fifteen or sixteen couple of hounds in the woodlands, as he said they did not run so much from fox to fox.

He rode about eighteen stone on his Downalong; and when all the field were pounded one day near Westbury, he got through a great double on him, no one ever knew how, and laughed heartily at them when they killed near Earl Stoke. Dark tan hounds with smutty faces were his fancy; and he had not only a good deal of the Grafton Bondsman blood, but got the old grey dog himself from The Duke in Tom Rose's time. His stock were generally from 23½ to 24 inches, grey headed, and rather fond of hare; but they did not stand over so much ground as the Cryers. Wanton, the dam of Collier by Cryer, was a very fine own sister to the celebrated Beaufort Wellington and Waterloo, and came to Mr. Codrington unentered. Bruiser also was one of a draft from the Cheshire, and strained Back through their Bangor and Bruiser to old Gulliver. The Bruisers were generally dark black tans, great drawers, and remarkably steady; while Collier was a light, airy style of hound, and both a great hunter and chacer. Mr. Codrington's pack were principally by him, when he parted with them in 1826, and let Mr. Foljambe have the pick of the dog-hounds for four hundred guineas; but they did not prosper at Grove, where old Collier also ended his days. The Beaufort Justice sort was one he much fancied, and hence he borrowed old Jason by New Forest Justice from Badminton. He was big, black-bodied, and of great power, and got his dog-hounds very clever during the short time he lived.

Mr. Nichol of the New Forest.

But ere we get among his descendants at Badminton we must pause at the New Forest, that hunting ground of the Justice, who has for half a century or more perpetuated its fame in kennel history. He was a son of Jasper, who was by the Egremont Justice (a very first-class hound), and

came in a draft to Mr. Compton. Jasper still lives in Marshall's picture which was engraved in 1803, and represents Tom Sebright's father in his scarlet and green collar, gazing most affectionately at him over the half-door. Lord Egremont's Justice sort were generally about twenty-four inches, and very thick headed, and the cross between them and the Fitzwilliam draughts produced lighter and more airy hounds, and losing the original head. Twelve were entered in one litter by Justice from Lightning; and Colonel Wyndham and his brother divided them. The Colonel also got a very good cross between the Rutland Chanticleer and his Richmond and Fitzwilliam blood, and when the brothers gave up, they sold twenty-five couple of bitches (fifteen of them spayed) to Sir Henry Oxendon in Kent, but the latter squared out and got so much flesh over the muscles, that no work could keep them poor.

Justice's grandsons, Justice, Jason, and Jerker were all very great in the New Forest in 1815. Neither of the last two had the substance of Justice, who was of immense bone, and as Mr. Nichol was wont to say of him "as big as a deer." This eccentric master used to go to Sir Thomas Mostyn's kennel for a cross, and loved his Wrangler and Fleecer right well; but it was through Sir Thomas's Justice (by the New Forest Justice from his own Hopeful), who went there as an unentered draft in 1812, that the Justice blood was first introduced at Badminton. Philip Payne's draft came to Mr. Nichol for years, but both his hound-breeding and hunting, well as he understood them, were conducted on a very rough principle; and digging a whole afternoon, fifteen feet after a fox with his black tan terriers, was the style of thing he liked best. This, however, was of rare occurrence, as the foxes used to breed in the morasses among the alder-stools, and lay curled up there till the hounds, who soon got as black as ink, drew right up to them;

and then jumped down in view, without any head of earths to fly to. The New Forest plantations are now so grown, that the pleasure of seeing the find is gone, but the bogs still keep up their charter, and when one of the late Lord Alford's horses ran away with him, he only stopped him by running him into one of them near the Doos of Badgery, and christened him after its name. However, the pace of the Pytchley one day stopped him for ever, and he died in the field near Misterton.

New Forest Scenery.

In all its other features, there is little change in the Forest since Parson Gilpin roamed with his sketch-book through its glades on the long summer days, and rigidly pulled down the blinds of his carriage, as his coachman, in drab with a cocked hat, drove him to Church on a Sunday, that he might read over his manuscript sermon in peace. We could not help joining in the old man's enthusiasm, as we saw the hounds draw close by Lyndhurst, on our way to Mr. Farquharson's last meet. No wonder there was no find that day among such posies of "stinking primroses and violets," which seemed to cluster at the feet of the woodmen as they sat on the prostrate white trunks of the oaks they were barking. As we occasionally viewed a scarlet coat or hound flashing across those glorious green vistas, beautiful enough in their graceful livery of spring, to bring a "Capability Brown" on to his knees, we grudged sadly that the old glories of Lyndhurst—when the Prince kept his hunting court at the King's House, and other hunts sent their keenest of the keen, to join the party at the Crown and kill a May fox—should have faded, and that a few most melancholy hunting pictures, and a fox's head, which had been painted blue, scores of times, along with the stable-door, should be now the only signs that once merry hostel could make.

Many curious stories are told of the scenes between

Mr. Nichol and his whip Joe Peckham; how they quarrelled about the number of horns of ale Joe ought reasonably to drink out hunting, and how the latter fled for his life to a magistrate "to swear the peace" after his master had found him standing on his saddle, and loading his pocket with cob-nuts, instead of watching to see the vixen come across the riding in cub-hunting time. Lord Kintore bought his fifty-five couples for a thousand guineas in 1828, but fifteen couple had the kennel lameness and mange; and long before the end of their second season only seventeen couple were in work. What with these, his own, and the Southwold, his Lordship had 104 couple in kennel when he hunted the Old Berkshire and Vale of White Horse countries, and what between their two kennels at Wadley and Cricklade, and five days a-week, John Walker, with Joe Grant and Tom Snooks as his whips, had a hardish time of it.

Badminton.

It was a lucky chance which led the fifth Duke of Beaufort to try for a fox with his coarse stag-hounds of many colours in Silk Wood, on his way home from hunting. After that, the kennels at Netherhaven, Wilts, soon lacked their tenants; and the deer disappeared from those paddocks near Oldbury on the Hill (where Philip Payne is buried and Will Long lives), beneath the talismanic influence of the pad, which the chaplain of the Somerset family hung upon his bell-pull. Silk Wood has been true to its destiny ever since, and one season, under Mr. Holford's fostering care, there were no less than nine litters in it and his other covers. With such a nursery of 150 acres to swell the list, the present Duke might well calculate that after cub-hunting he had nearly three hundred brace of foxes in his country. Will Long once opened it early in the cub-hunting with forty-nine and a-half couple, and the cry for an hour and a quarter delighted the sixth Duke beyond measure. The seventh would as

soon have seen one of his men with his whip in the left hand, as anything under twenty couple out; and if it had been his fate to drop once more among the scenes of his private pupil days, and catch Joe Maiden dusting a fox with sixty couple on Delamere Forest, he would have been all the better pleased.

Philip Payne's Era.

When Philip Payne came from Cheshire to Badminton, he took a strong fancy to Diligent of the badger-pye Abelard blood, which was well represented in the kennel, and crossed her with Nectar whom he borrowed for old acquaintance sake from Cheshire. This Nectar was a black tan with long features, coarse neck, and dewlap, all marking his old Talbot origin; but it was not so much for that as for his rare legs and feet that Philip followed him. The Badminton Nectar had the big neck and long features of his race, and was a coarse, heavy hound, "who knew nothing about tiring." At walk he persecuted the hares day and night, but never showed any unsteadiness with a fox. He ran for eleven seasons, and even when he was past all use in every way, he rode twice a year to the Heythrop kennels, on the baggage-waggon, for a treat, and wandered about with a perfect ticket of leave into the kitchen, or wherever he liked to go. The greatest care was required in breeding between him and Dorimont by Denmark, as they were so closely allied in blood, through Diligent. Dorimont himself was a hound with a very short head, and Raffle and Boxer were two of the best hounds by him. Will Long still speaks fondly of the style in which the former hunted a fox half a mile for him along the top of a wall, and the latter would invariably find three foxes out of four by his resolution in going through gorse. As a general thing the Dorimonts ran badger, and the Duncans (whose sire was also by Denmark) nearly all yellow pye.

No hounds could ever have too much bone for

Philip, and taking his notions from Earl Lonsdale, whom he swore by, and remembering the Gainsborough hounds whom they had bred so freely from at Cottesmore, he never liked anything under twenty-four inches. He also did away with the heavy shoulders he found in the kennel, and brought in more length and liberty; while Will Long in his turn gave them more fashion, and better fore-hands. Although Philip made very free with both, he liked Abelard better than Justice. He was below his standard, but still a very first flight hound, and got his stock very quick and airy. His daughter Diligent was from Jessamine, a daughter of Actress, a thick-marked Yarborough bitch, who first showed herself out cub-hunting. The seventh Duke, who was rather dainty on these points, did not like her half-face, and hence she was never worked in public again, and died in kennel. She also bred Danger to the original Danger, but he went early to the stud, as he was disabled by a cart-wheel. Still he did his best to avenge himself, as he seized the wheel and clung to it, dragging his broken limb, so that Philip might well say he should have a chance after that.

Dalliance, the dam of Dorimont, was a combination of the blood of this hero in Ruby (a daughter of Belvoir Relish), and Sir Thomas Mostyn's Lictor. It was, as we have before observed, from Bainton that the Justice sort came to Badminton. The Justice who introduced it, was a coarse-necked heavy built hound, of a light hare-pye colour, which came out in his stock, one of whom, Jericho, carried it to the Old Surrey. He worked seven seasons, and ran in the second flight, as most hounds that kill foxes do. Joiner and Jupiter were two of his best sons; but the former's career was cut short early, in front of Glimpton House. Some small plan sticks were put into the ground to indicate a new walk, and one of them ran into his heart, and Philip and Will heard "his

beautiful tongue like a bell" no more. Jason and Jessie were two more of the Justices, from Lovely by Mostyn's Lazarus, and Jessamine was the result of her cross with Waterloo, Both Waterloo and Wellington were by Assheton Smith's Collier from Gladsome, whom Philip Payne entered in 1811. She went back through Royster and Vernon's Ranter to the great Yarborough Ranter, and hence it was no wonder that Mr. Codrington always vowed that his Colliers had the rarest blood in England in their veins.

Will Long.

When Will Long, after whipping in for eighteen seasons, commenced his huntsman's career in 1826, he went to Brocklesby on his first voyage of kennel discovery, but although he found them rather under the size he had expected, he sent Dalliance down to their Fairplay. Hence sprang Freeman, who, after doing the kennel some good service, went in the spring of 1835, with twenty-five couple of entered hounds, to the Heythrop. Four hundred and fifty guineas was their price, and Lord Southampton paid a thousand for the forty-five couple, twenty of them unentered, which he had from Badminton in 1850. Soon after he began, Will bred his lordship's celebrated Hazard, and took him to Quorn, where Dick Burton entered him in 1828. He was by Harbinger, of Lord Lonsdale's blood, from Purity by Nectar, and was one of the two or three hounds Lord Southampton retained when he left Quorn; as, although his lordship did not take to the Grafton country for a time, he bred a litter or two of puppies every year, and gave them away.

Hector.

The Duke of Grafton and Mr. Drake sent bitches to Hazard, and his principal son was Drake's Hector, a name that huntsmen will never cease to venerate, as he did good without exception to every kennel that used him. He was a

very powerful broad-chested, and rather light-coloured hound, with a very sensible head, and short on the leg. The latter feature was to be seen in all his stock, who were remarkable as line hunters, and as sound and hard fox-hounds as ever went out. Lord Mostyn had him for a time, and so had Sir Watkin Wynne and Mr. Selby Lowndes, and he was put away in 1848, at the North Staffordshire kennels. His son Hermit was from Fitzwilliam Goldfinch by Yarborough Ganymede, and through crossing him with the Dorimont blood, those illustrious brothers Remus and Rufus arose, from whom nine and a half couple of the present Badminton pack are descended. Each of them for four seasons had about five couple of the best Badminton bitches; and the Belvoir, Berkeley, Rutland, and Brocklesby kennels used them both a good deal, but Will Goodall's fancy was more for Rufus. Potentate, a grandson of Remus, also went to Belvoir, with whose kennel he was connected on the side of his dam Whimsy, by Wildman. He was a handsome style of hound, and a very quick, hard runner, but without any great substance, and got his stock bigger that himself, and the bitches invariably bigger than the dogs. Like Sir Richard's Prompter, he was so resolute that the whip was always obliged to hold him when they were baying the fox, and even then he would hardly be denied without punishment.

The Fitzwilliam Marmion was not very successful in introducing the Monarch blood; he was a close hunter and a capital finder, but required to be crossed with very hard running bitches. The Fitzwilliam Finder did far more for Badminton through Freeman from Drake's Oppidan; and it was the second of their two Flyers, father and son, of the Rutland Collier blood, who got the Fitzwilliam Feudal. Warwickshire Tarquin also left his mark on the kennel in the shape of Trojan from Beaufort Gratitude. There was

never a much better sort, and Will fancied it so much, that he took especial pains twice over to get Trojan sound, when he was lamed in the stifle. Flyer, Warlock, and Prior were the stallion hounds that Clark selected from Badminton the first year (1853), that he came to Tubney, and as the Vale of White Horse is now virtually a Tubney removed, we may pass to the head-quarters of the old Berkshire at once.

Mr. Morrell's Hounds.

After Mr. Morrell's entry at Jim Tredwell's hand, his hunting fancy was fostered to the full during his Eton holidays, by constant practice with his father's harriers. The pack originally consisted of fourteen couple of the old Southern breed, and on one occasion they adopted currant jelly tastes of a higher order, and had a buck turned down before them in the presence of half Oxford, on the very Headington Hill, where Mr. Morrell's house now stands, looking down on the grey forest of church and college pinnacles. In 1835 he took the harriers in hand himself, and hunted them for eleven seasons in the country round Oxford, and on Ilsley Downs. Latterly they had immense sport, and not a few of the hardest riding sons of Alma Mater date their earliest chase experiences from the hunting lectures and cheery gallops they had with him after the "straight-backed uns." The pack was principally kept up by drafts from Mr. Drake's, the Heythrop, and the Blackmore Vale (Mr. Yeatman's), and consisted at last of twenty-two couple of small fox-hound bitches, and Hannibal, who had a strong touch of the harrier about him, and never failed to set the ladies right at a pinch. In the spring of 1848, Mr. Morrell took from Mr. Morland that old Berkshire country, which Lord Kintore and John Walker had made so famous. Tradition says that five horns are now rusting at the bottom of Rosey Brook (in which Henry Harris, to his great delight, got a roll his last season),

but we care not to enquire whether theirs were of the number.*

Foxes had become sadly short; but in Mr. Morland's last season, John Jones had drawn Buscot no less than twenty-one times, and found them as good there as in Mr. Pryse Pryse's day. The services of "Jack" were in due course transferred to Mr. Morrell, and twenty-four couple of his old favourites came along with him to the Tubney kennels. Mr. Morland's blood ran back a good deal to Drake's Marksman, Wyndham's Warrior, and Osbaldeston's Merryman. The crosses of Assheton Smith and Wyndham blood in Saffron and Fairy, and Traveller and Rarity, were very strong; and Mr. Morrell was rewarded for his allegiance to Morland's Warrior of the Old Berkshire Whirlwind sort, by the entry of Foreman from Faithful, a great finder; while Horlock's Statesman did him no small service with Famous and Filagree from old Friendly. In his first summer he entered three-and-twenty couple, taking half Mr. Drake's draft, with Mr. A. Thompson, who then hunted the Atherstone; and casting one's eye down the sire line alone, in that pleasant-looking thin scarlet octavo, which records the Tubney history of his ten seasons, we find a strong infusion, during John Jones's day, of Drake's Bobadil and Duster, as well as the Southampton Truant and Archer sort; while Clark's era is marked by a leaning to the Fitzhardinge and Beaufort kennels.

The reigns of these huntsmen are embodied by

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* Scotland can tell an anecdote of John and his old master, when the former hunted the Fife. John had missed his second horse, and Charlotte, the mare on which Mr. Grant painted him, had fallen quite beaten at a fence out of a wheat-field, after thirty minutes with a second fox. "*What for Charlotte, now, John?*" called his lordship. "*One hundred and thirty, my lord.*" "*What! is that the lowest? she'll get up no more.*" "*No less, my lord.*" "*But the mare 'll die.*" "*No she wont, my lord.*" "*Well, I'll have her, dead or alive!*" And after lying twenty minutes, up she got again; and that was the way John parted with Charlotte.

Goode of Oxford, in two capital paintings, which grace the Headington Hill library, amid countless heavy-weight carriers, and the Hercules and Sunderland families. The first in date has been engraved as a companion to the Heythrop one, and we seem for years to have never walked up the High-Street of Oxford, without seeing the pair in the print-sellers' windows, flanking "Lord Hardinge and his staff, on the field of Sobraon." John Jones is on Columbine, and his first whip Will Borrow on Etonian. Will has been laid to rest in Tubney churchyard, and his entire grey Buckland (who showed The Queen's the way over Berkshire, when they came to Buckland and Beckett) has earned a monument in Marcham Park; while Jim Stacey is still as fresh as he was on the Wood Hill day. It was then that Jones told him to get forward (after they sunk the Vale and had a long check) to the head of earths at Woodhill; and he took one of his celebrated four-milers, and beating the fox by about thrice the length of his boots, had the pleasure of seeing him broken-up at Land Farm, seventeen miles from Milton Hall where he was found. Tom Clark, whose taste for hunting first came on him from seeing Mr. Mure's hounds cross Newmarket Heath with their fox, when he was a cotemporary with Nat in Cooper's stables, is on the chestnut ROB ROY in the second picture; while Joe Orchin (who subsequently hunted the Hambleton until deafness overcame him) is ready for action on the elegant Sir Warwick, and Will Maiden, the present Old Berkshire first whip, on Ladybird. In both of them we miss the master; but Mr. Grant has supplied the want in that admirable picture of him upon his white horse Memnon, (whom he rode for nine seasons), with Rutland, Musical, and Foreman at his side.

John Jones and Tom Clark.

The latter is a combination of the blood of Warrior and Assheton Smith's

Foreman and Sunderland.

Saffron. Mr. Morrell bought Saffron from George Carter, and he was a wonderful favourite in the Old Berkshire for his quickness, and perseverance in his cast. Eleven of his stock were entered, and it was his son Sportsman, a descendant through Sophy, of Ducie's Bertram and Horlock's Baby, whom Clark before the sale expressed his rapturous desire to "follow across the Channel with a couple of bitches;" and strangely enough he was in the four-couple lot for which Mons. de Bourxie gave 200 guineas. Sportsman had a tremendous drive with him, and must always have something to do, and even when he had been fired in his stifle, he would be with them if he carried his leg. The more direct blood of Assheton Smith's Saffron by Belvoir Splendour from Parasol, (who accompanied George Carter to Tidworth) came strongly into the kennel through his son Sunderland, whose dam Gratitude was of Heythrop Gulliver and Yarborough Gambler extraction. Sunderland was remarkably stout, and always at home twenty minutes first after the hardest day, if he was not watched. He broke his leg as a puppy; but luckily he was out at walk with a surgeon, who very soon brought matters about. He was a rich light tan, with a beautiful head and shoulders, and in these points very much resembled his half-brother Warwickshire Saffron, from whom they bred a good deal at Badminton. Nearly all his stock, of whom Mr. Morrell entered sixteen, might be known by their rich tan smutty faces and peculiarly broad intelligent foreheads; but many of them died of hereditary kidney disease, which killed the old dog in his sixth season. Saffron and Splendour, his half-brothers, were both very good: the former had a beautiful style of flinging and threading his cover with his head up; and Splendour, who went to Ireland, was also an especial finder, and with a much more beautiful and ringing tongue, than either. The Old Berkshire still have Stickler (from Susan by Foljambe's

Stormer), who was Sunderland's best son, and of the same colour.

Cup Puppies.

In 1851, the year succeeding Sunderland and Foreman (who were beaten for the Cup by Dorimont by Drake's Duster), Bobadil by Bobadil from Favourite, and Freeman by Sportsman from Friendly, were esteemed remarkable entries; but Rutland and Trumpeter were bracketed for the Cup. Rutland was nearly twenty-six inches, and one of seven (including Ruthful and Relish), from Sunderland's dam, and by Belvoir Royal, who had been sojourning at Mr. Drake's, after being exchanged for Duster, and then went on to Wynnstay. Belvoir Royal was an airy hound, somewhat light of bone, but got his stock very clever. He was also rather a cripple, and had narrowly escaped being cut in two by Will Goodall's horse at a fence, which made him very nervous. John Walker used to say of him that he never saw any hound so frightened to death of doing anything wrong; and he finally departed to Co. Kildare. His brother Rustic, who went to the Cheshire and did no good, was best in his work, but had rather bad pasterns, and got his stock plainer; while Raglan was as straight as an arrow himself, but got his stock rather crooked. Both of them came in the evening of their days to the North Staffordshire kennels, and were there put away.

Trumpeter.

Trumpeter, who attended Clark to Badminton, was a white, and very low-scented hound, and of Fitzwilliam Flasher and Drake's Grasper descent. He was somewhat throaty, and was bred from rather for his qualities than his look; as he always ran to head and could sound his own trumpet into the bargain, whatever pace they were going. Lord Dacre used his sire, the Puckeridge Trickster, who pleased Dick Simpson not a little, as he would draw on ahead, and get to the wind side of him, and speak minutes before anything else. Sylvia, from a

Sunderland bitch, and Toilet and Trinket from Relish were capital daughters of Trumpeter's, and so was Tawdry, who was found working neck and shoulders up to her fox in a rabbit-hole, the very first day she was taken out.

In 1852 a few were entered by Badsworth Waterloo, by old Whynot, by Ducie's Vagabond. In his undergraduate days Mr. Henley Greaves took a great fancy to Vagabond, and got him from Joe Thompson, and drove him in his gig from Oxford to Badsworth, but he proved to be quite worn out. The Whynots and the Lubins were always great lines of blood at Badsworth; the former were black-and-tan, and had more dash, while the Lubins were sound good badger pyes, and claimed kindred with the Duke of Buccleugh's Lexicon. The half-faced Fleecer was of this year; he was a rare roadster, and so cheerful and persevering in his cast, that Clark and half Berkshire generally looked to him in difficulties. He was by Fitzhardinge Furrier, and Harry Ayris though him so like the old dog in work and shape, that being out of Furriers, he borrowed and bred from him. Statesman, of this year, a very capital hound in chase, also went to Berkeley Castle, but he never got any puppies. The Fitzhardinge Hector was lent them in turn, with especial injunctions from his lordship that he was never to go out in large fields, and in 1853 they entered three-and-twenty by him.

In 1854, among the first litter of Sunderland puppies, came Spangle, who is still doing capital work at Badminton. Boxer and Bobadil, the first of the Bosphoruses, were equal for the Cup in 1856; and in 1857, the great Hercules and Spangle litter carried all before them. There were originally nine, but two died of distemper after they had come in from walk. The symmetry and colour were caught principally from the dam, and the face from Hercules, of whom Hesperus was the

The Hercules Litter.

very image. Honesty was considered better than Harlequin in their classes, and the latter was run hard by Baronet, by Bosphorus; but the judicial decision of the learned Barons, Will Long (who very nearly took a lane flying, the next season on England's Glory), and Joe Maiden, was confirmed on a division of huntsmen, &c., by eleven to eight. So anxious was Mr. Richard Sutton to have Hercules at the Quorn sale, that when he arrived just a few minutes too late, he offered Clark the 210 guineas he had paid for the lot, to get the son of Albion alone. Not a relic of his mealy blue skin and nearly hairless head is preserved; and when we saw him the week before his death, he seemed to have aged very fast since Quorn, but ran in the first flight the same as ever. They worked him for the first time with eighteen couple, and had a capital trial three miles from Appleton Common up to New Bridge, and three back to ground at Tubney Wood. He and Statesman led all the way; Dexter, another of the Quorn lot, did well; but he was always greater in the woodlands than in the open, and Trojan, by Trueman, fat as he was, showed himself a capital line hunter. The Hercules blood has prospered in Mr. Montague's hands; and George Whitemore is especially proud of some bitches by him. The Duke of Beaufort has also two couple to enter; but he died so early in his last season, that there were only four or five litters by him.

The Last Tubney Hound Show.

The blood bravely held its own again when it came before the Old Berkshire Bench next year in the Bitch Puppy Cup; but still, to quote the impressive *obiter dictum* of Will Long, "*Turn me out Harriet and Sophy, and I don't care which I catch hold of;*" and Joe Maiden was equally troubled in his mind. Three brother-scarlets came in to help, and there we all stood in the yard, that day, Mr. Morrell in the centre, pencil in hand, to take the votes, while a master of hounds, the late

lamented Hunt Secretary and a few old Berkshire men, some of them cup winners, were grouped about among the nine-and-a-half couple of entries. Having once seen Joe Maiden judge hounds, with his hands folded across his breast, we shall cease to have any faith in the saying, "That no man was ever so wise as Chancellor Thurlow looked." Even if Joe heard the voice of a relative behind him, whom he had not seen for years, it is even betting that he would not deign to turn round, till his kennel mind was quite made up. Robert Tocock was still pale and weak from a crushing fall; and when Joe was at his gravest, he kept tapping his foot for an indefinite period with his stick in despair of getting a recognition of his sentiments any other way, and then found that he had been working at the wooden one. Then there was Will Long, airy and as stylish as ever, after his seventy years' pilgrimage, with Jem Hills at his side, still unconsciously replying—"*Yes, Master!*" as in those great days when with Will Todd he whipped into him in the Badminton and the Heythrop. Jem doesn't dwell when he is *In Banco;* but with one offhand glance, he just catches the gay workman of his fancy, and thinks about it no more; while Harry Ayris, after a look, about half-measure between Jem's and Joe's, turns round to consult his learned brothers, with that quiet shake of his head, which has been fatal to so many a Berkeley and Cheltenham fox, when hounds drop to hunting, and he falls to thinking.

Judicial Bearing of Jem Hills.

The bitches came first, and very soon all but Sophy by Fleecer, Frantic by Forester, and Harriet, Harmless, and Helen, by Hercules, were handed to Harris and Pike, outside. "*Put Frantic and Harmless out!*" was the next injunction of Mr. Morrell to Clark. Then it was the fair Helen's turn to go; but she was after Jem Hills' own heart; and when Mr. Morrell resolved himself into a teller, Jem placed her second. And now the scrutiny of

scrutinies began. One liked Sophy best behind, and another went for Harriet's gay and airy forehand. Another said that "*Sophy could race, and Harriet hunt a fox to death.*" Save and excepting Jem, they shook their heads in such despair at splitting the difference, that Mr. Morrell began to think, that as in Trumpeter's and Rutland's year, there would be a bracket, and two cups to give instead of one. At last, however, the five packed, and Mr. John Aldworth, who got this cup one year with Toilet, just walked into the yard to receive the doleful greeting from Mr. Morrell's lips of "You've just missed it with Sophy." Helen was a good third, so the shade of Hercules was appeased.

Selim by Fleecer, Royal by Greaves's Render, Firebrand by Forester, and Heretic by Hercules were soon the only standers among the same number of dog puppies; though Jasper by Hercules was recalled for a moment. Firebrand, whose features were a trifle too long for Will Long's fashion-loving eye, had been submitted to a most rigid scrutiny, first with his two feet resting on one brick in the kennel yard floor, and then on separate ones, to see if he was mathematically straight, and was pronounced quite the prizeman of his day. "*Unanimous for Firebrand,*" said Mr. Morrell, when he had gone round, pencil in hand; and then came the struggle for second. Ayris, Maiden, and Tocock were all for Royal, and the Master of the South Warwickshire, as he stood there—

> "and came for to hear it,
> He werry much applauded the thing they had done."

Long was all for Heretic; and Jem Hills had gone, it was whispered, minutes before, for something else. "*Jem's not with the majority again this time,*" said we to Will. "*Isn't he?—I know Jem's sort of old;*" and down went the handle of his hunting whip on to the gay black tan back of Selim by Fleecer, and sure enough it was.

Farewell to Tubney.

Three weeks later those kennels had become a vast chase mart, for the exchange of minds between twenty masters and five-and-thirty huntsmen; and many a mysterious little knot of three in the park told that a new whip was being engaged. A great fox-hunting era was just about to die out, but there were symptoms of vitality enough about the patriarch Jim Morgan; and although he was rising seventy-four, they might well ask Clark, why he "*admitted boys into the kennel.*" We care not to dwell upon the woodpecker tap of Mr. Tattersall's hammer, beneath the elm, near the kennels, and the 29½ guinea average for the entered, and the 36 guinea for the unentered, which it sealed. We must get forward three months.

The new O. B. H. pack had migrated to Oakley, and everything looked very hopeless and drear when we strolled in for the last time to have a look at the old place. The stables from which Memnon, England's Glory, Marlborough, Sir Warwick, Wild Rose, Fisherman, Harkaway, Chesterfield, Bletchington, and Topthorn had been sent on to cover so often, were empty; and a couple of magnolias near the front door, from which such troops of fox-hunting friends had departed in an evening, and constituted themselves special commissioners to inquire whether the Oxford hacks were as good as when they kept terms, only made the desolation more complete. Even the staunch old chaplain, who not only knew by sight, but had traced and then written out in text-hand, the name and pedigree of every hound of that kennel, to the tenth generation, had fled the spot in despair. The very straw-thatched houses, in which so many scions of Sunderland, Hercules, Hector, and Foreman were nursed, had been taken from that necropolis of an orchard. The Tubney Ghost, which appeared to John Jones, and is popularly supposed, even in its calmer moments, to carry a carving knife, must have

absolute sway now ; and it may be that "the voices of the night," cheered on by that spectral sportsman, on Golumpus or Memnon, may be heard at All Hallows Tide, busy among the hazels of Tubney Wood, or running the old line of the Bablock Hythe day.

RAMBLE THE SECOND.

"Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse flower the goddess's shrine ;
Throughout the wide range of this blooming creation,
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster, and squeezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;
Then, in the joy of my heart, will I seizing it,
Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows."

Jem Hills.

THE Heythrop began, in 1835, with Jem Hills, who came there from Lord Ducie's, and twenty-five couples, principally Dorimants and Nectars, from Badminton. Jem had been for a considerable time with Colonel Wyndham in Sussex, and many legends of him still linger about Petworth, where he was in for a goodly amount of riding of the Gohanna and Grey Skim hunters. He played in the Sussex eleven for eight seasons, while Bainbridge and Lillywhite flourished, and was selected, from his talented batting, to do battle for 300*l.* against Hampshire, in Sir John Cope's Park. Amid these feats with the willow, he nourished and brought up five cubs from a tea-pot, and he was saddled with a family of six more, in a most remarkable way. They had run a heavy vixen in a small cover, near Eyfold, round and round for nearly an hour and five minutes, till Jem got wearied out, and stationed himself in a ditch to head her. Confiding in his natural gallantry, she jumped into his arms, and he arrived at the kennels with her on the pommel of his saddle.

"Jem's Ditch" at Shillinglee, the seat of Earl Winterton, is also pointed out to this day, and it was there, when they had run their fox for five hours in the large coverts, and for nearly fifty minutes more in an acre spinney, and seemed as far off as ever from killing him, that Jem lay in ambush, and turned him to them by moonlight, at just twenty minutes to ten. Will Staples was once baffled the same way for nearly two hours in an osier bed, quite as small, near the bend of the Severn, which had washed all the soil from the roots; and it became at last so ridiculous to see the fox trotting after the hounds, and then dodging under the roots, that he had to go in and help them.

The echoes of Jem's key-bugle are also still lingering at Sladeland, and as he played "*Over the hills and far away*," with variations, the hounds sat up and charmed in honour of their favourite musician; and then, when such *encores* became tedious, with one wave of his hand they would go flying over the brook in a body, and swing themselves round and back, at another.

Fathers of the Heythrop Kennel.

When Jem found himself at Heythrop, he set to work to correct the short head and neck and wide chest of the Dorimont and Nectar blood, and used Rutland, Pilot, and Yarborough Plunder. The Pilots had very fine quality; and Harlequin, a grandson of old Pilot, from Heroine, by Fitzhardinge Hector, is now one of the quickest in the kennel. The Plunder bitches were decidedly out of the common, but rather apt to shed their somewhat coarse coats. Rutland Grappler, the sire of the Wynnstay Harold, also did a good deal for the kennel, but he got them rather short. A good deal of Warwickshire Bluecap blood came in the drafts, and Jem sent bitches to the Warwickshire Tarquin, by Belvoir Comus, from Warwickshire Testy. He was a light plain 24-inch hound, and white with yellow spots; but Jim had marked him doing his work over some fallows on Roleright Hills, in 1845,

when the fox went to ground, and determined to have a slice of him. The nick between him and the Rocket blood was very great, and Theodore, from Termagant, was so bred. The Bluecap blood in the Heythrop came from Mr. Drake's, and they were generally black tan hounds; lengthy, but rather heavy-shouldered. The twenty-five inch Drake Boaster did not disappoint him, and got all his bitches twenty-two inches, and with very beautiful forehands, while those by Vampyre by Beaufort Voucher, on the contrary, were rather heavy-shouldered, and very apt to knock themselves to pieces over walls; and Cheshire Chaser, whose brother Champion did the North Staffordshire some service, brought the Badsworth Conqueror and Foljambe Piper blood into the kennel.

Nathan.

The twenty-five inch Roman-headed Nathan was one of Jem's particulars, and although he was rather long on the leg, and got his stock so, he was as low-scented as a harrier, and could often carry it over fallows or along a road, when nothing else could touch it, and put the pack to rights pretty often among the cubs in Wychwood Forest. He worked him five seasons, and then he went to Mr. Hillyer's, leaving eight or ten couple of his blood behind. His science as a road-hunter was such, that if he had been in the South Warwickshire, Jem would have no occasion to renew his annual offer to their huntsmen, beginning with John Jones, to turf over that piece of the turnpike road which separates the two hunts near Roleright Hills. Nathan's sons, Nobleman and Ferryman, are great at a road now, and on the last day of the 1857-58 season, the former carried it down one, for a mile-and-a-half. The others had faith, but would not speak to it; and Jem trotted behind, strong in the belief that "*he never told a lie yet.*" Still he wavered in his allegiance, when a woman, with a sickly child, sitting under the side of a hedge, vowed that nothing had passed her way, but Noble-

man knew better, and another nose was added to the Heythrop store.

Old Affable.

As a proof of Jem's high esteem, old Nathan was crossed with Affable. This renowned bitch was by Assheton Smith's Ruler, by Harlock's Freeman, and from Beaufort's Artful, but falling blind with the distemper, she was never entered. Ruler came with Jem's baggage in the waggon from Lord Ducie's, and was such a miserable object, that Mr. Smith when he saw him as he was, and what he became, used to declare that no one "ever can know them till they're two." Affable nicked well with the Tarquin and Rocket sort, but her best puppy, Merlin, by Manager by Oakley Factor, wasted early from kennel lameness. She bred forty-five couple in all, and the greater part of two litters from her were entered in one year. Six Affables figure in the Heythrop picture, and their dam was as keen of the sport as any of them. When she got hold of a fox's head, she would tear it in pieces, and go fairly crazy with joy. In lack of nobler game, she would wander away to Woodstock after rabbits for her puppies, crown down on to them, and steadily dig them out. Lord Dillon had her, and sent her home to pup; but she did not admire her change of quarters, and made a well-meant attempt to carry her puppies back to Ditchley. By crossing the brook, and thus avoiding the village, she got four young Plunders safely deposited on the common, and she had carried one on and was leaving it on the steward's door step, when she was discovered. They also say that she was as good as the blind guide on the Eastern Counties line, and that a ladies' maid, who had got lost in the wood coming from Chesbury, would have been left out all night, if she had not met her rabbit-hunting, and submitted to her pilotage.

The Rockets.

Rocket, to whom Mystery is now closest allied in blood, was another pre-

sent at parting, to Jem, from Lord Ducie, who had bred from him and Ranter, through thick and thin. He was by Osbaldeston's Rocket, from Beaufort's Dainty by Dorimont, and Rocket himself was by Lord Vernon's Rallywood, from Baroness, both of which were in the five hundred guinea pack "The Squire" bought from his lordship. Having once been ridden over, he was very shy, and would nip right round the horses at a check to the front. In Lord Ducie's hands he was put to Vigorous, Vanquish, Vanity, and all old Lord Middleton's best blood, going back to Mr. Musters; and he was one of the sixteen couple that came with Jem from the Vale of White Horse, where the blood was still lingering, when Dick Burton left it for Lincolnshire.

Regent was amongst the two Rocket and Affable litters of one season, and he greatly delighted Jem in his second, by bringing a drowning fox out of the Charwell, near Ransome Park, retriever-fashion, by the nape of the neck. Like all the Rockets, he was amazingly fond of carrying the head. His own was rather a thick one, like old Affable's, and he was eventually drafted for size. Old Rocket, his sire, was a nice hound, of 23 inches, and invariably got them with more bone than himself. He was stifled in his first season, and then ran to head for six more; and his death was rather a sudden one. He was sitting down in Heythrop Park, during an afternoon stroll with Jem, when he broke a blood vessel, and bled to death on the spot. Oddly enough, his son Ranter died nearly the same way, when he was five years old, in a very hot morning, towards the latter end of cub-hunting. He had run a cub 200 yards into the Ox Copse, on Wychwood Forest, and killed it; when the hounds were counted over he was missing; and it was not until a fortnight after, that he was found lying dead under an oak tree, about a hundred yards beyond where the cub was

Death of Ranter.

broken up. He was buried where he fell, and the tree is called, in affectionate remembrance of him, "Ranter's Oak," to this day.

Lifter was a grandson of Rocket's, and strained to Lord Fitzhardinge's kennel on his dam's side. His nose would have delighted his lordship beyond measure, as he would speak to the least touch of a fox, and was in fact one of the very few drag hounds left; such as they used to boast of in the Holderness in Mr. Hodgson's day, which (as they would have it), feathered at the hedges three hours and ten minutes, after their fox had gone through. He had this peculiarity, that he never would draw a cover, but tried every meuse all round.

Clarendon. Clarendon, by Ranter did as much for the Heythrop as any of Rocket's descendants, and got a great many sandy-coloured hounds. Mr. Morrell used him; and Conqueror, who was lost on the ice along with Royalist and Pedlar, was by him. It was a miracle how the whole pack escaped that day. They were running across the ice near New Bridge, when it broke, and let the body of the pack through, and then closed and caught the three, while Clark and Will Maiden could give no aid. Clarendon himself went abroad in the drift, as his pace was so tremendous that he could go clean away from the pack, and they were always hunting him and the fox as well. Middleton by Clarendon was, in this respect, still worse than his sire, and Jem lost many a fox through him. He would not throw his tongue till he had got half-a-mile, and then he would try fairly to race his fox to death over the walls.

Tom Hills. Having so often observed Tom Hills on the Epsom hill, in his green coat and top-boots, taking his Derby observations, like an old Surrey general, from the back of Ransley or The Advocate, we determined to view him in his sphere of home usefulness, and sought Garston Hall kennels

accordingly. The hall, which boasts of a beautiful cedar, and a well 365 feet deep, is surrounded by a little colony of snug cottages, which make up quite a pleasant village, with Tom as patriarch. The chalkstone gout has used him rather ill of late; and he had had also a bad fall, which still makes it difficult for him to raise his left arm to his head. This is by no means the first of his misfortunes, as he has broken both arms, three ribs (by falling on his horn, in the days when they carried them slung), the cup of his elbow in three or four bits, and his bladebone, as well. Gout, however, bothers him most, and makes his action rather short, but still he gets along as of old when he is once on his pigskin throne. It was with reference to his woes in this way that he said, when we observed that his eyes were rather shut in a photograph, "*Next time I'll have it taken when I've got the gout—that will make me open them fast enough.*" Still we found him very cheery, seated in his arm-chair, which the skin of his once honoured dark chestnut Paddy has lined.

The chairs in the room had all hound-skin cushions, taken from nine of the best of the seven couple of bitches which fell more than a hundred feet down a cutting on the Brighton rail some years ago. Will Long, Mr. Davis, Mr. Haigh (an old master of the pack); Squire Waring, with his Kent harriers; John Ward, with Betsy and Blue Ruin; Lord Derby's staghounds, with Jonathan Griffin on his grey; Brother Jem (who whipped into him nine years), in the centre of his Heythrop picture; and the old Surrey Hunt, after Barraud, lent lustre to the walls. Tom, as all the world knows, is in the centre of the latter, on Lounger; while one of his sons is on Paddy; and the badger-pye Factor, by Old Surrey Factor out of Dimple, of his most cherished sort, stands close up to Lounger's foot. There was also an enormous fox in a case, but he was not exactly brought to hand in

Tom's usual style, as the hounds flashed over him into a cover near Godstone, and a farmer found him lying dead in a furrow next day.

Tom is rising sixty-four, and just entering his fortieth season as huntsman with his old Surrey pets. He has been at it with them ever since he was fifteen, and whipped in for seven seasons to John Cole. Out of the other forty-two, three were spent behind the bar; but he soon took to the scarlet again. Five of his sons, all trained by himself or Brother Jem, or both, are in the profession; and he can say, what no man ever said before, that three of them—George, Tom, and Edward (who is with Count Carolli, at Pesth) are huntsmen, a fourth, Morris, second whip to her Majesty, and a fifth, Sam, first whip to himself.

The old Surrey country is very full of covers, and the Godstone side, which requires less wet than the other, is much the best. Still the hunting is up-hill work, in more senses than one, as the flints wear out a pack in no time. At the end of one season they had only fourteen couple sound, and had to knock ten couple on the head for hopeless lameness. Tincture of myrrh is Tom's principal application, and he finds that the hare-footed hounds stand the flints much better than the cat-footed ones. Every year they send out some twenty couple of puppies; but the walks are not a land of Goshen, and they seldom enter more than five or six. John Walker and Brother Jem have principally come to the rescue with their drafts, and there are about sixteen couple from Wynnstay in the kennel now. Mr. Davis also sends Tom some hounds, when they are not quite fast enough for his purpose; but still the Old Surrey line has been well carried on by their Rummager and Joker. Warrior, the handsomest son of the latter, never got a whelp; but he did infinite service to Tom in *the* run of his Old Surrey life on the 12th of February, 1857, with a fox who had already beaten

them twice. The meet was at Nutfield, in the Godstone country, and they found at Old Park, and killed in the large coverts at Cansion, after crossing the river five times! The twenty-two miles from point to point was done in four hours and a-half; and a lad of the name of Richards, on his pony, stuck to them all the way. Tom's horse, Advocate, was beat beyond Dry Hill; and then getting on his son Sam's Doubtful, "the old un" had such a tumble at the next fence, that to this day they demand of him in that part of the country, to send a horse and cart to fill up the hole he made. Be that as it may, Tom rose from his mother earth like a very Antæus refreshed; and as he saw Warrior carry the scent down a lane into a coppice, he exclaimed, in his unquenched fervour, to Mr. Ross, "*He's been waiting for us; he must be owrn now!*"

"Blest is the eye
Which dwells between the Severn and the Wye,"

has long been a Gloucestershire saying, and we felt the truth of it to the full, as we climbed, one July evening, to the top of the tower in Berkeley Park, and looked down as well on that richly wooded panorama, which was the hunting ground of the Earl for some half a century. Quite as keen sporting characters as himself were reared there. Old Pierce used to sit at his cottage door near Berkeley, when he could hardly stir, and listen to the Earl's and Harry Ayris's horns all over the Vale; and when his lordship passed on his return home, and stopped, as was his wont, to tell him about the sport, he was sure to remind him once more, "*I've heard you and Harry all day—it never goes well with you, when there's so much duetting.*"

Berkeley Castle.

Then there was Jerry Hawkins, who still lives in the print on his thirty-year-old horse, taking his hat off to cheer Hazard, one of

Jerry Hawkins.

the few hounds whom the Earl ever had painted. No one loved better to sit at the corner of Barrow Wood, to watch for the vixen, or to swim the Severn from market near Hawe Bridge, and take his chance of fouling the rope. His love of varmint was not confined to foxes, but the rats had the unlimited run of his sitting-room, and he knew them all by sight so well, that when Mr. Giles's first whip clipped one over, his house-keeper exclaimed, with her apron to her eyes, that its death was as much as her place was worth, as "master would be sure to miss it."

Earl Fitzhardinge.

The Earl himself did not fancy any dog-hound above twenty-three, and never cared how small the bitches were. He never liked them shy of tongue, and it was no matter if they were straight or coarse, provided their work was only good. "*I don't care for all their looks*," he was wont to say; "*huntsmen forget to breed hounds for their noses; they're all for looks;—give me the pack that will kill foxes.*" "We musn't forget the old sort," was the maxim he impressed upon Harry to the last, and by that he principally meant the blood which Mr. Corbet and Will Barrow did such wonders with in Warwickshire. He also bought a pack of hounds from Major Bland in Herefordshire, a rough-looking lot, who, like Mr. Corbet's, would hunt a fox and catch him when others couldn't handle him at all. The yellow pied Monitor went back to Major Bland's sort, and Woldsman from the celebrated Beaufort Wanton was one of his best sons. A second cross, between Beaufort Woldsman and their own Delicate produced Desperate, Dissolute, Demon, Dervise, Dalliance, Dinah, and Diligent. The Earl was wont to say of Desperate, that he was the best he ever saw or had, and that with a fair scent, he would not be afraid to take out those seven and catch any fox breathing. Harry Ayris always hung a little to Dinah, but he thought that her daughter Waspish by Fitzhardinge Waterloo

could hunt quite as low a scent. Waspish bred very few puppies, but among them was a good Melody by their Manager. Herald by Warwickshire Saffron from Hyacinth, who goes back to the Desperate sort, was, along with a daughter of Glider's, the last hounds the Earl ever saw. They were taken up to him in his bed-room in his illness, as he was anxious to have another look at "the old sort," which had in this instance to be drafted for size, and to judge for himself as to the blood of Glider, which his friend Sir Richard Sutton had so ceaselessly pressed upon him.

The Herods.

Lord Fitzhardinge was especially fond of Chedworth Woods; and he cared as little about the colour of his hounds, as he did for them being "sorty." A thousand guineas would not have bought his favourite Herod by Hazard by Corbet's Foreman, who was as bare as a Berkshire pig, and with only a few blue hairs on his sides during the season, and none at all at the end, except under his neck. He dates nearly forty years back, and the sort may be said to have died out in 1833, with the one-eyed Harlequin, who pulled his neck out of joint, breaking up his fox, with three or four couple more, at Tockington. They bred from him one season, and he left a fine black and tan litter of seven from Radiant, but not so good as the Desperate lot. Hotspur by Beaufort Regent, from a daughter of another Harlequin, had also a strong strain of Herod blood in him, and a head big enough to have satisfied Lord Hastings, but he got his puppies nice enough in that point. Both he and his son Hector were very gay and wonderful drawers, and there was no hound to whom the Earl trusted more than Hector to get him out of difficulties. His beautiful tongue pleased him as well, and he would sit on his horse for half-an-hour to watch him puzzle out a line of scent.

Harrogate.

Harrogate by Fortitude from Hecuba, a daughter of Herod, was one of the

same sort, and Mr. Grantley Berkeley loved him quite as tenderly. He used to amuse Harry Ayris and his whips, as a puppy, by standing for minutes together in the kennel, to wind a fox who was tied up near it, through a hole in the wall; then racing round and round a hundred times to feel for the line; and then after deciding that the hole was the point, setting off to test his opinion once more. He was never known to speak false in the Oakley country or anywhere else, and he would stop at four cross roads, and wait till his master or George Carter gave him a sign. He was given to Carter when he went as huntsman to the Grafton country, and there he got worn out. After that he went to Beacon Lodge, and did a little among the otters, but he was rather unlucky with his stock, which were often not quite straight.

Warwickshire Tarquin.

Warwickshire Tarquin, who was recommended to the Earl by Jem Hills, did the kennel some good. They had five couple by him of one entry, and Tamerlane, Trojan, and Telltale from Garland, of the old sort, were very nice industrious hounds. Tarquin himself was shortish-necked, and short all together, and his lordship never fancied him in his work as he did his three sons. Harry Ayris has rather an affectionate remembrance of one of the days he was out, as it was that on which he first happened to ride Micklewood by the Old Sailor, and continued to do so for ten seasons. His own horse was beat, and he borrowed the dark chestnut from John Dinnicombe, and when he landed over his first leap, a hedge on a bank and ditch, with the hedge from him, he looked back and cried, "*Thank you, John! you'll ride Micklewood no more.*" He originally won his name from the fact of Mr. Grantley Berkeley having found him out in a blazing twenty-two minutes from Micklewood Chase, when seven had a bath in the Rea, but Harry had never been on him before. Old Ben Chapman used

Micklewood.

to admire him wonderfully, and it was his constant saying that "*A man should carry that Micklewood in his eye when he goes to buy anything*," and "*Mind what you're at; the old horse's ears are forward*," became as constant a saying in the hunt. But we are forgetting Tarquin, who became stifled at Berkeley, and then went to Wynnstay, where he did not get any puppies. Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest and Comrade were both crossed with Tarquin bitches to give them more style; but although Contest could do his work with the pack, Comrade was the perpetual victim of stifle lameness, and never sound for two days together. Among others, they also used Foljambe's Albion, a light-coloured clever hound, as well as Belvoir Roman, and Watchman, with Druid, and the modern Belvoir Rallywood's elder brother Ranter from the Yarborough kennel. John Ward of the Worcestershire had also a rare slice of their Abelard by Hector as a litter of eleven by him from Beaufort Winifred came in, and were all entered with the exception of one, which was too small.

Contest and Comrade.

Shropshire is full of old hunting memories, from the time of Tom Moody and Trojan, and when the flag-staff on the grig-clad steeps of Haughmond Hill told that Squire Corbet and Will Barrow had brought back the hounds from Warwickshire for a few weeks in the season. Will Barrow, as his epitaph records, enjoys no more

Shropshire.

> "The stirring chase
> Of hounds and foxes striving in the race,"

and sleeps just under the hill from which he plucked so many long-tagged trophies. Those were the days when the Squire had gates four miles round Sundorne, and if he did get to a fence, it was always, "*Please oblige me by turning my horse over; and I'll catch yours*"—but he always forgot. Then there was Sir Richard Puleston, with his curly sterns, who had

such a habit of all singling out one hound, and worrying him, that the baronet in vain offered a reward of 200*l.* to any one who would devise a cure. Will Todd did not know of the habit when the forty couple were sold into the Old Berkshire country. They, however, began the very first night at the Kingston Inn kennels, and Will procured a great bell, and rung it, and flogged them, till he almost alarmed the neighbourhood. Next day he kept them out in the yard, and let their unhappy quarry go in and out of the lodging-house as he liked, and they at last got so frightened, that at the first tinkle of the bell, whose rope was at his bed-head, they would stop short in the smallest jar.

Mr. Pelham and his Men.

Shropshire has also a keen remembrance of Mr. Pelham, who canvassed Shrewsbury alphabetically. He put his men into white coats with black collars and cuffs, and black velvet breeches; and then, when he had sedulously made them such guys, he would urge his pony for miles out of his road, especially to avoid them. He seems, however, to have kept some eye on them, as he was once, and only once, heard to say, that the huntsman Ned Bates was "mouthy," and that Jacky Tattle, the whip, was "a boy to kill horses."

Ned Bates.

Ned, who is introduced as whip into Mr. Corbet's hunting picture, rode good sixteen stone latterly. He always said "*My Honey*" when he was pleased, or the reverse, and had a nose like a red mulberry. The Rev. Charles Eaton, who was so great over Shropshire or Cheshire for twenty minutes on his scarecrow mare Fair Barbara, once asked him confidentially how much a year on a fair calculation it cost him to keep it painted; but Ned "moved the previous question," and deftly parried the thrust, with —"*Aye! my Honey! if thee'll put thy mare into my stable, I'll bring a blanket off my own bed to kiver her poor bones.*"

The brightest era for Shropshire seems to connect itself insensibly with Will Staples and his two great whips, Jack Wiglesworth and Tom Flint. The dance at Will's wedding was quite a county event; and Shropshire men roar yet over poor Tom's celebrated speech—"*For the honour you've done me, in proposing my health in my absence—that's always it, &c.,*" when he had never left the room. Tom Matthews did not hold office under Will, but we can hardly wonder at the devotion, with which he always watched for the honour of giving up his horse in a run to him. This happened seldom enough in Longwaist's day, who was only once seen resting his weak crooked knees on a hedge-top, quite unable to rise at it, while Will kept craftily talking to his hounds, as if that was an attitude of pure choice on his part, and not of necessity. The Shifnall men wanted sadly to back Will and that great raking low-back, against Moonraker and Mr. Sirdefield, but Will vowed he could not ride a yard without music. Will Staples and his Whips.

The Atcham Bridge meet has never looked itself, since "the three" were wont to wait with the hounds in the meadow for Sir Bellingham. We know no spot so rich in hunting history, even if Jack Mytton had not jumped those rails, with his arm in a sling. Everything in the scene is so good of its kind, and the parts so beautifully disposed in relation to each other, that an artist could make no alteration for the sake of breadth or effect. The salmon-haunted Severn, to whose nymphs the Shrewsbury boys have addressed such boundless copies of iambics and Sapphics, both in Butler's and Kennedy's time, steals quietly past the osier bed where Will used to hope he was at home, and on through the massive iron-grey arches to the sea. A rectory and church, the red stone of whose Early English tower blends so gracefully with the ivy which half enwraps it, shuts out the distant Wrekin; while a herd of dark- The Atcham Bridge Meet.

coloured Herefords, for whom the Royal Society has not lived in vain, dot the pastures to the left, and lend life to the deep green mass of Longner's woods behind.

The Hounds of Shropshire.

Large hounds did not suit the small enclosures of Shropshire in those days, and they were given up; but now hounds go over the fence, and do not, as of yore, require three or four jumps to get through them. The Cheshire hounds were, as a general thing, too flying for Will Staples's purpose, but still some of his best hounds were from that blood. Virgin by Cheshire Valiant from Fancy by Lonsdale's Palafox, was good for eight seasons, but she never left Will's heels for the first. In Shawbury Heath she was invaluable, as it was full of gutters two feet deep, covered with ling and grig at the top, and she was the first to find that the fox ran these ditches, and to teach the others to go there. Will got experience of something more than ditches here. He had long noted the old Shawbury Mill dam with a view to a short cut some day, and when he did try his hand at it, he and his horse went in together, and the latter dragged him out as he clung to its tail. Mr. Smith Owen told him to go home and change, but he reappeared in twenty minutes, clad in a farmer's shooting-coat and plaid breeches, and nicked in with his hounds near Wytheford Bridge.

Shropshire Woodman.

If possible he loved Woodman still better than Virgin, and he never had any that would face a Shropshire crowd so well, and go back so resolutely with their hackles up to the place where they last knew of it. Woodman was by Wildboy by Osbaldeston's Wonder from Remnant, and was rather a flat-sided hound under twenty-three. His stock were not big, and most of them tick-marked, and like him, "knew nothing about tiring." Tom Goosey bred from him at Belvoir, and at the time of the madness he went to the Cheshire kennel; but good

as he was in his work, he did Joe Maiden no good as a stallion. Shropshire Bluecap, on the contrary, brought back the Cheshire General blood into the kennel, and left some very strong short-legged hounds. Vulcan by Osbaldeston's Vanquisher was a very favourite hound with Sir Bellingham; and he and Wildboy, the sire of Woodman, were both puppies in that draft of both packs, which Sir Bellingham took from the Squire when he sold him his own on leaving Quorn. Few hounds were so determined and savage as Vulcan when he was put out, and on one occasion when he was running hare, and Joe Maiden, who was then the baronet's second whip, caught him a heavy broad-sider for it, he flew at him and bit him right through his boot and stirrup leather.

Cheshire Blue-cap.

And now we pass into Joe's old country, and those "conservative gorses" whose glories the Arley Hall lyrics will not easily let die. The Tarporley Club had but just made up its mind to hunt fox, when

"Bluecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to scurry,"

and established its renown on Newmarket Heath. Bluecap was a black-pied twenty-five inch hound, and was reared at Waverham Wood. He was always at the head of the pack, and to adopt the words of one who remembered him when a boy, "We viewed him with as much veneration as we did Wellington or Blucher in after-years." Of his daughter Wanton, the sharer of his triumphs, nothing further is known, except that she was smothered in a fox earth, whereas Bluecap died in the ordinary course of things in 1772. The latter was such a hero, that when Cooper the huntsman used to stop on the turnpike, to see his lad who was at school at Gorstage Coppy, the boys always rushed out with a bit of bread for him and the terriers, and felt quite honoured by his acceptance of it. Again, at holiday time, Cooper Senior esteemed it the highest

treat he could give Cooper Junior, to let him "*tak Bluecap to lie on the bed with thee, if thou woold.*" His glories were also well diffused through the Potteries, as every Tarporley week Mr. Smith Barry used to send the lad a suit with six china buttons, in front; and a fox, Bluecap, Wanton, Soundwell, Rockwood, and Old Cooper charging a gate with Cheshire Cheese, engraven thereon.

Cheshire Hounds.

Philip Payne left the Cheshire for Badminton after two seasons, to follow the Seventh Duke, whom he had seen out so often when a pupil at Daresbury near Warrington, and then the next huntsman of note was Will Gaff. He carried no horn during his fifteen seasons, and trusted entirely to his wonderful voice. Will Head found the hounds very wild, but very determined; and full of the blood of—

"Those sons of Old Bedford so prized by George Heron."

This sort was always a great one in Cheshire during that thirty years' mastership, and though they were generally black tan themselves, they went straight back to the red tan Southern Hound. Bedford himself was descended from Meynell's Splendour and Ramper; and Gulliver and Grecian, both were badger pyes and of Bedford lineage. Gulliver was at Heythrop in his thirteenth year, and Jem Hills as well as John Walker bred a great deal from him. His stock were generally dark tan, very high couraged, and as stout as steel, and remarkable for their long sensible-looking heads and large crowns. Victor was another of the Bedfords, and quite a fugleman to Joe. He would go a few yards into a cover, and decide at once if there was a fox; and if there was not, he would sit and triumphantly await the confirmation of his opinion at the huntsman's side. Mr. Villebois' Hannibal, an ambling sulky hound, who never forgave a whip, had the same weird-like tact,

Tact in Finding.

and although Ben Foote was at times so incredulous that he would try down wind and side wind as well, he found it was no use wasting time when Hannibal had said No. He was lent to the Warwickshire for a week, and the very first time he was taken out, he went and found his fox instantly, and raced into him over a country which was equally strange to him. Two Craven men came to Foote at the kennels a few days after to tell him of the odd coincidence, and the likeness of the hound they had seen to their own Hannibal, and as he had then come back and was specially drawn for them, they were perfectly bewildered to think how two hounds with precisely the same marks, should be blessed with precisely the same bump of "locality."

Cheshire Hannibal.

The Hannibal of the Cheshire was the idol of Joe's heart, but he had to be destroyed in the madness along with Envoy and Bravery. The latter was by Meynell Ingram's Bertram from Racket of their capital Nathan blood and quite a little handmaid to a huntsman. She would hunt her fox like a beagle, and when they were breaking him up, she would give just one snack, and then sit up and be the first to move again. Hannibal was by Cheshire General, and with immense bone and depth of chest, and measured good nine inches round the arm ; and he may well hang up with Bravery, and the renowned bay Pevorett, in the entrance hall at Wolstanton. The Heythrop Hannibal did little towards repairing his loss in after-years, but Lord Hawke's Conqueror, the Grove Watchman, Heythrop Agent, Shropshire Bluecap, and Rutland General stopped up such gaps as even the grand entry of twenty-five couple of puppies, out of the eighty which came in that spring from quarters, could not quite fill. The Dapper sort were all whites, and not such hard runners as the Craftsman, who were principally white as well, but too quick and jealous for a less flying country.

Bonny Bell.

Wickstead's Harlequin contributed some very good short-legged hounds to Cheshire, and his Bachelor was the sire of Bonny Bell, one of the very fastest that ever huntsman rode to. Unfortunately she had to be drafted in her third season, from having got completely spoilt in a run from Mobberley Wood. She came out with the fox, ran close at his brush four miles over the palings, and across Tatton Park in nine minutes, and killed him. This coursing ruined her, as she could never be got to stoop again, and was always dancing about to get a view. Still, the habit rather amused the late Sir Watkin, and he thus wrote to Lord Delamere, "*Send us all the Bonny Bells you've got—we've such racing; away goes the fox, and then goes Bonny Bell.*"

Tom Rance.

Sutton's Wildboy and their own Gulliver, Bangor, Manager, Benedict, Watchman, Vagrant, Plunder, Champion, and Rockwood have for some seasons past been the principal sires in the Cheshire kennel, where Tom Rance, who was second horseman for two years to Mr. Gurney, in Norfolk, is now on the threshold of his thirtieth season, as whip. We had never seen Tom till this season, when he requested us to keep a look-out on the towing-path, near Cran Wood, while he watched at the top part of the narrow strip of cover, and as good luck would have it the fox slipped back; just between us. Then came both to eye and ear, scarcely sixty yards from us, the terrific embodiment of that verse, which has enshrined Tom in all Lancashire and Cheshire hearts—

"Tom Rance has got a single oie, wurth many another's two;
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he'd had a view;
Tom's voice was loik th' owd raven's when he skroiked out 'Tally-ho!'
For when the fox had seen Tom's feace, he thoght it toim to go."

Our gratification was so great, that we made an early application for his photograph; though, alas! no sun

and no pencil, however cunning, can hit him off, as he appeared in that moment of grim extasy.

Joe Maiden has principally clung to his old blood, since he came to the North Staffordshire, and his crack Absolute is by Cheshire Bangor, who goes back to Gulliver from Actress by Shropshire Ajax, who came to the Wolstanton kennels when Mr. Davenport bought Captain Candler's pack. He was the leading hound in that great run of December 17, 1857, when they supposed they changed foxes, and ran for five hours and a half with scarcely a check, through eighteen parishes. A man leaving work at dusk, saw the fox cross the field dead beat, and Absolute knock him over, and struggle with him in a dry ditch, while the body of the hounds were nearly three minutes behind. About a quarter of an hour after that, Mr. Davenport and his son arrived on foot, as both their horses had been ridden to a stand-still, but some one had cut off their hard-earned brush and bolted with it. Joe was not out that day, but he had been reduced to the same straits himself on the memorable February 16, 1832, in the Cheshire country, when his Filho da Puta horse, Milo, *alias* "The Pig," stood still, and was left refreshing himself with a moist clod, while Joe, lame as he was, raced for the brush with Mr. Potts of Chester, who had seized on a horse out of a plough team when his own failed. The North Staffordshire.

Mr. Heron was always very fond of Mr. Meynell's hounds; and it was through him that Mr. Meynell Ingram got a good deal of his grandfather's blood (of which Lord Vernon had so much at Sudbury), back to Hoar Cross. When his lordship's hounds were sold at the death of Mr. George Talbot, who had the management, a few couples were retained as a foundation for a small pack, which hunted the Hoar Cross country for three or four seasons; and this was the pack which Mr. Osbaldeston bought for 500 guineas, when he took it Mr. Meynell Ingram's.

conjointly with the Atherstone. Mr. Meynell Ingram had hunted hare for several seasons with some small hounds, bred principally from Lord Vernon's and the Cheshire, and a few from Quorn. When he succeeded to the Hoar Cross country, with Old Leedham—who was once second horseman, and then coachman to Mr. Meynell—as his huntsman, Fallacy, of the Cheshire Bluecap, and Nelly, of the Meynell Stormer blood, were given to him by Mr. Heron; but both of them were so ill with distemper that they were hardly fit to bring. He lost Fallacy out cub-hunting on Needwood Forest Banks; and she went home again, and entered so well, that Mr. Heron felt it much more of a duty than a pleasure to write and inform his friend of her return. Nathan, who became a very popular stallion, was by Pytchley Abelard from Nelly, one of whose daughters, Nightshade, had a great litter by Belvoir Rasselas, which produced three good stallion hounds, Rummager, Reveller, and Roman, all black tan. Reveller was a very clever hound, but unfortunately got poisoned; and Mr. Ingram bred a good deal from Roman, whose best daughter was Hyacinth. But we must not forget old Agnes by the Hoar Cross Abelard from Ringlet by Belvoir Governor. She is fourteen years old, and as her Alaric and Adeline are right able proxies, she wanders about like a fat Mrs. Armitage of the kennel, along with Hostile by Sir Watkin's Admiral, who was making most peaceful overtures to the haymakers for a share of their supper, when we first caught a glimpse of the pair. Agnes has well earned her ease, as she never did wrong, and would pick out the scent at four roads, when nothing else could do anything, and even when she was eleven and quite deaf, she could hunt the line by herself.

Will Danby.

It is many years since Nimrod set the clubs and the hunting world in a roar by his "Tour" anecdotes of the dreams, and

the prayers, and the sayings, and the doings, of the celebrated Holderness master (whom he irreverently wrote of as "Tommy Hodgson"), and his equally famous whip, Will Danby. The former has hung up his horn for years, but Will is just entering upon the fiftieth season of his life in scarlet; and although the grey hairs may be seen straggling under his cap, he is a wonderful instance of what a hardy Yorkshire constitution, good temper, and rigid temperance can effect for a man in "these degenerate days." Will is quite a key to Yorkshire hunting history; but tiles have, of later years, become his thorn in the flesh. "*This draining*," as he emphatically observed to us, when we took counsel with him near the Hurworth kennels, "*is just the ruin of scent; I wish they'd be done with it; when I was a boy, we could hunt from morning till night.*" He was born near Hornby Castle; and the ruling passion with him was strongly fostered at fourteen, when one of the farmhouses, included in his father's lease, was converted by the Duke of Leeds into a kennel for his hounds. This was the crisis of his fate, and henceforward he devoted his attention, much more to helping the feeder to walk the hounds about, than to grounding himself in the elements of agriculture. His expressed views on drainage would, in fact, have militated so strongly against his advancement, that it was well that he established himself in the good graces of Kit Scaife the huntsman, and found a more genial outlet for his energies. When his seven years' probation was over, some difficulty occurred with the Duke of Cleveland about foxes, and the hounds were given up. The rare lot of Pandolpho hunters were sent to the hammer at Tattersall's, and Kit Scaife, who was always a great man for kennel condition, took the head of his Grace's racing stud.

The Duke of Leeds's Country.

It was a sad pity, as the country was a singularly wild and beautiful one, all-

dells and ling. They were constantly having runs almost into the heart of Westmoreland, and hounds kept arriving at he kennel all night. In the cover of

"*Cheerless Understone,*
Where cock never crew, and sun never shone,"

they once divided, and Will had about as much chance of stopping them as a flight of pigeons. After riding wildly in one direction, while Kit went in the other, a shepherd at last halloed to him as if from the clouds on Whiteside, and descended with Bardolph and half a dozen hounds. His account was that they had nearly worried him as well as their fox; but he had summoned courage enough to pick up the brush, and hang it round Bardolph's neck. Of the other run nobody ever knew anything, except that Baronet and his party were found at the mouth of an earth at Masham Moor Heads, thirty miles away.

The Holderness.

This wild sort of training, of which the above is a mere sample, and three or four seasons more with the Badsworth and Scarborough, found Will well up to the mark, when Mr. Hodgson took the Holderness, and beckoned him to his side, as first whip and kennel huntsman; and that memorable pair were in their third season, when "Nimrod" arrived at Beverley to watch the proceedings from the back of "Little Shamrock." Few men had such a country to work in, gentlemen and yeomen all fox preservers to a man, and looking on

"The green gorse in Dringhoe that waves,"

as the most sacred of plants.

Jack Robinson.

Will very narrowly escaped jumping down a coal waste; but the horse's second effort just saved him. This leap was generally talked of, with one that Jack Robinson, whip to Mr. Bethell of Rise, had taken over Wansforth Lock, some seasons before. He was determined to be with his

hounds, and when Mr. Bethell had in vain remonstrated with him, and saw him coolly turn his cap wrong side first as a preliminary, he turned his back not to see him killed. However he got safely over, and at last died in his bed at Sandbeck, where he hunted Lord Scarbro's hounds. In later life, he was not the man (as they say in Yorkshire), "*to burst himself with tooth watter*"; and six or seven horns of ale in a morning before cub-hunting, for a few seasons, soon quenched the fire within him. Old Will Smith once slipped across the Trent, when the hounds were at Manby, to meet him, one blazing hot August morning, at Grove. He could neither hear nor see anything of the hounds, but he espied some one in scarlet at a wicket-gate, and tore up the ride to enquire. The horse was quietly grazing; and the rider, who proved to be Robinson, was fast asleep. "*Halloo! old boy*," said Will, in his fine cheery tones. "*where are your hounds?*" "*Hounds!*" said Jack. "*All right! how should I know? they were here half an hour since—that's you, Will, is it? All right! old fellow—I was just a bit drowsy.*" And so after one or two more thundering claps from Will, to make sure it was "All right," the two huntsmen separated, and Will cantered home again, "*more ashamed than I ever was in my life.*"

Recollections of Mr. Hodgson.

But we are forgetting Mr. Hodgson and his Will. They hunted four days a week with only thirty-six couple of hounds, and killed thirty-seven brace of foxes; and towards the close of another, they hunted nineteen days, and added twenty noses after splendid runs to their stable array. They killed them everywhere, and not content with the intrusion into Sim Templeman's bed-room, they broke up another in the drawing-room at Sir Clifford Constable's. In short, the housemaids of the East-Riding never knew where they had them. On one occasion, Will was seen up to his waist, wading for his fox in the German Ocean, beneath the crags of Skeleton

Hill. This was the day when Mr. Hodgson, for perhaps the only time in his life, composed a triplet, under evidently a prophetic impulse. They had killed their first fox up a tree near Gransmoor, and he suddenly burst out, as they moved on to draw again with "*Will, I say—*

> "The first we've killed in a tree,
> The second we'll kill in the sea,
> That's the way it will be."

And so the event proved, and Lord Hawke begged the pad to nail for luck on the new kennels at Badsworth. Will wears a trophy at his watch chain to this day, in the shape of the tooth of the Dringhoe fox, which gave them such a run through Nafferton, where they had a slight check, and past Driffield, to Dotteril Whin. He was only a hundred yards ahead of the hounds, within a few fields of the whin, but still they did not view him till Will cracked his whip, and he turned nearly broadside to it for an instant. They ran into him just fifty yards outside the cover, and Colonel Thompson cut a large "H" on the back of one of the trees, for a memorial of that day. An Oustwick Whin fox, which they killed at Little Hatfield, after twelve miles straight, added another to their red-letter days; and as the present master, and the late Rev. John Bower and Mr. Melford took their fences, stroke for stroke, Aleck Boswell might well say to his companion, as they "crept a bit," to keep near them, "*Look at 'em, Will! no country has three better!*"

Mr. Hodgson's Wind-up.

All things come to an end; and Will shall tell of the wind-up himself. "My last day and last run in Holderness," he writes, "was on May 3rd, 1837. The meet was at Water Priory, the seat of Lord Muncaster. We went twelve miles to cover, and were at him, on and off, for twelve hours under a burning sun, and then pulled him down at

5 p.m.; and we knew him to be the same fox we had dusted twice before, on account of one of his thighs having the appearance of being clipped. So I think seventeen hours astride of pig-skin in one day made a very good wind-up of my career in the Holderness."

The York and Ainsty.

The next season found Will installed at White House, within easy distance of Bill Scott (who kept a special bottle of raspberry vinegar for him in the cellarette) as huntsman to the York and Ainsty. Rosebud and Lollypop were his favourite nags, and the former carried him for twelve, and the latter for eleven out of sixteen seasons; and Tarquin, Crotchet by Sir Tatton's Climbank, Trouncer by Hodgson's Vexer, Nestor; and Triumph, and Traveller, by Trouncer from Tasty by Trimbush were among the hounds of his heart, which ran to head in many a rare thing from Askham Bog, or the Wild Man.

Trimbush.

To be in Will's society, and not learn about Trimbush, would be drawing him blank indeed; and if Mr. Williamson was ever to hear of it, he would make sure that deponent must have got hold of the wrong man. Trimbush was by Badsworth Tickler from Yarborough Virgin, and so back to Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, through nearly as many V's as there are stiles of that shape near Hurworth. Will Smith sent him to the Ainsty with a broken arm and a "beautiful pedigree of five-and-twenty years"; but he never greatly distinguished himself, till he worked it about half a mile down a road near Shipton-on-Ouse, which the hares were crossing every instant, while the rest could hardly feather on the grass. Both Mr. Lloyd and Will thought he was taking it too far; and the former had just said, "*Will! it's a band or a stallion!*" when he "went through the hedge like a gun," and killed him soon after. Tom Carter was a great admirer of his, and sent several bitches to him, but many of his stock let down their

toes at two years old. He at last became jealous, and too free with his tongue; and as he deceived Joe Maiden twice over in the Cheshire, by making a scent for himself, he soon ceased to use him. From thence he went to The Sinnington, and so on to Mr. Hill's; and some of his granddaughters, with their long dark-coloured heads, are still to be found in The Hurworth.

Will Danby's Accidents.

Twenty-six brace constituted the spoils of Will's best season with the Ainsty, which furnished him with the pet run of his life. They found at Askham Bog, and killed after four hours and ten minutes near Anghram, in the presence of only seven or eight out of three hundred; and some even of that devoted band had to leave their horses and finish on foot. At the close of the season of 1852-53, Sir Charles Slingsby became master; and as he decided to hunt the hounds himself, Will retired with a testimonial, such as may well make him say, "*There never was such a well-used man by hunting gentlemen as I have been.*" As regards accidents, he has hardly so fair a tale, as, in addition to flesh-rents innumerable, he has had three thigh-wrenches, and all his ribs laid bare on the right side up to the breast-bone. His left arm has been broken once, and his collar-bone twice; his right shoulder has been put out; he has had a slight fracture of the skull above the left eye, in consequence of his horse catching in a sheep-net; and he also lay for nearly three weeks in a state of coma, the result of a rheumatic fever, from swimming a river.

The Hurworth Country.

Time has, however, come with healing wings in each instance, and has left no trace of these highly varied chances of war; and as retirement at Acomb was not his *forte*, he became the huntsman of the Hurworth in '55. With the exception of the country on both sides of the Tees, which separates Yorkshire and Durham, this hereditary

hunting-ground of the Wilkinson family is of a stiff "up-hill and down-dale character." Still the foxes generally hang to the riverside, which can be reached in half an hour from nearly all the covers, and point away down a good scenting country for Yarm. Their best cover is Fighting Cocks, which was laid down by the present master with 14lbs. of seed to the acre, and includes from eighteen to twenty acres of good gorse, which can bear sifting pretty often during the season. The blood of Hurworth Fury, crossed with that of Badsworth Whynot, is well represented in the kennel by Worker, Woodman, and Wonder; but Buccleuch's Traveller, who came in a picked ten-couple draught, which Mr. Robinson gave John Glover when he resigned his hounds to Earl Wemyss, has done as much good as anything to them when crossed with the blood of Sir John Cope's Galopade and their Fury. The Galopades were also to be found in those forty-one couples, young and old, which Joe Mason sent off with such sorrow from the station at Bedale to Quorn, and which have for three seasons, more than kept up the glowing *In Memoriam* he pronounced at parting. Ten couple of them are still in kennel, and if the unhappy chop had not occurred, and his lordship had carried out his intention of taking a picked pack for the Gartree Hill fox, which beat him five times one season, we will warrant that Treadwell would not have left either Albert, Ravisher, Ringwood, Reveller, or Chauntress behind. As for the Furies, we quite forget whether Will was speaking of Freeman and Fencer from Fanny, or Tomboy, Trouncer, Terrington, and Trueman from her sister Famous, when he said, "*They tak such pains and have such pluck; they fairly lift a fellow's cap off his head with delight.*" Famous was remarkable in the manner of her death; as she tried to get at her puppies through a small window, and fell into the meat boiler on the other side.

The Badsworth Whynot, who generally got white

Sir Tatton Sykes.

hounds like himself, was by Sir Tatton Sykes's Warrior, who entered himself his first day, and brought the head home in his mouth, and about thirty more that season. Splendour (the sire of Warrior and his Brother Wildair), was perhaps the finest hound Sir Tatton ever bred; Chalon painted him, and Tom Carter always said that he despaired of having another like him. He was by Mr. Hill's Alfred from Lord Middleton's Darling, and so back through Monson's Duster to Vernon's Victory. Comrade, who went to Sir Richard Sutton's, was by him from Charming; and at one time there were six couple of stallion hounds in the kennel, all by him, and enough Comrades to make up any pack. Climback was one of them, and his sons Champion and Carver were both high wranglers in Sir Tatton's tripos. Clinker, by Champion from Blowzy, a daughter of own sister to Bondsman, has been a good deal used since the present Lord Middleton took to the hounds: and Mr. Hodgson was wont to say of him that he would go a hundred miles any day to see such a workman. He has none of it; but Mr. Hodgson, as a general thing, did not care about a little neckcloth, and said "it helps to keep their noses down."

Sir Tatton, as well as the York and Ainsty, and Mr. Hill, bred a good deal from Bondsman by Cruiser, as he liked his deep tongue as well as his work. He was a rare line hunter, and there was none of that tiring and skirting which has been fastened by so many on the blood of Layman, who was the sire of his dam Bluebell. Cruiser, who was by Musters' Solomon, and entered in 1852, was always in high favour at Birdsall; and Mr. Ferneley's art was invoked to immortalize him. Denmark by Splendour, Pleader, bred by Lord Yarborough, Trojan, Furrier by Osbaldeston's Flagrant, Walter, and Woldsman, who broke his shoulder out at quarters, and yet could lead them

in any weather in the meets near home, were also among the Birdsall particulars. Carter hankered after the Fitzwilliam Shiner for years, but he got him nothing good when he did succeed in begging him of Tom Sebright. The cross did not suit, although he had the very flowers of the pack for one or two seasons, and they were rather inclined to be noisy. Viceroy went to the Duke of Buccleuch's; and his son Highflyer, from the Duke's Harriett, has been used to some purpose in Earl Wemyss's kennel. Sir Tatton was always very particular about legs and feet, and his hounds were generally big, with especially great ribs, deep in the brisket, and, as Mr. Conyers and Mr. Marriott used to think, somewhat flat-sided; although oddly enough, it was quite a phrase of Tom Carter's, "Let me see their sides in a line with their thighs."

Mr. Conyers.

Mr. Conyers, who took the Lonsdale and Sykes drafts for years, considered the flat sides their great excellence, as they never tired with Jim Morgan in his heavy road work, sometimes twenty-four miles to cover. At times Jem has ridden his hack thirty-three miles from his house to Little Burnfield, had a second breakfast there, and then taken his hounds ten miles to draw. "*We'll stick to the flat uns, Jim, in Essex, whatever they say*," was his constant remark; "*they'll bear far more fatigue than those square heavy hounds.*" Size was also a great point with Mr. Conyers, and in 1847 he had twenty-five couple of twenty-five-inch hounds; and led by Barmaid, who was nearly as big as any of them, they fairly swept like a hurricane, from scent to view, into their fox over the Roothings. In the wet weather, the bitches were invariably beaten by the dog-hounds. The former had not the necessary stride for the ditches, of which the sides were hollow; and they jumped, as Jim says, "with their hind legs short, another on top of them, and so the ditches were full."

Wildair by Yarborough Warrior from Fitzwilliam's Willing (whose dam, Julia, ran into her fox alone in Lady Sparrow's park from Brampton Wood, after eleven hours' cub-hunting) was a great hound with Mr. Conyers; and so were Tragedy and Madcap, who would neither of them draw a yard, and Joyful by Justice from Primrose. Justice was drafted by John Ward from the Cambridgeshire kennel at three years old, but he cannot remember what for; and Primrose, like Beauty and Bashful, was of the Lonsdale blood. Beauty goes down to posterity in the portrait with her master; and for her and Bashful, both of whom he bred himself, he refused a hundred guineas from Mr. Assheton Smith. There is a great deal of the old Lonsdale blood in the present Earl's pack at Tring; and it was principally obtained by drafts from Charles Payne.

The Brocklesby.

Will Smith, of the Brocklesby, was laid to rest full twelve years before we ever sallied forth on our summer ramble for "scarlet" incidents, and many a cheery story of man and hound has gone with him. "*Stick to Ranter*" was the last kennel injunction he gave to his son Will, as he lay on his death-bed at Barnoldsby; and it has not been forgotten, either by him, or his brother Tom. He tried several dashing experiments, which many less experienced huntsmen would not have thought of; on one occasion he clipped a hound, and on another he took out a pack of bitches, all in season. "The nose of Yarborough" had lost none of its fame in his hands, but in obedience to the wishes of the late lord the standard was reduced to twenty-three and a-half for dogs, and twenty-two for bitches. The stallion succession goes back to Dover, in 1786, who traced his lineage through Fitzwilliam Ranger. The original Ranter of 1790 was Dover's son from Red Rose, sister to Ringwood, the hound which Stubbs painted. Fitzwilliam Traitor contributed its Truant, in 1797;

then came Ranters and Ringwood in a long black tan line. Reveller and Relish by Rector by Savilles' Rallywood were of Smith's own breeding, and great favourites in 1823. Then there were Druid by Flasher, a son of old Furrier; the grey Trimmer, with his deep note, who found nineteen out of twenty foxes, with the little bitch Prattler always at his side; and Jailer by Sir Tatton Sykes' Monarch, a very clever hound indeed. None of them could carry a scent like him through the steam of a hundred horses on the road; and on one occasion he took it half a mile along the top of a sod wall at Croxby Warren, with the pack on both sides, and his great bushy tan stern waving like a banner, till "the Brocklesby boys" were in raptures.

End of Osbaldeston's Furrier.

Will used to say that he always went to Sir Tatton's for ribs, and used his Furrier by Osbaldeston's Flagrant; while Fitzhardinge's Desperate, Foljambe's Prompter by Hodgson's Valiant, and his Herald by Osbaldeston's Ranter; and the badger pye Cheshire Benedict by Galliard followed in due course. The Quorn Furrier also ended his days with him. Mr. Osbaldeston gave him to Lord Yarborough, when he was nine years old; but he was scalded in the back the following year (1830), and, as he failed to get any more puppies, he was put away. There is no picture extant of this patriarch of hounds, and no one at Brocklesby remembers where he was buried. Fairmaid was one of the very last litter by him, and her Dashwood by Yarborough Druid did, along with Foljambe's Albion, and Belvoir Guider, and Chacer, enormous good to the Bramham Moor. At one time or another that kennel-book could show, in the term of its time-honoured toast, full "twenty-five couple" of Dashwoods, principally bitches. The old dog, who came from the Duke of Buccleuch's to the Bramham Moor, was rather ugly and leggy, short in the ribs, and pig-

mouthed; and his stock slightly inherited the last peculiarity, along with very nice necks and shoulders.

Brocklesby Stud Hounds.

Ruler was one of the greatest of the Brocklesby kennel cracks, and he came in an odd way. Mr. Foljambe had allowed him to pick one of his best puppies, and, when he inquired about it, Will told him that it always sneezed after feeding; and the consequence was that he sent for it back, and that rich yellow pye by Albion, the very best of his entry, arrived in its stead. Will used also to be perpetually chopping hounds with Sir Richard Sutton; and it was thus that Basilisk by Sir Richard's Ringwood from Bragela came into his hands. He was put to Rosebud, who went back through Rector to Foljambe's Piper, and ran to head in her eleventh season, and Rallywood, Rocket, and Royster were the produce. Never was there a more luckless trio, in one sense of the word. Rocket, a very handsome dog, curiously marked on one side, was kicked and killed in Grimsby Field; Royster fell down a chalk pit in Irby Dales; while Rallywood, after getting his thigh broken, and being used a good deal at Brocklesby, departed, leaving Yarborough Harper, the sire of Wynnstay Royal, behind, and made a new pack for Belvoir. Tom Smith has of late made most use of Nettler by Noble, a son of Ranter from Audible by Foljambe's Albion, and Ruler by Ruler from Victory by Rallywood; and hence the good old sort knows no decay.

The Grove Hounds.

Osbaldeston's Ranter was equally the making of Mr. Foljambe's kennel, which had been previously strengthened through Roderick by some plain but very good Richmond hounds. At one time he had twenty-five couple by him, among whom were Stormer, Sparkler, Harbinger, and Herald. Harbinger, who was the most racing of the lot, was given in his prime to Earl Wemyss. Stormer was not clever to look at, but first-rate in his work, and

did Belvoir great good, especially as a bitch-getter; but for handiness there was nothing to beat Sparkler, and one wave from Mr. Foljambe's hand would send him flying over any double. Tom Carter used to doat on his beautiful appearance and fine ribs; and Lord Henry Bentinck liked nothing better than Conquest from his Comedy. Bonny Lass was another of his rare granddaughters, and ran very forward in her tenth season with her hearing and eye as good as ever, and not a toe down. She was so resolute, that on one occasion she crowned down on to her fox, as it would have done on to a rabbit's nest, and dug and ate him up, with the exception of the head, pads, and brush.

Herald and Comus.

Herald hunted five seasons at Grove, and then went to Lord Ducie's and several other kennels, till at last Lord Henry Bentinck purchased him in a five-couple lot. He delighted Mr. Foljambe most in a run from Babington Springs up to Bevercoats Park, where the hounds came to a check. There was a halloo at the bottom of the park, and Mr. Foljambe blew them away to a fresh fox. Still Herald would not go; and Merry saw him waving his stern, and then collar the hunted one, and kill him in a briar-bush. Mr. Foljambe might well say when Will reached him, with the fox on his saddle, that such a kill was worth a king's ransom. Dick Burton put Herald away when he was nine years old, and the operation very nearly proved fatal to himself. The old dog blew the two drops of prussic acid out on to his face, as he rolled over; and as Dick rubbed it off hastily with his glove, it got slightly smeared on his own lips; and it was not till after he had recovered from a species of fainting-fit, which lasted more than two hours, that he bethought himself of the circumstance.

Comus from Crazy was Herald's best son, and the kennel used him with still greater freedom and success.

He was a wonderfully clever made "Belvoir tan," of about twenty-three-and-a-half inches, and especially great in drawing, and picking out a scent on a cold day. Dick Burton used to say that, with the exception of Rachael by Osbaldeston's Rasselas, whom he brought with him from Lord Ducie's, and who earned his eternal gratitude, with carrying it by herself through more than a hundred horsemen, down the cliff to Riseholme Wood, on his and her maiden day, in Lincolnshire—that there was no nose he could trust to like Comus's.

Comrade, Contest, and Craftsman.

He was perfect in his work up to his seventh season, when he died rather suddenly. In 1847 Lord Henry's kennel was half full of Comuses; and it was generally considered a hard-running blood, which required to be crossed with line-hunters. Contest, Craftsman, and Comrade were three very eminent brothers by him from his lordship's Sanguine by Foljambe's Sparkler. Contest was never known to smeuse, but took his gates like a greyhound. Comrade and Craftsman were both better than him in their necks and shoulders; and the latter was given to Sir Watkin Wynne, and got some fifteen couple before he was passed on to the Duke of Beaufort, who has always had a wonderful liking for the sort. At one time his Grace had seven couple in work by the three brothers. John Walker entered seven sisters by the latter from Precious, among which are Curious and Cheerful. Curious was in her turn the dam of Conjuror (by Fitzwilliam Harbinger, a grandson of Yarborough Rallywood), who measures thirty-two inches round the heart, as attested by Lord Berners' bullock-tape. Grappler is also a Craftsman after John Walker's own heart, and he and Conjuror were among "the boys that tickled up the Cheshire fox" from the Rawheads on the last Monday of '58. Some men holloaed at him from the Peckforton Castle Hills; and his death-warrant was signed as he sank

into the Vale of Destruction, in a line for Beeston Station, and John Walker called up Cockatoo; but not sealed till he had given them an hour and five minutes through Harlaston Gorse to Acton, over the finest part of Cheshire. Render, Clasper, and Charon, the latter from a Comus bitch, were all celebrated Contests in the Burton country; and so were Clansman, Carnage, Candid, and Clarion from Destiny by Driver, a nephew of Herald's. Driver was quite one of Dick Burton's adjutants, and the admiration was remarkably mutual. On one occasion they ran a fox for three hours in Harpwell Gorse as if they would tear it down, and not one hound outside for the last twenty minutes. Driver was the only one missing after they had killed; and in a few minutes he appeared, with the brush in his mouth, and solemnly laid it at Dick's feet, before the assembled field. Strange to say, he did the same thing over again in the course of the next season's cub-hunting. Contest is in Earl Wemyss's kennel, and his six couple of one-season hounds—more especially Honesty, Heroine, Harbinger, and Highflyer, inheriting as they do his muscular back and loins—are in high favour with his lordship and Will Channing.

Earl Fitzwilliam's.

The match between Earl Fitzwilliam's and Mr. Meynell's hounds took place in the days of Will Deane, who had come with the hounds from Lord Crewe and Foley's, in Worcestershire. Mr. Meynell brought his ten couple from Kimbolton Castle to the tryst at Hunt's Closes, and the hounds were stopped at the end of forty minutes, when, as Milton tradition has it, Darter and the original Druid, both of them tans, were a good first and second. The Druids were generally dark tans, and Dreadnought was a great hound of the sort. When Tom Sebright succeeded John Clark in 1821, there were a great many blue pied, who ran back to old Glancer. The two sorts united well in Jason, from

whom sprang the celebrated Yarborough Druid. Jason by Genial from Duchess was an old stager when Tom Sebright came, and it was of Genial (who had been killed by a kick from a horse just before), that Lord Lonsdale said, he was the best constitutioned and stoutest hound he ever used.

Milton Stud Hounds.

His lordship had also a great many of the Monarch sort. He was by Yarborough's Fairplay from his Vanity, and was entered in 1826, and Tom still loves to tell how he went right away from the body of the hounds near Weston Grove in a great run from Elton's New Closes. The yellow pied Marmion was a son of his, and got his stock with very gay heads and necks, and principally of that colour. He was given to Mr. Foljambe, but died on the kennel bench very soon after he came; and his grandson Marmion by Monarch from Felix, who goes back on his dam's side through Flourish and Finisher to Osbaldeston's Ferryman by Furrier, was used by a great many kennels. The Fatals were also of the Ferryman blood, and Tom thought that nothing nicked better than their cross with the Hermits. John Ward liked the old blood when he whipped into Tom, and the Cambridgeshire kennel in his day was full of Monarchs and Fatals. Marksman, for whom Lord Macclesfield gave 50 guineas at Mr. Henley Greaves' sale, is a fine combination of Marmion with Badsworth Mindful, who goes back, like Badsworth Lubin to Buccleuch's Lexicon. Marplot, the handsomest old hound in the kennel, is all that is left of the sort; and Lord Ducie's Marplot, who made that celebrated jump over the pommel of Lord Portman's saddle, as he stooped to open a gate, did not belong to it, but was of Fitzhardinge blood.

The Shiners have always been very celebrated at Milton. He dates about 1824, and was by the Scarbro' Saladin of the Monson blood, and from Traffic by Yarborough Trimmer. The yellow pied Sports-

man from Faithful by Yarborough Flasher was the one who did most for the blood, and was particularly noticed for his beauty. Shiner himself was given by Lord Fitzwilliam to the Duke of Bedford, at the end of his sixth season, and not only ran well to head in the Oakley, but stocked that kennel and the Cambridgeshire to boot. John Walker also dipped into the sort through Sultan (the sire of Wynnstay Sultan), and so did Mr. Henley Greaves, who had ten couple by him from Badsworth Caroline. Lifter and Pleader, both very dear to Tom, strained back to Drake's Hector; and Hermit, who was by Hector from Goldfinch by Yarborough Ganymede, went to the Duke of Beaufort's, and left several especially excellent daughters behind him.

Badminton paid off his debt to Milton, in the capital cross between their Flyer and Fitzwilliam Blithesome by the Yarborough Bluecap, which produced Feudal. Nearly all this family were rich smutty-faced tans, with rare shoulders and chests, but perhaps slightly thin thighs and quarters. Flamer, one of his sons, who goes back to Osbaldeston's Vanquisher, distinguished himself greatly two seasons ago, not only by joining the cry the first day he was taken out, but by bringing home the head as well. Looking back through the vista of half a century, perhaps Tom was never quite so proud of a pupil as when he rode home from Aversley Wood that day. Ottoman, to whom he has especially clung of late, is a combination of Yarborough Orator, and Vanity by Belvoir Victor; and is a lengthy hound, with great bone, and requires rather an airy style of cross. His shoulders are not quite so elegant as some, and his bitches are especially fine, and bigger than his dogs. Eleven couple have been entered by him at Milton; and Wynnstay had a good slice out of him through Pantomime by their Warrior, who is a grandson of Yarborough Rosebud.

Mr. Osbaldeston's Entry.

Tom Sebright involuntarily sends us back to the days when he whipped in to "The Squire," fifty years ago, on the very first day that glorious rider carried his horn as master, in the Burton country. No master had been better bred to it, as far as strength of character was concerned; and it was told of his mother that, when some one brought her the rumour (during the heat of a ten days' election at York) that her son was hurt out hunting, she said, "*Don't talk to me about my son—he knows how to fall well enough—how goes the poll?*" Tom remembers, as if it was yesterday, that the first run was thirty-two minutes to ground without a check from Eagle Low Wood; and when they had dug down to him, with what delight he turned round and said, "*This is a good beginning, sir; there's a fox a-piece for us in this earth.*" And so having disposed of one, they had two hours and thirty-five minutes with the other; but in spite of four long checks, every horse was beaten to a stand-still. And so we trace the pair on through the South Notts and Atherstone countries, till we find them with Furrier, Rocket, Vaulter, and Vanquisher, and others as good as they, among the pasture lands of Leicestershire. Early in his career, the Squire bred a great deal from Wildboy by Monson's Wonder, who came in the pack which he purchased from his lordship. Vaulter's brother Vigilant by Vernon's Vigilant was the harder runner of the two; but Vaulter was the huntsman's friend, and could put them all to rights on a bad scenting day. Vanquisher was as hard a runner as he was handsome; and, like Furrier, he was eventually given to Lord Yarborough for a stud hound.

Tarquin.

Still that most unerring and melodious of finders, the twenty-four inch Tarquin, was Sebright's delight, and two sisters of the same litter were nearly as great. His hind quarters were his plainest part; and he was an odd, short-tempered dog,

who bore speaking to so ill, that he and the Squire fell out. Over and over again, the Squire was heard to say to him, "*Ah! Tarquin, if you don't like me, I like you;*" but the proud blood of Trickster by Belvoir Topper steadily refused to make it up. He took no notice of the hounds till after Christmas, but he did no harm; and it was in a fine run from Wragby Woods towards Market Rasen that he suddenly came out, like a shot, from the body of them, and rolled his fox over, single-handed. He especially distinguished himself in the suburbs of Lichfield, when he carried it by himself along nearly three hundred yards of wall, at the bottom of some gardens; and deaf to the shrieks of the women, who rushed frantically at their clothes-lines, to try and rescue some articles at least from the grasp of the scarlet Philistines, marked him for his own between two store pigs in a stye. For six seasons he did his work well; and, in after years, Tom gently laid his remains under a slab, in the path from the huntsman's house at Quorn to the kennel. Then, for the first and last time, did Tom give way to the seductions of verse; and we wish that a tithe of our poets could express their ideas with half the grapple and feeling that he did. A slate was got from the Swithelands Pits, and he "furnished copy" to the stone-cutter as follows:—

> "'Tis here my favourite Tarquin lies—
> Turn away sportsmen, and wipe your eyes;
> Not the only favourite in the pack,
> But Tarquin never in work was slack."

Furrier.

Rocket (the sire of Prodigal, and especially great down a road), and Furrier, were both stud-kings at Quorn in their turn. Furrier was by the Belvoir Saladin, and originally came in a draft from the Duke of Rutland, with whom "The Squire" exchanged very freely. They did not think very highly of him, as his work was not brilliant

enough to rub off the impression left by his legs, which had become crooked from being tied up at quarters. It was not, in fact, until February that he came, by a sudden impulse, out of the ruck, with Heedless, another draft bitch, and leading the pack by ten yards, neck and neck, over Garthorpe Lings, brought that renowned fox, "Perpetual Motion," to book at last. He was a black-and-white twenty-four-inch hound, high on the leg, very stout, and a hard runner, but not a great line-hunter. The latter was his sister Frantic's great *forte*. She came in a draft to the Southwold, when at barely three-and-twenty, John Walker commenced his career as huntsman under Mr. Pelham; and she went back to Brocklesby, after she had a litter to their Minister.

The Descendants of Furrier.

At one time "The Squire" had forty couple of light and smart, but sadly mute, bitches in the Quorn kennel; and he took at least half of them with him to Northamptonshire, and showed wonderful sport for his first two seasons. In 1831 he had twenty-six couple of them at Brixworth; and there were about ten or twelve couple of them in the seventy which Mr. Harvey Combe bought from him in 1835. Castor, Flasher, and Random were very noted Furrier dogs; and Mr. Parry had eight or nine very choice bitches by them in a draft from Will Todd, who hunted Mr. Combe's for the six seasons they were at Ricksmansworth. The Pilgrims and Rummagers—the one with their long, solemn heads, and the others all gaiety—were among the "Osbaldestons" which clustered round Dick Simpson of the Puckeridge on his rare crooked-kneed Struggles; and knew the cunning notes of that horn, which Will Rose always vowed that he blew to pieces one day, whereas Dick solemnly declares to us that York fell on that side near Reed Wood, and stove it in. There were scarcely seven couple of Castors left when Mr. Combe's pack were put up at Tattersall's, in the July of 1840; and

Malibran, the pink of the bitches, and Melody from Musical (of whom the 1831 Pytchley list merely says, "*Bred by Lord Sondes*") were in the five couple lot, which were bought in for 1360 guineas! Minnie and Merryman were own brother and sister to them, but of different litters; and Mr. Combe had Minnie painted, and would never part with her. Like nearly all the Furrier dogs, Merryman was a splendid jumper; and on one occasion, when Lord Ducie borrowed him for the Vale of White Horse, he got among the stone walls and had all the fun to himself. His lordship gave a long price for Hector simply for the sake of his Ranter blood, as a fork thrust at his quarters had totally lamed him. He also once sent to Jack Shirley, to offer him ten guineas for Castor, who was then nearly worn out; but Sir Richard Sutton had just taken a dislike to him, and had ordered him and Falstaff, another Furrier dog, to be hung a few days before; while Flourisher was retained.

Mr. Combe in Lincolnshire.

In 1836, the picked twenty couple of the pack had a very narrow escape, when Sir Richard invited Mr. Combe to have four days in the Burton country. They went down with the boiler in the canal-boat to Leicester, while Will Todd travelled by coach, and a bitch was taken with hydrophobia on the voyage, and bit several of them. It was a melancholy time in Lincolnshire, as they hunted four days and only killed one fox. One Furrier ran away from the pack, and killed a lamb, and they saw him no more. Another was tied temporarily to a carriage-wheel, and gnawed it in two; and at last they had to shoot four couple, get muzzles made for the remainder, and van them back to Cobham. Luckily the trouble stopped there, and the muzzles still hang up in a shed—a sort of memento which Will Todd does not at all need, as he was up three weary nights with them, watching for their jaws to drop.

Will Todd.

Will had, however, been pretty well used to hardships, as when he had ridden for five years in London after Lord Scarborough, he helped to take a shipload of horses to Russia, and might have been seen struggling across the ice at Cronstadt, with his portmanteau on his head, to reach a timber ship bound for England. Then followed sixteen years as whip under Philip Payne and Will Long, at Badminton, which he inaugurated by cheeking a fox for a mile and a half on Ramsden Heath, and effectually preventing him from getting into the Forest. The Sixth Duke, who had been watching him with great delight, might well say, "If your young hounds, Philip, enter as well as the new whip, they'll do well." His most favourite recollections with the Furriers, is of a day when they found at Islip Woods, and killed him after an hour in the woodlands. His horse over-reached and split his hoof nearly to the shoe, and when he had got on one of Tilbury's, they found again near Harefield, and came away at a tremendous pace over grass to Batcher Heath, by the corner of Moor Park to Oxey, up to the Marquis of Abercorn's, and then straight to the reservoir on the Edgeware Road. Near the metropolis, Will's horse tired, and Mr. Combe gave him up his chestnut Blunder, and he viewed his fox as he bent back to Harrow, and then got among some flags, beneath where they were building a ball-room. The school lads came out in full force, and rather puzzled the hounds, and he was never found till the next day.

The Oakley Marmions.

Merryman was among the four or five couple of Castors which went in the pack to Lord Southampton in 1841. This was the second time his lordship had bought a pack outright, and Ottoman by Pytchley Orpheus, Hannibal, Hesperus, Highflyer, Hercules, and Honesty composed the cream of the Oakley one, which came with Mumford and

George Beers to Quorn when the Marquis of Tavistock gave up his hounds the first time. The latter four were by the Oakley Hercules, for whom Mr. Musters had a very strong regard. The pack were rather unsizeable when they arrived at Quorn, the dogs large (beginning with the 25-inch Hannibal), and the bitches light of bone. Six or seven couple of Marmions by Pytchley Marmion, came along with them, and it was because Sir Harry Goodricke thought that Merlin and Marmion of that blood were soft, that he got rid of the whole pack after the retirement of Lord Southampton (who had bred a good deal from draft bitches, many of them by Belvoir Layman), and replaced them with Mr. Newman" hounds, which were principally Badminton drafts, and as wild as hawks. Neither huntsman nor whips thought that the Marmions were fairly condemned, but that they were simply rather delicate hounds, with very fine noses. However, twenty couple were packed off to Russia, and the rest into all lands. And so ended one Oakley pack. Never was there a fairer sportsman than its noble master, and he would go so far as to make his whips stop the hounds to let a sinking fox get a little farther ahead.

Will Wells.

Will Wells's journals, although their faded ink sorely tests the eyesight, tell of many a great day with this pack in its early days. His style of drawing up his remarks is unique, and he terms the whole—"A Journal of the Operations of the Oakley Foxhounds, 18—," and heads each entry as "The Meet at (say) Yardley Chase on Monday as specified below." The Oakley and the Cross Albans countries were then united, and in 1811-12 the cub-hunting began on July 13th, and the season usually ended on May 4th. Will seems to have been astonished at his own labours, as after recording that they killed forty-four brace of "foxies" (as he affectionately called them), he adds—"Here ended the

season, comprising a period of nine months and twenty-three days, or 299 days." The Journal seems to record every emotion he felt; occasionally it observes—"Here was a most cheering cry;" and adds, after an unsuccessful lift, "the intelligence was of the falsest kind." On one occasion he seems to have been quite out in his calculations, and he thus took care to acquaint posterity. "And the fox was viewed by Mr. Lee; and the hounds were carried to the spot two minutes after the fox was viewed; and the scent was so very bad, that by tucking the hounds' heads up, they would never once hit off the scent again; nor could one own the scent; not one hound. So we lost our fox by tucking the hounds' heads up to get them near to their fox, after hunting him very pretty for two hours over a pretty country." Still, pretty as this country might have been in his eyes, seeing that he hunted it for four-and-twenty years, the Woore country suited him equally well; and it was there that "the varmint old fellow" was seen in his glory in later years—"Though with scarce a whole bone in his skin;" and ready to break his ribs for the third, and his collar-bone for the eighth time, if he could only get the chance.

Modern Oakley Hounds.

The best blood in the Oakley kennel between 1835-46 was from Jasper, an active light-coloured hound of twenty-three inches, while Cottesmore Grecian, from whom he was one or two degrees removed, was said to measure twenty-seven. They sent out a litter of twelve by him in one year, and got them all through the distemper; and when they had drafted the biggest and the smallest, the rest made a very level lot. Jasper came with Phœnix, (a perfect terror to a fox), and Tuneful, in a lot, as a present from the Earl of Lonsdale to the Marquis of Tavistock; and George Beers was especially fond of crossing the Jasper bitches with the Fitzwilliam Monarch and Fatal blood. Prizer, an old-fashioned

broad-nosed hound, also did him great good; and although he never borrowed him, his was just one of the heads which the late Lord Hastings cast about for so anxiously.

Lord Hastings.

The accompanying illustration, which is copied exactly from a little drawing which his lordship once brought down to Will Derry, at the kennel, and which Will has treasured ever since, shows exactly the model head at which his lordship

wished to arrive. Sir Harry Goodricke gave him twenty couple of The Quorn, with a very good Fatima, Furrier, and Ferryman, amongst them; and he set about putting the broad base and heavy lip of the Southern hound upon them. The head of Luther, a Layman hound, which he got from Tom Goosey, just suited him; and sleepy as he looked, he was always forward when the fox sank. Lancaster from the Cheshire kennel, rather pleased him in this respect; and so did Royal, whom he got from Mr. Greene of Rolleston. As to foxes' heads, he had also a theory that they should be as big as those of the hounds. These ideas were, however, sadly foiled by having madness in his kennel, all one season, and in six or seven weeks no less than thirteen-and-a-half couple were seized. Will Head first found it out from his boiler, who told him, when he came back from exercise, that Pliant had been very odd with the other

hounds, and had just gone to fight Stately, who had puppies. The latter seemed to know instinctively that something was wrong, as they were screaming and scrambling up the wall one upon another, in ghostly terror. As the effects of Pliant's bites, of which she had been very liberal, became more evident, the pack began to play antics, pick up straws, and then try to tear bricks out of the walls; or go round and round. Their tongues swelled, and their eyes became red, and when they went in to try them with cold broth before hunting, they would often have turned quite black in the night. At last it became so bad, that Will Head simply watched with a twelve foot ash-pole and a noose at the end, and dragged them out, morning after morning, to their doom.

RAMBLE THE THIRD.

"Oh! who has been in such a scene,
That scene can e'er forget,
In sorrow's mood—in solitude,
That scene will haunt him yet;
In festal times, in other climes,
He'll think of days so dear,
And take a cup and drain it up,
To saddle, spur, and spear."

Sir Richard Sutton.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON swore by the Belvoir and the Yarborough kennels. In Will Smith's day, he was always chopping and changing with him, and sent ten couple of bitches to his cracks each season that he was at Burton. He had also the Rutland draft for many years, and he was wont to say that he always thought his own hounds the first in the world, till he saw the Duke's, every summer. In the Burton country, he had kept his standard rather large, but he got them

smaller at last, and never liked to exceed twenty-three inches. His bitches especially were sadly mute, but he used to draw comfort from that, by vowing that it was not a fault, but a beauty; and that as the first few were the only ones that could possibly have the scent, they alone had a right to open. One of his greatest delights, when he was in the Cottesmore country, was to select ten couple, and join packs with the Duke. Osgodby Coppice furnished them a capital day's sport, and another challenge to Lord Forester resulted in such a hard ringing day, that Ben Morgan's horse dropped in Honeypot Lane; and one that had been ridden by the Duke's first whip died that night. Once too they clashed, and had a capital forty minutes with a head at the end of it; and on another occasion both packs, when Sir Richard was master of the Quorn, met by chance at Owthorpe, and ran out of the Vale to Cotgrave, and killed at Cotgrave Gorse. The Cottesmore Sorcerer (who never got but one litter of two), by Sir Tatton Sykes's Bajazet from Symphony, put them right up a road, and Will Goodall's cheery comment of "*Well done, old Bobtail!*" delighted Sir Richard beyond measure. At these times Sir Richard always said, "*Now, Will, you be huntsman, and I'll whip in to you.*"

His Favourite Hounds.

The Duke of Beaufort's Potentate (whose son Primate, from Beaufort Fatal is the sire of ten and a half of Earl Wemyss's best hounds) took his work with Sir Richard's for a season. His own Potentate was one of six couple by Trueman from Parasol; and Trueman by Belvoir Trueman from Yarborough Pastime, was the very idol of his heart. He not only took him regularly in his carriage to cover, but would never let him go to any meet where there was likely to be a crowd of "thrusting scoundrels." He was a good-looking black and white hound, with a slightly tan face, perhaps a little heavy-shouldered, but with immense power and bone. Being

a very remarkable line hunter, he required bitches with plenty of drive, and at one time there were as many as twenty-two couple in the kennel by him. Fifteen and a half couple by him were put up at the first Quorn sale, but the received opinion among huntsmen seems to be that the blood was a little slack with an afternoon fox. His sisters Traffic and Twilight were very good, and he generally got his bitches best and with very great quality. Songstress and Sanguine, from Singwell, were very choice, and Auditor and Albert were among the best of his sons. Sir Richard kept the old dog for seven seasons, and then gave him to Earl Wemyss, who had Albert as well. His lordship had only one left by him; and he died in his possession.

Glider, a little, light, even-made hound of about twenty-one inches, and remarkably good in his work, was another of Sir Richard's tenderest fancies latterly. He was by Lumley's Pontiff from his own Gadfly, and in direct descent from Vine Grampian. He got his stock large, and when he had used him pretty freely, he sent him to Berkeley for a season in exchange for their Albert. Ayris was using him at the time of the first Quorn sale, and in the last letter that Sir Richard wrote to the Earl a few days before his death, he reiterated his favourite maxim, "*Put bitches to my Glider.*" Dairymaid from Dorcas was by him, and formed one of the lot for whom Mr. Richard Sutton gave 200 guineas. Guider by Drake's Duster, from his beautiful bitch Gamesome, was another of his darlings, and so was the hard-running Dexter, and the rare drawer, Hercules, both of whom went to Mr. Morrell's. Then there was Daphne by Dryden (brother to Dexter) from Tuneful, a daughter of Rutland Trouncer, of whose cave exploit we shall tell hereafter; and Ringwood by Bragela by Chaser, a clipping little hound, and very unlike his leggy red sire Charon.

Sir Richard's patience as a huntsman was most eminently displayed in the great run of twenty miles, from point to point, on December 27th, 1850. The find was at Cossington Gorse, and after some very slow hunting over the Heaths beyond Scorford, they eventually brought him to hand in four hours at Denton Park. Sir Richard went home in the Duke's carriage, while the hounds stopped all night at the Belvoir kennels; and Will—when he returned from hunting, and found Jack and his Trueman party—did not fail to dwell, in his merry style, upon the enormity of running a fox over the heart of his country, and asking for "grub" and bed as well; let alone never giving him a chance of bringing it back to Quorn. Sir Richard's Patience.

Latterly Sir Richard did not ride with so much nerve: and did not like brooks. Jack Morgan. Jack Morgan, on one occasion, rode his horse for him over Stanton Wyvile Brook, and then carried him through it on his shoulders; and two years before he died, he crossed the Smite in the same primitive fashion, with his bearer fairly up to his hips in mud. Jack joined Sir Richard from Mr. Mure, and became his head whip when his brother Ben was made huntsman to the Berwickshire. Before he took to hounds, he had become pretty well bronzed under the sun of the tropics, whither he went off at a moment's notice. He and another man had been put in charge by old Jim Morgan, of twenty couple of hounds, bull-dogs, terriers, &c., which were intended for the East. By the time the voyage from Gravesend to Portsmouth was complete, Jack's travelling companion proved to be so dull a student, that he forgot thedogs' names as fast as he learnt them, and as he was haunted with a vague idea that they would eat him on the voyage, the captain told Jack to jump on board, and come to the East. Boy-like, he did so, without having time even to write to his father, and set to work at once to

build up a place for his pupils in the forecastle. Old Jim bore the suspense like a philosopher; as he felt an inward assurance that a sharp lad like his Jack had "lit on his legs somewhere." Once at Calcutta he stayed three or four years, and after winning several races on the Arabs, and keeping up his hunting science among tigers and jackals, the present huntsman of the Southwold set foot on English soil once more, and after a few seasons with Mr. Mure took his degree at Cottesmore and Quorn.

Last Days of Sir Richard.

Sir Richard delighted most in Mundy's Gorse, Walton Thorns, and Scraptoft; and in his last three seasons, the latter cover held a fox, which had beaten him at least eight or ten times. On the very Friday before he died the meet was at Barkby Hall, and his three sons, Mr. Banks Wright and the veteran Will Butler, came with him on the drag. The second, or the big pack, was out that day, and Sir Richard rode Shankton and Harkaway. A fox was soon found, which was killed in a drain near Queeniborough; and then he said, "*Will! there's a good fox lives at Scraptoft: we'll give him a gallop.*" And so they did, ten minutes in cover, and five-and-thirty minutes out, and ran into him near Beeby. "*Jack! it's one of the best days I ever saw. I feel better. I hope I shall meet you at Ratcliffe on Tuesday*"—were the last words he said to his favourite whip, and went up to London immediately after. Tuesday came; and the Leicestershire field heard the sad news from the lips of the house-steward, just as they were leaving Ratcliffe Hall to draw.

Great Runs with the Duke of Rutland's.

Mundy's Gorse and Aylesford Gorse each furnished a rare hour and five minutes, without a check, on the day the Duke of Rutland was invited to come into the Leicestershire country in the interval, after it had lost its lamented chief. Mr. Wood of Market Overton, and Mr. Burbidge of Thorpe Arnold, were the leaders in the

first, save and except Will Goodall on Catch-me-who-can. "*Give me the brush, Will,*" said Mr. Wood who had left his horse and run into the field, "*I'm first up.*" "*How can that be when I've got him?*" responded Will; "*I wouldn't let you have it for a hundred guineas.*" This was on Jan. 9th, 1856, and they killed both their foxes. Well might Will appraise the brush after that fashion, as only once before or since have the Duke's got so far into Leicestershire. On that occasion (March, 1857) they found a fox at Melton Spinney, which left Ranksboro' to the left, through Owston Wood and John O'Gaunt's, and over Tilton Field, to Skeffington, where they ran into him in the open. Oddly enough, they had only a week before made their longest voyage of discovery into the uttermost part of Lincolnshire, in a run of two hours and twenty minutes, from Falkinham Gorse. They crossed the Forty Foot river, and killed him near Pinchbeck, and an old woman who had never seen hounds and scarlet before, drove her pig and cow into her sitting room, screamed that the Russians were coming, and put up her shutters, in anticipation of a siege. After receiving a most scorching benediction from one of the natives of those wilds, who gasped out that he was "*cutting all the whate up,*" Will left his horse fast in the mud with a tamer native to hold up his head, till ropes could be got, and ran to the end on foot.

The Lincolnshire Fens.

The Belvoir annals can furnish runs quite as remarkable as that, in a different degree. In that season of 1854-55, when every spring near the Ropsley kennels was dried up, and when Will had to pay eight shillings for each cartfull of water for the hounds; when he never had but one wet shirt himself, and that on the day of the battle of the Alma; and when he had not one fall, and killed 110 foxes in 112 days, he had a pair of blazing twenty-five minutes, going on at one time. A brace of foxes went

Remarkable Kills.

away from the plantations near Beck, and the twenty couple divided to a hound, one fox taking a ring to the right, and the other to the left, and both died honourably within a few yards of each other, close by where they were found. Unlike Captain Macheath, he was enabled in the same year to be happy with both his charmers; as the hounds found a brace at Leadenham Park, came away with them in two bodies, ran parallel, and killed them both, almost to a moment, and within a hundred yards of each other, near the Newark road.

Will Goodall. Will Goodall's early career began at the late Mr. Drake's, where his father still lives; and many and long were the hours he waited outside the House of Commons during the Reform Debates of 1832, when his master was member for Amersham, and the grooms had no covered shed. What stories he could tell of how Ben Foote rated him for stealing away with hounds, and having his first run when he was merely stationed to watch if the fox came out in a rushy corner; and how Griff Lloyd always forgot to pay him the half-crown he agreed on, for carrying him bodily over a brook. He broke in Flounce and Fop, that celebrated brother and sister, for Mr. Tom Drake, for whom he first acted as cover-boy; and after serving four years under Goosey as second whip, he was made the Belvoir huntsman on Tom's resignation in '42. Tom Flint was but too conscious of his one sad failing; and he and Will were such good friends, that he would have cheerfully stopped and whipped in to him, if the Duke had seen fit. Up to that point, the Belvoir hound standard had been twenty-four, but Will reduced it an inch.

Crack Belvoir Hounds. Jasper, brother to Juniper who went back to Mr. Compton's blood; Topper, whom Mr. Shawe brought with him from Sir Thomas Mostyn's, and Saladin, the sire of Furrier, were deemed by Goosey among the fathers of the pack. He also

entered ten couple by Layman, from whom Joe Maiden bred a litter in Cheshire, and liked the sort as much as Tom Carter did. Splendour, sire of the Duke of Grafton's Saffron, and Rockwood were also very great with him, the latter more especially, from his recollections of how he brought home the head on that Goadby Gorse day, whose finish Ferneley's pencil has so well preserved. The run was to Preston Windmill in the Cottesmore country; where Rockwood killed him under a gateway; and as, by the rules of fox-hunting, they could not dig, they tied some gorse to a pole, and pushed the fox and Rockwood out together.

Goosey also thought highly of Rasselas by Clinker, who proved himself one of the best stallion-hounds in the kennel; and he was nearly as fond of his sister, Ringlet, from whom the Rutland Stormer was descended. His daughter, Careful, made some wonderful hits in 1839, when she was seven years old; and Mr. Assheton Smith offered Lord Forester 100 guineas for her. Clamorous, another of his daughters, died a very glorious death on the Cottam Thorns day. She was very old at the time, and was only taken out for a treat, when their fox ran the line of Needham Hills, and was killed after four hours in Benington Fen. The Duke and Will were the only two left, and they could hardly raise a trot down the last lane, when they thought they heard them grab him in the next field; but the night was so dark that, after leaving their horses and scrambling through the hedge, they had to feel in their mouths to see if they were correct. Old Clamorous had never worked harder; but apoplexy came on about an hour after feeding, and she lay at full length dead on the bench next morning.

The Cottam Thorns Day.

Yarborough Rallywood, who has virtually made the Belvoir kennel what it is, never ran to head, but always got to the end of great runs. He was very long and low; the exact

Rallywood.

image of the Ringwood that Stubbs painted for Brocklesby, and with somewhat round quarters, which made him rather the harrier, and although good twenty-three, he was mean to those who like a big hound. In fact, he was quite a *multum in parvo*, and Will thus summed up his merits in the last sentence of the last letter he ever wrote us: "He was *the lowest* dog I ever saw in my life, with the largest fore rib, combined with a beautiful neck and shoulders, and a pleasing intelligent countenance." Old Will Smith wanted the Belvoir Grappler, and said "*I'll give you anything in the kennel for him*," and Will selected Rallywood, in spite of his broken thigh. This exchange was never made, owing to Smith's untimely death, and Grappler died at Belvoir; but the negotiations were renewed with young Will Smith, and he sent Rallywood, by whom he had at one time about fourteen couple of working hounds, and got Trouncer in exchange, and then Raglan by Rustic, whom he liked no better. Will was so fond of his prize, when he at last got hold of it, that fifty-three couple of his puppies, from ten couple of "the very best stuff" in the kennel, were sent out in the second season. He came to Belvoir in 1851, at nine years old, and was worked a whole season, and when he died in 1853, he found a fitting necropolis in the centre of a flower plot, in Will's garden; and a red-currant tree now blooms over his remains.

Rallywood's Descendants.

Clinker and Chaser were the first of his get, and raced in their eighth season like greyhounds. Their immense pace they inherited from their dam Caroline, whose dam Toilet added to this quality the knack of being able to go just as fast or as long, in or out of condition. Caroline once found a fox in the woodlands by herself, and went away before the whole pack. Not a hound could catch or gain a yard on her, and she at last ran bang into him alone. Rallywood, Sailor, and Lucifer

have been the last great immediate descendants of him; and Comely and Clara by Lucifer from Cautious by Craftsman were two of John Walker's "dearies"; but Comely lost her foot by a stub, in cub-hunting, and it mortified and dropped off, and they only saved her to have one litter by Yarborough Nettler. Pyramid, the victim of a somewhat similar misfortune, we saw wandering about the Wynnstay paddock; but in her case the fox curled round, when she seized it, and bit her hamstring clean in two. Lucifer was a tremendous runner all his time, and especially remarkable as a puppy, and before he ever came in from quarters, he would regularly appear at the meet, and run with the hounds. He was quartered at Hose, and on one occasion he was going with his master to Melton Market, when he espied the Duke's second horseman, and on second thoughts went with him to Piper Hole. They found at Clawson Thorns, and had an excellent run with a kill, and Lucifer well up. Just as they were going to draw again, he took right off with a hare, and they lost him, till they had hunted their next fox nearly up to Lord Harboro's park, when he was seen racing to meet them, among hosts of hares. The pack were stopped, as usual, at this point; and when he had taken a turn at a deer, in Croxton Park, coming back, he had his supper at Belvoir, and was sent home. Lucifer and Lictor.

This was also the habit of his brother Lictor when he was at walk at Clawson. He would sometimes join Will, and then a day or two after, by way of a change, he would be seen remarkably busy with Sir Richard Sutton's. He once joined the Quorn at Holwell Mouth, and they killed their fox in the woods, close by Belvoir Castle. Sir Richard and Lord Rosslyn had arranged to take the draft that season, and the former was so pleased with Lictor's work, that he said to Jack Morgan, "*Get off, Jack, and see*

if he's straight; if he is I'll have him, if I get first pick." Jack shook his head after the inspection, and said, "*He'll never come to Quorn, Sir Richard;*" and so it proved, as Will Goodall worked him six seasons, and then Lord Henry's, Sir Watkin's, and Mr. Devonport's kennels used him. It was always said that he carried the scent across some dry fallows that day, near Clawson Thorns, and Will never failed to point him out to Jack when he came to the kennel, with—"*There, my lad, that's the dog that killed your fox for you; you wont have him; I'll keep him to show me the road into some of your country.*"

Trouncer.

The Pytchley bred a good deal from Trouncer by Trimmer, who was one of the most intelligent hounds that ever drew a cover. One day the Duke's had had a capital run from Croxton Park, and they then went for an afternoon fox to Melton Spinney, and ran up wind, twelve miles, to Belvoir. Will was left alone when he got there, and he had quite lost the hounds, after vainly trying to track them on the rides. The present Lord Scarborough and Mr. Drummond were the first to come down from the Castle, when they heard his horn; and then Trouncer opened in reply on the top of Blackberry Hill. When Will spoke to him, he cantered away and waved his stern, and looked over his shoulder at him, to bring him along till he guided him to a cave, under the hill, where a fire had been lighted for tea parties in summer. There were the pack as black as sweeps, from their vain efforts to get up the chimney after the fox; and Will had to dislodge it as he could. All Trouncer's descendants were full at head, and one of them, Destitute by Sutton's Dryden, from Tuneful, one December night, when it was almost dark, jumped the Croxton Park wall with the body of the hounds, and turning to the left, while the whole of the others flashed to the right, killed her fox by herself. Dryden did the kennel

great good, especially with Daphne and Dowager, who in a run when, as Will's diary has it, "Guider, Trusty, and Notary were making hits all day over the plough," raced clean out of the pack, and into their fox about fifty yards a-head of everything, after a blazing hour from Humby Wood, and killed him by themselves, two fields from Newton Gorse. Since they got so well set up with Rallywoods, the Belvoir have used but very few stallions from other kennels. Warwickshire Saffron did little for them; but Foljambe's Duster and Finder answered well, and they have the Drake Duster blood in perfection through Songstress and Guider, by whom, at one time, they had three couple of stallions, of whom Gamester was among the foremost.

Belvoir Comus.

Like his sire, who ran seven seasons, Grappler was a great finder, and so was Comus, whose stock have been the most persevering of line hunters. There was such a run on him at the kennel, when he was in his zenith, that for nearly a month Will's great bed, which was popularly supposed to be able to contain three huntsmen with ease, and four at a pinch, was never empty, as no less than 60 couple of bitches were sent to him and his compeers. He is a remarkably large wiry dog, by Champion by Fitzwilliam Shiner, from Barmaid, with a beautiful forehand, though his roach back rather spoils him. Champion was unusually clear-winded, and it made very little difference to him if he had been in kennel a month. The Brocklesby, Lord Henry's, and Mr. Foljambe's, all had Comus, and Mr. Davenport has since used him. His dam Barmaid was always in high favour with Will Goodall. In her first season, she was so inveterately fond of hare, that she was all but condemned. However, as good luck would have it, the fox was lost after a capital run at Sir Thomas Whichcote's, amid hundreds of hares; they came to a check, and all passed the smeuse but her. She stopped

and flew the hedge into the field, and spoke; and little as he believed her, she at last seemed so determined, that Will backed her over three fields. Not another hound spoke up to that point; but the cry began in the third field; the trot merged into a gallop; they raced into their fox after three miles, and the credit and life of the future dam of Comus was saved.

Will Goodall's Diary.

Two long December evenings we spent with Will Goodall at Belvoir, to look over his diary, and have a little chat about the collection of materials for this chapter. He went with us heart and soul, when he heard it sketched out; gave us what he called "the cream of my hunting fun;" and there are, in fact, few pages in which we do not recognise some story or remark that we owe to him. Still there would have been many more, but for his peculiar dislike to speak of any run, however great it might be, without a head at the end. It was dismissed into the abyss of Time, as not worth remembering. Writing seemed his delight; and instead of preserving them in print, he actually copied out the whole of the price-lists of the hounds at the Quorn sales, to which he felt far too sad to go. His correspondence with other huntsmen was enormous; and in the Exhibition year he visited sixteen kennels, and never got to Hyde Park at all. He loved these outings, but still he was glad to get home; and watching his bees by the hour, and playing with his boys at cricket, were his chief summer pleasures. Croxton Races he enjoyed amazingly; and as usual he came to his wife for a handful of silver, for his friends amongst the yokels, who generally expected a glass of ale, if he had not caught them heading foxes or giving false halloos during the season. They used always to be on the look-out for him, as he kept the course with his whips, and many a joke passed between them. There was a great story against one of them for his

avarice. Will had marked him down during the year for something; and as he was one of the "good boys" that day, and kept behind the cords so well, he was honoured with half-a-crown. He positively grumbled; and Will, in his pleasant way, said, "*Well, give it me back!*" and the man, thinking, from the tone, that it was to be exchanged for a crown, did so, and off Will rode with it, and taught him a lesson which his comrades did not forget to keep alive. He was rather amused this year with five of the Farmers' Plate horses getting distanced, and made a note of it in his Hunting Diary along with Zuyder Zee's victory. Two or three more days' hunting followed, and then the last one, when they met at Belvoir.

His phraseology was very unique and expressive; and "*screamed over the fallows*," "*raced into him and eat him*," "*a blazing hour*," "*blew him up in the open*," &c., were great expressions with him, and very characteristic of the ceaseless energy of the man. His diary, which will, we trust, be printed, is a very remarkable work—quite as much for the little comments on man, horse, and hound throughout it, as for its vivid description of the sport itself. Passing events are interspersed here and there. We find the death of "my much respected friend John Ashbourn" chronicled near Mr. Assheton Smith's; and the marriage of a first-flight Meltonian is not forgotten. He never failed to see what every hound was doing, and at night a little cross was put above each of their names for every good hit they had made. When it was something out of the common, they had a note as well. For instance, "Lucy made a famous hit at Williford, and won her fox;" "Belle showed great superiority of nose;" and "Wishful beat the whole pack, and, racing out of it, caught the fox." Wishful, however, catches it herself in a widely different sense from his pen that self-same season; and we find it down against her in black and white that she "and

Willing behaved very ill, running hare most obstinately in Easton Wood." There is also a word of condolence "for poor old Trusty, who never got away from Irnham Wood, and missed it altogether." He tells, too, how on one occasion he "had eleven and a-half couple of stallions out;" how "George and Jem both got into Lenton Brook;" how "Knipton gave me a terrible fall, jumping into a blind grip (no fault of his);" and how he had to whip off at night, "leaving him to give us another good run, and die, I hope, honourably in the open."

The closing entry was as follows—

"On Wednesday, April 6th, we met at Belvoir. Found our first fox in Barkston Wood; run ringing about the hills with a very bad scent for two hours, when the hounds began to improve, getting off a vixen which had laid up her cubs. On to an old dog-fox. They set to like business; and after running him hard for an hour-and-half, they forced him out over the Doghorse pasture—a ring over Musson's farm, and back to the wood. Away again, the same ring, in view of the hounds to cover in a large drain, which Comely was soon in, and drove him out; and they killed him most handsomely in the open, after being engaged from first finding in the morning for four hours—thus ending one of the worst seasons on record. A hot sunny day like June, wind South, glass very low, and the ploughs as dry and hard as iron, the hedges and trees all as green as in the middle of summer, and a great many nests of young birds already hatched. Leverets and cubs are very forward; indeed, such a forward spring has never been known by the oldest inhabitant.

Hounds out *this*, the last day—

Barbara	Racket	Caroline	Captive	Charlotte
Duchess	Redrose	Rival	Careless	Hostess
Lenity	Rally	Redwing	Dulcet	Ruin
Lively	Comely	Sempstress	Gertrude	Bonnylass
Furious	Famous	Chorus	Gracious	Norah
Wanton	Rachel	Comedy	Clara	Novelty
Willing	Destitute	Waspish		[16½ couple].

I rode a horse of Markwell's on trial, but did not like him. Second, Knipton; third, Tom Chambers, on Staunton's horse.

Times out, 101; foxes killed, 56."

His Death. A bad fall from the first of the three horses near the Reeded House, when he

lay for full a minute on his horn, which he invariably carried in his breast for convenience, or a cold which had been lingering about him, laid him low at last, just at daybreak, on the third anniversary of that very May-day on which the Hunt had presented him with its memorable tribute, and the Grantham inn had rung again with the chorus, "*Bill Goodall is the boy!*" They took his horn to his bedside some days before he died, and he showed them exactly how he fell; and half-sitting up, took it with all the animation of health, as if it revived him to lay hold of it again. He had only once risen from his bed during his ten days' illness, and that was to show Lord Henry Bentinck his young Rallywoods of the third generation in the new entry. As if with a sort of melancholy prescience that it was not to be, he often said how he "should love to see them at two-years-old;" but they only swelled that strange mournful requiem for him which arose from the kennel, and fairly thrilled through the mourners as the hearse moved away. He lies not many paces from Tom Goosey, just within the churchyard gate at Knipton, and under the shade of that bold chain of woodlands in which his cheery voice had been heard, early and late, for seventeen seasons. By all, from "*my kind Lord Duke*," as he called him, when his Grace bent over him to bid him farewell, down to the humblest labourer, for whom he always had some pleasant greeting or other, his memory will ever be cherished. Among his brother huntsmen he had long lived down all jealousy, and they freely accorded to him that high position which he had so fairly won both in the field and the kennel, and which he so unassumingly maintained. Those who knew more of his inner life, or saw him on his death-bed, could trace to its true source that consistently gentle firmness which made him all-powerful in managing a cloud of horsemen; and it would be well if many who love the sport as dearly as he did, would ponder, now that he is gone,

over the great and striking lesson which his life taught, and which his fame sealed.

Mr. John Warde. And so leaving Belvoir, we get back once more to Northamptonshire. Fifty years ago, Mr. John Warde, with Jem Butler and his son Will (so renowned in after years with the Badsworth and Mr. Foljambe's), might have been seen at Sywell Wood, and if a rate was heard, it was certain to be at the expense of a Charon, or a Cerberus, a Solomon, or some other mythological or scriptural name. Cerberus went back to Mr. Lee Anthony's Clothier; and the wisdom of Solomon was extended over twenty-six inches. Philip Payne never liked Mr. Warde's hounds, and thought them loose and weak-loined. None could stoop better to a scent, but they had no drive about them; and fine as the bitches looked, they were rather too heavy, and lost action very early; looking, so Will Butler used to say, "*good seven, when they were four.*"

The Lambton Hounds. His hounds in the Craven country afterwards were of a very different stamp, and it was from his Jasper, Prodigal, and President, that the Lambton pack principally sprang. Under Winter, in 1828, the latter were in their glory, and Sedgefield had become quite a Melton of the North; but at last they were bred in and in, till there was no music left, and huntsmen began to speak of their legs from a mere tobacco-pipe point of view. Mr. Lambton would never let them be pressed, or allow any one, if he could help it, to be in the same field with them, and hence they fared very ill in Leicestershire with Lord Suffield, though their pace was tremendous when they did get away. Three thousand guineas were given by his lordship for 58½ couple of old, and 20 couple of young hounds, and Mr. David Robertson got 47½ of them for 750 guineas. In Northumberland, Charles Treadwell got a chance with them at last, and increased his "nose" score from 32 brace to 44½ brace

in four seasons. For three weeks in the wild weather they could not kill a fox, except by chopping, and then they went out twenty-one days, and killed twenty-two foxes in succession.

The days of Dick Knight, who spurned the lapstone and the awl at Roade, for the horn and spurs, are spoken of elsewhere; and for the pleasant era of Lord Althorp's mastership, we have those quaint vellum-backed volumes of the late Charles King's to fall back upon. It is well known that Charles offered to ride, dance, play the fiddle, and hunt a pack of hounds, against any man in the Midland counties; and to these he might have added a fifth accomplishment, namely, keep a diary. The Althorp Era.

In those days they had a much wider range of Pytchley country, and generally began on July 26th, and hunted up to the 3rd or 4th of May. No day closed without his putting down the list of the hounds, with observations. And very varied they are. "Gouty shown symptoms of tongue"—"Syren rather noisy"—"Plunder noisy at the fences"—"Glider (Fitzwilliam) ran a hare to Byfield, and back to Charwelton Spinneys." Then after the cheering announcement that "the young hounds joined in the cry," it is candidly stated that they ran a cur and two greyhounds half a mile down a lane. On November 18th, 1816, there was "still corn standing in Kilsby field;" and not long after "Young F." is gibbeted, as having "dug out a fox, and sold him in Kettering Market."

Crick had its origin about that time, from the fact of a fox having been found in a hedge-row, and being killed after a severe run in Oxfordshire. When the cover had been made, they went to it once a fortnight, and the horses were prepared as if for a Derby. The fields were not so large then, and the foxes better, and in fact there has not been a great thing from it since the fifty minutes to Naseby Reservoir in Mr. George Payne's day. Very Crick.

fearful were Charles King's troubles, forty years ago, when he got among the "Crick thrusters;" and well might he, in the bitterness of his heart, record at night, "The day being bad, and the horsemen mad, drove the hounds mad, so we made mad work of it, and lost a brace of foxes."

No keener souls than Lord Althorp and Sir Charles Knightley ever watched the work of hounds, and they were seldom away from the kennel for nine months in the year. Once they rode over there from Pytchley in a deep snow, and took fifty couple out; and Lord Althorp always spoke fondly of it, even when politics and shorthorns had deadened his heart to his first great love, and said that he "should never forget the beautiful music of Sywell Wood." His lordship reduced his standard by crossing with Mr. Assheton Smith's, for whose use he sometimes paid Tom Wingfield 25*l.* a year; and besides Champion and Pontiff, he was especially fond of their Saladin. It was on Nov. 10th, 1817, that he got the fall, from which he never really recovered, in the course of a two hours' run from Brampton Wood; and then the reins departed for a season into Sir Charles's hands; and he found himself with fifty couple, principally by Ottoman, Orpheus, and New Forest Justice.

Badger Hunting.

Two years before there had been some six couple by Outlaw, who was bred by Mr. Lee Anthony in the Oakley country. The old dog was light of tongue, and straight-necked, and could not turn with his fox; but to those who, like Will Butler, made it

> "Their delight on a *cloudy* night,
> In the season of the year,"

to go badger-hunting, he was worth his weight in gold. The Pytchley spinneys were full of them; so much so, that shortly after reading in the diary that "we found old Bobtail not ripe for running, and killed

him," there occurs an entry, "Sept. 19th, 1818, dug Brampton Wood fox out, and found five badgers in one drain." Scarcely any are left now; and one of those few is transplanted to the Brocklesby country to act as an architect of earths.

Badgers.

Mr. Assheton Smith's Denmark was a most wonderful dog for badgers, and very soon learnt, under Jack Shirley's tuition, that the bridge of the nose and the brisket were the only vulnerable points. The majority of hounds do not enjoy it like a fox, and never know what to make of it as it runs through the low cover, or faces them with its back against a tree. Sherwood Forest used to be very full of them, and so was "the Dukery." Mr. Lumley Savile's hounds, which then hunted these parts, came across them so frequently, that they learnt to "unbutton a jack-badger's jacket just like a rabbit." On one occasion, when the earths had been more than usually well stopped, they took forty couple into Winkbourne Hills and Acrine Brale, and were home again before nine, with three foxes and four badgers for the hunting journal. The music that morning was like "a peal of church-bells"; and when the hounds got back to kennel, they looked as if they had been inside a dead horse.

Mr. Musters.

Mr. Savile's pack were a very rough-looking lot; but still Mr. Musters fancied their Rallywood and Regent, and bred extensively from them in 1820. The Nottinghamshire Squire was very fond of small bitches, from twenty-one to twenty-two inches, and began his breeding principally from Lord Yarborough and the Duke of Rutland's Saladin, whom Mr. Shawe always said was his best. Saladin's daughter Proserpine was the dam of the celebrated Pilot (by Rutland Rasselas), who came to Mr. Musters in a draft, and became *the* hound of his heart. Knowing him to be peculiar in his habits, especially in drawing a cover, he would never let him be spoken to,

and they would hear his peculiar yapping note right away by himself, when nothing else would speak.

He did not get clever dog-hounds, but Mr. Musters had twenty couple of Pilot bitches by him when he gave up the Pytchley. According to his contract, he proposed to leave another twenty couple for the country, when he finished in the April of '27; but "The Squire" would not deign to accept them. Mr. Musters continued to breed from Lord Yarborough; and with some eight-and-twenty couple of hounds in his kennel, Bunney Park to draw, and Baronet to ride, he was as happy as a boy to the last, and brought his eighteen brace a season to hand. His dog pack were about twenty-three-and-a-half in height, and as steady as they could be; but the bitch pack were rather wild. Nine couple of the best were selected for the latest picture that was painted of them, with himself on Baronet; and poor Markwell on a brown mare, and Humphrey Pierce on a chestnut sire, were the servants who were grouped on the canvas with that undisputed king of gentlemen-huntsmen.

Lord Chesterfield.

When Lord Chesterfield had the Pytchley country, with Will Derby as huntsman, he bred considerably from Belvoir Rasselas and Splendour. The latter had come to Brixworth as a draft hound through Mr. Errington, from whom his lordship bought the pack; and like Pilot, he drew by himself, and was a great hound for going through gorse. Tyrant by Sir Richard Sutton's Woldsman was, however, the pet of his lordship's fancy, and when he had done with him he gave him to Sir Tatton. On one occasion they found a brace of foxes in an osier-bed at Misterton, and all save him went to the one who broke on the Lutterworth side; but his lordship had the hounds stopped, and put to the fox which Tyrant brought out by himself; and they killed it, after a great run, near Flecknoe.

Mr. Tilbury, with a truly prophetic eye, asked Sir

Francis Goodricke the name of his horse that morning; and on being told that it was "Patent Lever," he rejoined—"*Mind they don't make a stop-watch of him before they're done.*" And sure enough the baronet was glad to stop at Walton's Holt, four miles off the finish. There were other runs as great in that short but merry Northamptonshire reign, and none greater than that from Kelmarsh to Stoke. On this memorable day, Mr. Stubbs on Baronet and Will Derry on a grey, were both in Loatland Brook together, forming the most impressive of tableaux. Baronet had jumped short, and was scrambling out with his own rider on his back, and the weight of Will and his grey to boot. Lord Chesterfield got well over lower down, on Marmion; they just heard him say, "*I'm so glad Will's in the brook*," but they never caught him till they killed, five miles away. Perhaps the fastest forty minutes was when his lordship was on Claxton, and Will was tearing away on a chestnut mare after losing his stirrups in Creaton Brook. They found at Berrydale, away past Cottesbrook Cow Pasture, leaving Spratton on the right, and close by Merry Tom (whose bones were never found till they were dug up at the stile where he died, by the Harborough Railway navvies), to Pitsford across the turnpike to Boughton Green, and ran into him on Moulton Lings. Their longest runs were with a Long Ould fox, which they had to bequeath to Mr. Tom Smith. In the first run with him the hounds were stopped at Earls Barton, after running twenty-five miles; and in the second, at Kettering, after twenty miles. Mr. Smith always thought that he ran him to Lamport one day, and chopped him the next.

The Pytchley.

Mr. George Payne, who bought fifteen couple at Mr. Greene's sale, bred very few hounds, as he did not like to spare his best bitches, and the kennel which ranked Destiny and Dainty by Sir Tatton's Dragon from Quorn Gainsome among its

best, was principally kept up by the drafts from Lord Henry Bentinck's. When the late Lord Alford succeeded him, he had a large draft from the Duke of Rutland's; but since then they have bred their own, and principally used the Belvoir and Fitzwilliam stallions. Barrister, that mightiest of jumpers, by Fitzwilliam Bluecap, has been the sire of many very good hounds; but still the Pillager blood has been the chief stay to Charles Payne. Pillager ran six seasons, and never had a whip except to put him from the trough; and at present there are twenty couple, principally tan hounds, related to him. He was by Juggler by Lonsdale Senator from Playful (an own sister to Burton Contest), whom Mr. Payne got along with Prophetess in a draft. Helicon, Hotspur, and Prosper have been all great Pillager dogs, and Pliant by Pillager especially distinguished herself in a run of thirty-five minutes from Lord Spencer's cover to Sulby Reservoir. The fox ran alongside it, and then dashed in midway, and while the other hounds all got to the middle, and cast themselves right and left, she was the only one that crossed at once, and got half a mile past Sulby Hall, towards Marston Hills, before the body of hounds could get on terms with her. The fox, however, was so washed that they never enjoyed it after.

Twelve Hours in Geddington Chace.

Pillager died rather suddenly in his sixth season, and hence Will Goodall, who rather fancied him, never got a chance. It was inflammation of the liver and not a hard day, which killed him, but he went through one calculated to kill a dozen packs. This was early in August, 1853, and the scene a twenty-five acre plantation near Geddington Chace, close by the high road from Kettering to Stamford. They found at a quarter past five, and after being at it three hours with their first fox, changed on to a shabby little vixen, who slipped like a witch through the briars and sedge; and when she had been headed three times, fairly defied

the dog pack to make her break. During the whole day they only threw up twice, and Charles Payne went in and cast them across it. For four hours they expected to kill every minute, but all in vain, and Lord Hopetoun and Captain Newland rode home, quite tired out at three. A sort of *cordon* of country people was drawn up in one corner, but she slipped through their legs, over and over again, and even when the second whip had been despatched to Brigstocke for four couple of the best bitches, and they had tried their best for another hour, she was as lively and inexhaustible in her dodges as ever. Pillager and Helicon (who was then a mere puppy), ran with the bitches to the last, and not only went home with their sterns up, but were the first off the benches in the morning. Every hound was stripped bare in his breast and fore-legs; Jasper and his sister Joyful dropped beaten on the road; and Charles Payne was so anxious about them all, that he went to see them twice after feeding.

Pytchley Foxes.

The Pytchley country has always been celebrated for its foxes, but unfortunately there has been a sad craven habit of running them with greyhounds, and one man is known to have killed eleven in one year. In Mr. Musters's mastership, the Sulby Gorse fox was as renowned as the Gartree Hill one in Mr. Osbaldeston's, at Quorn. They both finished on the same day in their two countries, and as each had determined to have a turn at their old foe, Mr. Musters offered to back himself for 5*l.* to kill his fox, against "The Squire" killing his. He went out of the gorse at the first crack of the whip, past Bosworth, and leaving Theddingworth on the right, to Laughton Hills, where a man stood at the head of the earths. Bending rather more towards Sibbertoft, he ran the same line back again, and near Theddingworth they viewed him in a large pasture. "*There he goes*," said Mr. Musters; "*they shan't say I killed him unhand-*

some." In this spirit he wouldn't lift his hounds a yard; and a flock of sheep bringing them to a check, his fox got a field ahead, and though they once spoke to it on the road between Harboro' and Welford, they never could hunt him afterwards. "The Hunsbury Hill Devil" was another of Mr. Musters's "difficulties" for three seasons; and generally took off by Wootten and Delapre. On the last occasion, Will Derry tried to head him at a gate; but he would stop for no one, and led them right through Brayfield Furze and Yardley Chase nearly to Olney Bridge, where they lost him. They gave him such a dusting that day, that he appeared no more at Hunsbury Hill, which had then some capital lying, and it was thought that the dark-coloured fox which George Carter killed with the Duke of Grafton's next day, travelling in the direction of Newport, must have been the old Pytchley hero in banishment.

Foreign Foxes.

The importation of foxes has increased to a very great extent, and it is said that in one year about a thousand were in Leadenhall market. The supply comes principally from Holland. It does not do to enquire where all of them come from, but it is certain that Essex is fearfully stripped, and Norfolk as well. A great many have come from Scotland, and Ireland has of late become rather an importing than an exporting country.

The largest order ever executed, was for a celebrated ex-master of hounds in one of the Southern countries. Philip Castang, the well-known Leadenhall dealer, had an unlimited commission to stock the country, and in three weeks, by writing to Holland, France, Germany, and Scotland, he got together about seventy-five brace, dogs or vixens, just as they chanced to come, small ones at twelve and sixpence, and large at fifteen shillings. As it was a remarkably good order, and he did not wish to give time to have it limited by post, he divided them into fourteen lots, and packed them

off on the six heavy coaches, beginning at six in the morning, and finishing off at 8 p.m., with two boxes on the top of the mail, so that cubs kept arriving at The Squire's, all day and night as well. That gentleman was considerably astonished at his agent's activity; but he sent a cheque, and simply said that he should require no more. However, so many of them preferred the better lying of the adjacent country, that several more went down in subsequent seasons.

Foreign Foxes.

Foxes are not so plentiful on the Continent as they once were; but still the French peasants who dig them out in the sandy districts between Boulogne and Paris, are seldom allowed more for them than a couple of francs and a dinner. The original French fox had a very long narrow head, and was rather long in the leg, and not so bright in colour as the English fox, but now there is hardly any difference between them. Russian foxes are blacker than ours, and Tom Goosey had a very favourite one, which used to live on a slab in his garden, and now confers lustre in death along with Mr. Lorraine Smith's hunt sketches, on the Belvoir Inn parlour. The Canadian foxes are very like our own; and an octogenarian ex-master of the Montreal hounds assures us that when he used to hunt them with his twelve couple, in covers about forty miles by twelve, they would perpetually head back when they had run six miles in it, as if they did not like to venture into a strange country. The German foxes are grey in the muzzle, and, like the Dutch ones, have a more bluff countenance, and a bull head. They arrive with rabbit cargoes from Ostend, and at times from Rotterdam in cattle-boats. French foxes come over less punished than they used to do, when the communication was slower; but as masters of steamers will not take them as freight, they import them in small egg-boats, ten or so in a box, with some plucks for provender.

Turning-down Foxes.

We believe that "Frenchmen" were first imported before the Revolution by some of the *noblesse* who had been guests at Althorp, but Dick Knight never thought much of them. In the first year of his Pytchley mastership, Lord Alford imported six brace of the largest Scotch ones he could procure. Three brace were turned down at Cottesbrook, but they were not found for two seasons, and Charles Payne could never account for more than three brace altogether either by brush or hearsay. This was not the first time that turned-down foxes have mysteriously disappeared. The last day that Sir Bellingham Graham was in the Pytchley country, he got thirteen foxes down from Herring's, and kept them in a straw place all night. The meet was at Lamport, and they drew every wood for miles round; but to the sad disappointment of an enormous field, they were all blank.

Some large Sardinian foxes were once turned down at Belvoir, but they thought nothing of Blackberry Hill, and did little else but prowl, wolf fashion, about the houses. Sir Harry Goodricke was as unlucky with the three brace of Russian foxes which were sent him from Count Matuzevich. They were shaggy, rather long on the leg, and small headed, and took their feed regularly all summer at John O'Gaunt's; but when the season came, they had absconded, and they never could get the slightest glimpse, or trace the faintest cross, of them. The Count also sent a few to Mr. Greene, and one or two of them showed good sport. Captain White sent a former Quorn master some very good ones from Derbyshire, which he kept in training, when cubs, in a barn, by the aid of a terrier and a four-in-hand whip. No pupils could have turned out better, two of them especially, which ran the same line from Peatling Gorse, nearly to Shankton Holt, where the Captain was up both times, and recognised them by his private "broad arrow."

Mr. Horlock also introduced some forty brace of Holland foxes, very lengthy, "with ears like donkeys," and very thick brushes. They had nothing of the phlegmatic character of their country of dykes about them, and were nearly as good as his Cliffe Wood fox, which was found three or four times a season for four seasons, and went as straight as a line each time for Rookeley. Harry Ayris also ran one for four or five seasons from Haselton Grove to Iford, and he will have it that Jem Hills brought him back past Haselton Grove to Chedworth Woods.

The Heythrop Foxes.

It has always been a saying in the Heythrop, "*better by half shoot a child than kill a fox*," but alas! one of the finest of them was once found drowning in a trap, and his stuffed remains are in Jem Hill's parlour as a warning to evil doers. The Brewin are the largest forest foxes, and have very long legs, and a great deal of white about them. Sometimes it comes out very prominently in a particular year, and extends to stockings up to the knee. "The Forester" was one of the best of his clan, and for three seasons he defied Jem's wiles, but the last day of the 1856-57 season from Oddingly Ashes was fatal to him, and he was headed at the earths near the Cider Wells, after an hour and a quarter, and killed. Jem got two or three very red Irishmen, but they did not like his look at all, and, on further consideration, decided to emigrate, nobody knew where.

Tree Climbers.

It has always been a joke of Jem's against Harry Ayris that his foxes are "of the squirrel sort;" but seeing that Jem's own have become so terrified of him, that they have lately felt compelled to reside in the trees at Middle Aston Gardens, thirty feet from the ground, we do not expect that he can throw a stone at the Berkeley foxes again, fond as they have always been of climbing. The Shropshire foxes had once the same habit;

and in Mr. Smyth Owen's time they found three in one tree at Barton-on-Sales, one of which ran down the inside of the trunk. The Cantlop fox always resided in a tree, and Jack Wiglesworth knew almost to a yard where to go to, to whip him down. For five or six seasons, he was always lost near Cantlop Mill, as he went between the mill wheel and the mill, and ran his line back when they were casting forward for Eaton Maskett. The miller honourably kept his secret, but he was worried at last with a trap round his foot, and the country people said that he lifted up the earth, when he was buried, and mourned for him, as an old county worthy with a vested right in a mill.

Whaddon Chase has produced some rare bob-tails; and the Brocklesby had their "Bobby," but without a brush at all, and of five years' honest standing before hounds, when they ran into him at last. Probably they would not have done it then, if a footman, who commanded too good a view of the tree of refuge from his pantry window, had not dishonourably peached. The Wing fox was also of great renown, but he fairly beat Mr. Selby Lowndes after some great runs in the second season. They had a check near Cresslow, and lost him in Mr. Drake's country, and they never found him more. Joe Maiden had also several fierce tussles with "The Tiger," who looked like one, as his dark-whiskered form swept out of Huxley Gorse for three seasons. He got quite tired of Joe's assaults at last, and after giving them sixteen miles with two checks through Stapleford Gorse, Tarvin Delamere, and Piele Decoy, he was viewed for the last time under Tarvin Church, and never came back from the Forest.

Many great foxes retire from an ungrateful country at last, in this fashion, after they have beaten both huntsmen and hounds. Charles Tredwell had a light-coloured friend of this kind, whom he generally found for five seasons at Colthorp or Marston Whin, and

drove into the York and Ainsty. The most beautiful fox that ever came to London, is said to have been one which was trapped in a Norfolk warren; and perhaps the biggest ever seen in Yorkshire was one killed in Will Danby's time, in a thirty-five minutes from Skipworth Common to Barlow Village. Foxes might well prosper in Holderness, as on more than one occasion old James Stavely, who was a sort of amateur guardian of Hatfield Whin, did not scruple to square his good wife with a new gown or a work-box, and then kill her chickens for the cubs, out of pure philanthropy. He argued that it was better for the interests of sport that he should give them her chickens, than that they should eat their own dam, as cubs in some few instances, one of them in Oldwick Wood, have been known to do if she can bring them no food. His heart fairly bled with sympathy when he heard of the boast of the Cottam Warren guardian, that he had killed eighty brace of Sir Tatton's in two years, and that the more foxes Tom Carter brought through it the better, as he was "sure to have them as they come back." The Sledmere Whin fox fell into nobler hands, as Mr. Foljambe brought him back as the best trophy of his brief visit with his hounds to that country. He was as handsome a fox as was ever killed in Yorkshire, with white pads, throat, and breast, and white up to the hocks and under the belly, and his head, we believe, still hangs in the entrance hall at Osberton.

Will Long had also a celebrated piebald friend, who was known as "Old Bald," for three or four seasons, and was then wantonly shot. They were never done seeing his white face and neck going as straight as a line from Toxley; and the veteran Will Baker used regularly to say, "*I've got Old Bald for you again.*" On one occasion he jumped up by the side of a pond near the cover, and the delight of the old sportsman was so great, that he set off when he had gasped out

"*Blessed! if it ain't Old Bald,*" and rode like distraction as he never did before or since. Ropsley Rise had also its "Old Piebald," but Will Goodall gave him such tremendous drillings, always down wind, for six seasons, that he turned quite grey with trouble at last. His home was the woodlands, which he would never leave, and many of the woodmen said they remembered him for nearly eleven years. His fur was like fringe, and his skin was as thick again as it ought to have been, when they grabbed him at last; and as they could hardly pull him to pieces, Will considered that it would be best to skin him, and to have a cap made out of it, which could defy Time.

A Farewell.

But we have fairly run from scent to view, and our note-book, the companion of so many pleasant days, is thrown, blotted and helpless, into the waste-basket at last. After wandering with it, according to Bradshaw and the sign-posts, nearly three thousand leagues, we may well feel glad it is gone; and it must go hard with us indeed before we buy its little marble-backed successor, and make a sporting Ulysses of ourselves again. We have left few nooks of real "Silk" or "Scarlet" interest unexplored, from the pleasant meadows

> "Where Greta trips with twinkling feet
> To join the statelier Tees,"

down to the glades of the New Forest and the haunts of the White Collars. In *Nimrod's* day, the Turf, the Chase, and the Road were as inseparable as the "Three Legs of Man" on the Manxman's shield. The memory of "The Road," with "Sir Harry Peyton's greys, Lord Sefton's white-legged chestnuts, Annesley's roans, Fitzroy Stanhope's dark-browns, Dolphin's pies, Russell's speedy bays, Barry's whites, Lord Harborough's fast little browns,"* and all the

* Sketches by Whiz.

other crack turns-out of the Twickenham Club, has its one modern Recorder; and it required no little hardihood on our own parts to determine not to sever The Turf and The Chase.

We would never have intermeddled with the latter, if the most subtle of tempters had not suddenly appeared in the form of Dick Christian. It was nothing but the bewitching conversation of that ancient fossil of a man, which made us disregard all red-tape precedents, and dash at the subject "for better for worse," and trust to luck and labour to pull us through.

If a gig-coalition had not been proposed, Dick's like of extreme Leicester usefulness, spent in "*ketching 'em up, and making 'em go,*" with those lank, weird-like fingers, would have been infallibly a sealed book to hunting generations to come; and hence if the "Scarlet" chapter to which it gave birth, is not strictly orthodox, we must suffer as unwilling martyrs to literature together.

THE END.

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SADDLE

AND

SIRLOIN.

BY

THE DRUID,

AUTHOR OF "SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT," "SILK AND SCARLET," ETC.

REVISED AND RE-EDITED.

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PREFACE.

THE title of this work should pretty well explain its nature. "Sirloin" speaks with ponderous emphasis for itself, and "Saddle" has a triple bearing on horses, sheep, and pigs. It is, in fact, simply the record of what I have seen and heard during the last eleven years in the course of my summer rambles from Cumberland to Cornwall. My business among the leading breeders was in connexion with The Herds and Flocks of Great Britain for *The Mark Lane Express*, and sundry Prize Essays in *The Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, the main points of which are briefly reproduced. A large share of attention has been given to coursing; but racing and foxhunting have been passed somewhat lightly over, as I have already devoted three books to them.

Looking back on the friendships of the last eighteen years, I remember sadly that hardly three of the older generation with whom I then began to take counsel as to "the brave days of old" are left among the living. To have known them, and to have in a measure travelled over their minds, is no

slight pleasure now that I can have no more "quiet evenings," listening to and noting down their experiences.

In compiling this book I have endeavoured to relieve the general reader by throwing mere matters of flock and herd detail into the notes. I could do no more than touch on what appear to be leading points in a county, and as these matters are appreciated differently by different minds, I shall no doubt be found guilty of many dreadful acts of omission. It is, however, a comfort to think that one enthusiastic purveyor, who painted "Saddle and Sirloin" over his sign as soon as the title was announced, and has amused himself ever since by listening to the comments of the passers-by, is bound to stand by me and my selection for better for worse; and I trust that those who have not committed themselves after this fashion may not find much to condemn.

H. H. DIXON.

59, WARWICK GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.
January 25th, 1870.

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SADDLE AND SIRLOIN;

OR,

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the lowlands fair,
All through the bonny shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum,
And he had been where Lincoln's bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—
His far renowned alarum!"

Wordsworth.

Over the Border—Professor Dick—Mr. Hall Maxwell—Mr. Ivie Campbell—John Benzies, the Herdsman—John White, the Gamekeeper—The Master of the Teviotdale—The Earl of Glasgow.

ELLMAN OF GLYNDE loved a day with his lemon-and-white beagles. If a hare beat him at nightfall he would mark with a stick the spot where they last spoke to her, and return there first thing next morning. How he dealt with "the situation" in the early dews we know not. This we do know, that when another summer found us in cannie Cumberland, to take up our "field and fern" tale for England, our first impulse was to cast back over the Border.

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Some good friends live only in memory. Professor Dick, "the old white lion," as his pupils called him, sleeps in Glasnevin cemetery. We always found him as kind as he was quaint. Ask him what we might about Clydesdales or anything else, and he never grudged us oil from his cruise. Write to him, and five or six words were our portion in reply. He liked to be paid off in his own coin; hence our joint correspondence about his photograph comprised some thirteen words on four square inches of note paper. You saw the man best when he was trying a roarer on "Dick's Constitution Hill," or when he admitted you by the side-door on to the stage of his theatre, and placed you in shadow during a lecture. He would then grasp the thigh-bone of a horse, or whatever else he was about to illustrate, and speak in the same tone, without check or cadence for an hour. If he did pause, it was only to rebuke with a stony British stare some foolish "interruption and laughter." We are told that he rather prided himself on quelling such offenders by the unaided power of his eye.

He was in truth, a fine, rugged, old fellow, with

> "A skin of copper,
> Quite professional and proper,"

a rambling, half-corpulent figure, shaggy white tresses, and thoughts full of marrow. He had a large stock of spare activities, whereon to use them; as public matters, both political and civic, had always a great charm for him. A more sturdy Liberal never drew breath, and in 1852 his friends thought of putting him up for Edinburgh. He never entered very heartily into the idea, but it suited his humour to put out an elaborate and searching analysis of the great questions, which "must be considered settled," and those which belonged to the future. Among the latter he gave special prominence to the Irish Church and a Second Reform Bill. He never married, and

he left the whole of his money, subject to the life-interest of Miss Dick, who had been to him a sister indeed, to endow the Veterinary College, where he had lived and laboured for two-and-forty years.

Edinburgh seems still stranger to us without Mr. Hall Maxwell, of Dargavel, and those pleasant half-hour chats at Albyn Place, where he was quite the moving spirit of the Highland and Agricultural Society. His object, as he once said to us, was "to hold Scotland in one great Society's network, and never let a mesh be out of order." In this he was most ably backed up by his confidential clerk, Mr. Duncan, and they both seemed to have the power of laying their finger in an instant on the most minute spring of the vast system they had reared. None were kinder and more ready to assist us on every point within their range. No matter how intricate the search for it might seem in prospective, Mr. Maxwell would ring his bell: "Mr. Duncan, would you please find me, &c.?" and in five or six minutes his fidus Achates would return with all the particulars tabulated, as if by magic.

In 1846 Mr. Maxwell succeeded Sir Charles Gordon, who died at his post, and he held office until the 9th of May, 1866. His first meeting was at Inverness, in 1846; and there, nineteen years after, he made his farewell speech. He was pressed not to resign; but Glasgow, where the business of the meeting is always unusually heavy, stood next on the list, and his heart-symptoms had long given him no uncertain warning that he must seek rest. But for the ill-health of his successor, Mr. Macduff (who died without taking office), his connexion with the Society would have ceased some months earlier. He was bred to the law, and practised regularly, previous to his acceptance of office; and those in the profession who knew his powers and remembered his speaking, more especially in a great murder-defence, believed

that he would have infallibly risen to be a Lord of Session. With commanding sense and marvellous shrewdness he combined a perfect mastery of tongue-fence, and he was as quick as lightning in his thrust or parry.

No one was more jealous of his own or his Society's dignity, and his eye would flash and the colour would mount to his cheek at a word. He delighted most in marshalling statistics and annexing districts at his desk, but still he was supremely happy in the show-yard. Everything was done there with great dignity and order, and the Scottish bench would sometimes chaff their coadjutors from England overnight, aud tell them that Hall Maxwell never admitted a judge into the show yard unless he presented himself in full court-dress. On the opening morning he might be found in the pay-box for a few minutes, helping to gather the crowns, and exchanging a word or a nod with each member as he came in ; but he soon retired, and for the rest of the week the saddle was his throne. He would be galloping here, there, and everywhere, as field-marshal, on his bay cob, setting lords, baronets, and lairds to work as "attending members" to the different sets of judges ; and he was a plainish speaker, sometimes, if things did not go just to his mind.

In short, both there and at Albyn Place, he was quite the autocrat of the Society ; but, although they somewhat felt the bondage, they were very proud of him, and quite content to set off the marvels he had wrought for them against what many thought, and some termed "dictation." If any of the latter were unduly captious, he caught them without more ado and made directors of them, and they soon ceased from troubling. This mode of bland absorption was very transparent, but was never known to fail.

Public business often took him to London, and no one could take charge of a Parliamentary bill better.

If he appeared in a Committee-room to support or oppose on behalf of the Society, it was with such a well-marshalled and serried mass of facts and witnesses that it was always odds on him. At Battersea and Paris he was quite in his element, looking after Scottish interests. When in '61 he led the hundred-and-twenty herdsmen and shepherds to Battersea-fields, he lodged them in Edgington tents, and furnished them with beds borrowed expressly from the Tower. They had regular night-watches like soldiers; certain detachments of them made holiday at the Exhibition or the Crystal Palace, and on Sunday they were marched to Westminster Abbey. This was the only time that we ever saw him in complete sympathy with the stock classes. He seemed to care nothing about the very finest show animals or their points, and to merely regard them as necessary links in his system. Neither Belville, nor old Charlotte, nor Colly Hill, nor Loudon Tam, "that very Blair Athole among Clydesdales," had made any impression on him. He only wished to see the classes worthily filled; the cracks he left to his friend, Mr. Gourlay Steell, "to be translated."

As a private companion none could exceed him, and to us his stories were all the more salient, when they turned on his recollections of his own Society. He loved to recount the Parisian speculations and observations of "Boghall," who did him such yeoman service as cattle manager on that famous international trip; and he unconsciously gave us a delightful specimen of his best official manner in his recital of "Duncan's Arrest at Perth." It seems that the late Duke of Athole, who was then president of the Society, went to Mr. Duncan the night before the show opened at Perth and demanded a stock catalogue. With unswerving fidelity to his chief, who had given express orders to the contrary, Mr. Duncan respectfully declined to hand over, and the Duke (whose

Highland blood was very easily roused) ordered him forthwith into a cab, and taking his seat beside him, drove straight off to Mr. Maxwell's inn. The latter was summoned from dinner, and, on going into the lobby, heard the indictment which the Duke delivered with immense emphasis, holding the accused by the collar. Then Mr. Maxwell struck in, appealing to the Duke as one who had been in the army, and knew the value of rigid discipline, and showing his Grace that "my orders are only your orders—even a president cannot break his own rules;" and so the upshot of it was that the Duke doffed his bonnet, and made a most gracious bow—"*Mr. Duncan, I humbly beg your pardon.*"

Such was Hall Maxwell; and Scotland did not let one who had served her so well and so long retire without a substantial reward. On January 17th, 1866, he was presented with 1000 guineas and a handsome service of plate, and was also requested by the directors of the Society to sit to Mr. Gourlay Steell for his portrait. They little thought how soon that portrait (which is hung, among the few that have attained such honour, in their council-chamber) would be all they could look upon. He was still in the very prime of his mental vigour; and, if health had been granted to him, he might have reasonably looked forward to another twenty years of usefulness in his county. It was not to be He held up just so long as the connexion between him and the Society was unbroken, and then his friends saw with sorrow that Edinburgh would soon know him no more. About the middle of May he quitted it, in very feeble health; his fainting-fits became more frequent as the summer sped on, and on August 25th he died, at his own house, Torr Hall, Renfrewshire, in the 55th year of his age.

A quiet evening with some really good coursers is no light privilege, especially if the kettle is singing a

pleasant winter tune, and a greyhound that has "done the state some service" lies stretched in dreams on the hearth-rug. We have listened with delight as Mr. Nightingale recounted the points of each crack course at the meetings where he wore the scarlet; and though the cold February wind whistled loud and shrill round the Ayrshire barn-tops, and away to the moors behind, what cared we as the servant lassie brought in tea, and fresh logs to the fire, and the late Mr. Campbell, with Canaradzo at his feet, dwelt fondly on the race of Scotland Yet. In his build Mr. Campbell would remind us of the late Mr. Kirby of York—a man of burly frame, in a capacious black tail coat from which he had rather shrunk. He was good-tempered, but always able to hold his own, with incisive Quaker-like retorts, against a host, when he was chaffed. He sold all his greyhounds, save Coodareena, in the spring of '65, Canaradzo for 100*l.* to Mr. Knowles, and Calabaroono for 200*l.*, to the late Lord Uffington, with a view to the Waterloo Cup, for which he came, after the frost, far too fat to the slips. Few men began coursing so late, and none have made such prices; but his dogs were always well placed, and well trained by his son and "Jock o' Dalgig."

He was much "exercised" in the manufacture of greyhound names, and was wont to say that it often relieved him from severe fits of toothache. The pursuit had its origin as follows. He had a red dog, "Cromwell," winner of the Biggar (Open) Cup of sixty-four dogs, in 1853; and shortly after another "Cromwell," to his intense disgust, started up in the English entries. Then he called a brace "Scotland Yet" and "Highland Home" after favourite Scottish songs, and when the Ridgway Club entries came out, Mr. Sharpe had a Scotland Yet as well. After that he would have "no common names," and followed up a limited use of Ossian, by making them for himself. His first-born was "Coomerango," of which Boomerang was the key-

note. "Crested Lochiel" and "Cam Ye by Athol," were the only names he would ever accept from his son. He said that his dogs had no luck unless they were named by himself, and as the above two died from injuries at a fence, he had some grounds for his prejudice.

His son really began the family coursing in 1841, when Mr. McTurk gave him a puppy. After that "Young Dalgig" always kept one; but his father took no notice whatever of the sport until 1847, when he saw him with Kenmore, the dam of Dido, and conceived a violent admiration for her. He then learnt to love coursing at private meetings round home, and his maiden win was a farmer's stake at Closeburn—five shillings entrance and thirty runners. Dido won, and followed suit at Closeburn public meeting the next year.

He first tried Canaradzo in the Dalgig meadows with Mr. Hyslop's Forty-Six. If he was anxious for a trial he would walk from morning till evening to have one. On one occasion he and his son walked all Monday and Tuesday on the hills, and did not find a hare. On Wednesday they began again, and at two o'clock those plucky pilgrims at last "spied her sitting." He did not feel it a martyrdom, and no amount of wet would make him put back. The only alloy, in his mind, to these private trials was when "Jock" proclaimed the death of a doe hare. Occasionally, he took an odd fit, and would run a dog three or four trials in a day. Much as he loved Coodareena, he would sometimes try the whole team with her, and he was "as deaf as Ailsa Craig" to every expostulation on the point. She was the stoutest hearted of all the Scotland Yets—a sort which is either very game or very soft; and but for these severe trials she would have won more than she did. As it was, she was left in among the last eight with Meg in Mr. Campbell's last Waterloo Cup essay; and she ran well at Kyle in the winter, after having had three litters.

Dalgig* was not far from the springs of Nith, and every Edie Ochiltree and Madge Wildfire who wandered among those moors was sure of a night's shelter and plenty of porridge and milk. Mr. Campbell was a great student of human nature, and he loved a bit of character wherever he could find it, especially if it indulged in unshackelled Scotch. He made a point of asking every tramp their name, and they invariably said "Campbell." The outlying members of the clan seemed to increase in a most marvellous manner, but still he was content to ask no more questions. "Campbell" was not the only key to his heart. On one occasion he had some words with a vagrant, and denied him bed and board, but when the cunning fellow told him that his name was "Bruce," everything was forgiven and forgotten. They repaid his kindness by very seldom stealing from him. One of the worst of the lot was once heard to say to his child behind a hedge—"*Nab what you can, laddie, but no at Dalgig for yer life.*" His charity was once rather chilled by learning that two married couples had enjoyed his hospitality from Saturday till Monday, and occupied their barn leisure in negotiating an exchange of wives. The arrangement was carried into effect, and "Old Dalgig" was so scandalized when he heard of it, that for a long time he housed no beggars but aged ones.

He seldom changed his servants, and looked upon the seniors as quite family standards. "Sandy Dun" was with him and his father for fifty-seven years, and died at eighty-four, without redeeming the matrimonial promise which he made annually to his master, under the influence of ale, at Auchinleck Lamb Fair. Another of them, Willy Wilson, delighted to tell how a rough drover tried to prevent him and his master

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* For a visit to Dalgig see "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 249-66.

from passing a certain point in the fair with their lambs, and how the latter laid the fellow prostrate in the mud, and when he had extracted an apology, assisted him to rise and gave him sixpence to drink his health. If he scolded his servants or any one else he seldom got beyond, "*You Saucester!*" (a Scotch word for a kind of pudding); but when his preface was "*My—Good—Sir*" he was felt to be in earnest indeed. Hugh Wyllie, who had been thirty-five years about Dalgig, was often "had in" for a chat at night. He was full of all the country news, and knew many curious stories, two traits which exactly suited his master. The finest scenes took place between "Old Dalgig" and his negro Black Geordie. At one time, Geordie was a sailor, then he cruised about the country selling pebbles and curious stones, and when that game was up, he became a sort of groom to Mr. Campbell, for five-and-twenty years. He was very lazy, and nearly as bad tempered as old Pluto of Gibbet Island, and scenes, rich and rare, took place between him and his master, if the gig was not ready in time. Geordie would think out loud upon these occasions, and it was upon this aggravating habit that issue was joined.

Mr. Campbell was very fond of reading, but confined himself principally to religious works, and more especially to Edward Irving's and Dr. Cumming's. He kept several terms at Glasgow University, where he studied Greek and Latin, and attended the Divinity Hall with no small zest. With a view to going out to China, he began to learn the language, but he was prevailed upon, in consequence of his father's advanced years, to cease from gathering "the blossom of the flying term," and to assist him in his farm duties.*

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* As a breeder of Ayrshires, horses, and sheep he had great experience; few men were in higher request as a judge at shows in Scotland, and, in 1864, he made his third and last journey to Ireland on the same

Still, amid Ayrshire cows and arable, he always yearned after his first love—his college cap and gown. Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," was a fellow student in the Divinity school, and many

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errand. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. For instance, when Lord James Stewart, as principal trustee for the young Marquis of Bute, offered four silver medals for different classes of farm stock, he felt sure of being first for the "Dairy Stock," and anything but sure of the "Single Ayrshire Milch Cow," the "Clydesdale Brood Mare," and the "Two-year-old Ayrshire Quey." Defeat was not to be thought of, and (like the late Duke of Hamilton when he determined to be foremost among the best at Battersea) he bought one in Dumfriesshire, another in Lanarkshire, and the third in a distant part of Ayrshire, and kept the medals together. In 1833 he reclaimed 570 acres of waste hill land by ploughing and liming, and then sowing it out in first-rate pasture, and for this improvement he gained the Highland and Agricultural Society's gold medal. Three years after that, he commenced with his brother-in-law, Mr. Richmond (of Bridgehouse), as his mentor, breeding "Superior Ayrshire Stock," and they bought between them the celebrated "Tam" from Mr. Allan, of Dalry. Tam's cows and queys carried almost everything before them from 1843 to 1854; and were first on five different occasions, when the competition was open to all Ayrshire. His next purchase, Cardigan, from Mr. Parker, gained twenty-seven first prizes, and was never beaten while at Dalgig, and it was for this bull that he refused 100*l.* in 1856. Mr. Parker's stalls also furnished him with Clarendon, who fined down very much after his arrival, and was first both at Ayr and Glasgow in '60.

With all this good milk material, do what he might, he could never get to the top of the tree in cheese-making. His dairy could win at New and Old Cumnock, but they were never even commended in the county competition at Kilmarnock. He spared no expense to have his dairy-maids instructed in the Cheddar system, and both Mr. Harding and Mr. Norton from Somersetshire set up their cheese-presses for a time at Dalgig. Still he never succeeded in making a first-class article, and he attributed his failure to the wet soil and the cold, damp air.

Blackfaced sheep were also his fancy, and he won prizes with them, but never showed after Mr. Richmond's death in '44. He began his horse-labours simultaneously with his assault on waste land, and Kleber and Lamartine, both Lanarkshire-bred Clydesdales, were his best sires. Still, much as he might like good draught horses, he liked good saddle horses better, and by the purchase of Revolter (a son of Grand Turk, "the Cumberland coacher" and Merrylegs, a trotting mare) which he put to six or seven nearly thorough-bred mares, he achieved a great success both for himself and those who sent mares to "the old lame horse." For a man of his weight he was a very fearless rider, and he never cared what sort of savage he had in a gig, as he would soon teach it how to go.

of their Glasgow evenings were spent together. Their friendship knew no change, and the very year that Pollok died, he had promised to spend part of the summer at Dalgig.

Curling and draughts were his chief amusements until he commenced coursing, and he kept up the former for fully forty years. He would drive seventeen miles to Sanquhar to play, and although he never won the Picture, he held the New Cumnock Challenge Medal for several seasons. As a director of the game he was first-rate, but his temper not unfrequently went if any of his own players were careless. However, the anger was soon off him, and he always said he was sorry for "blowing them up." Into draughts he entered with the same devotion, and on very special occasions he and a neighbour would be at it till three in the morning. For two or three years he had been very poorly, and six months before his death he was stricken with palsy. After that he grew weaker and weaker, but he was able to ride out in his gig until the October of '67, when a great change for the worse took place, and a peaceful end soon followed.

Mr. McCombie's late herdsman, John Benzies, was another character whom we always liked to meet by the side of his heavy blacks, either at Islington or in the Vale of Alford. Owing to a constitutional infirmity in his legs, he was not always able to compass his thousand miles each December, but in 1867, when he came South with the Black Prince Cup ox and swept everything he could try for, both at Birmingham and London, we never saw him more active. His appearance "by special command" with his ox before Her Majesty at the Windsor Home Farm was a grand event, and of course he was pretty often waylaid as he went smiling down the Islington avenues, and was requested to stand and deliver a *Court Journal* account of himself. Despite all this

notice in high places, John did not lose his head, and when a celebrated English feeder put a chaffing question to him as to his ox's dietary, he had his guard up in an instant, and wouldn't allow that it ever ate anything but "*Heather bloom! heather bloom!*" He seemed very well, but when he was met at the station on his return, he told his fellow servant, as if with a sort of sad prescience, that he had now won all he could win, and that he didn't care whether he ever saw the South again. Then came two quiet days to recruit him after his journey, and some long, two-handed cracks with his master about the black he had left behind him, and then to work once more in his nice, cheerful way among the prize beasts for '68. Still his treacherous complaint knew of no lengthened compromise. Another short week and his labour was done, and this true-hearted servant was borne up the valley to his grave.

We have also lost our honest, downright friend of many years standing, John White, or "Hawthorne." No more each August shall we hail his forecast of the grouse on the Grampians, so often prefaced by the lines which told of the muircock's crow, the eagle's haunt in the glen, the sweet moss where the roe deer browse, and all the other delights of his heart, and ending up with an exhortation to his brother sportsmen to "on wi' the tartan, and off wi' me ride." He was head-keeper to the Earl of Mansfield, in whose service he had been for nineteen years. His command extended over the Lowland shootings round Scone and Lynedoch—one on the banks of the Tay, and the other of the Almond. Lynedoch, which is some six miles out of Perth, is a lovely wild spot, and he lived in the heart of it, not much more than a hundred yards from the now ruined cottage where the venerable General Lynedoch, as long as his eyesight lasted, spent three months of his summer.

when he arrived in the metropolis, John was not very constant to his Derby love during the winter. At Perth he was a well-known character, driving through in his trap to Scone, or in Paton the gunsmith's shop, up to his crupper in fishing-rods and breech-loaders, or talking to Speedie about his salmon takes. He died after a very short illness at Scone, and he was buried at Moneydie Church, about two miles from Lynedoch, on the banks of a little stream which falls into that Tay he loved so dearly, near the salmon-breeding ponds at Stormontfield.*

Time has wrought some changes at Dr. Grant's since we first wrote of the doings of the Master of the Teviotdale.† First and foremost, the Doctor has foresworn celibacy, and has found a helpmate as fond and as beloved of the hounds as himself, and as daring in the saddle, when she dons her blue habit on a fox or otter-hunting morning. The Liddesdale Hunt remembers well how five or six seasons since she won the brush on her grey pony. In fact, the Doctor has consistently reversed George Herbert's saying of "a horse made, and a wife to make." The step quite took Hawick by surprise. The Kirk Session clerk thought it was a hoax, when the Doctor handed him the guinea and the proclamation for kirk

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* A local paper, the *Crieff Journal*, has the following lines to his memory, which shows that in his humble walk, he has left some "foot-prints on the sands of Time," in both the places where he lived and did his duty so well. They run as follows: "Weeping echoes in the Braes of Lynedoch and Abercairney:"

> "Alas! he's gone. Who's gone?
> Honest John White gone;
> Neither laird nor statesman he,
> Nor boasting of high pedigree,
> But proud of country and of home,
> A leal true-hearted Scotsman, gone;
> Firm in duty, sportsman rare,
> Constant friend, man everywhere."

† See "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 171-201.

next day, and he positively refused to handle the one or believe the other till a mutual friend solemnly vouched for it. Even when he read it out in kirk, he was in fear and trembling, and "thought the Doctor might be getting himself into trouble with another of his odd tricks." The great fear among the Hawick "lads" when the secret came out that Sunday was, that the days of the Teviotdale pack were numbered. No such thing. The whole of the premises in Hawick were knocked down, and new ones of a very different stamp grew out of the same spot in their place. Horses and dogs lived *pro tem.* just where they could among the *débris*. The brown pony of the fair "first whip" (Mrs. G.) was located in a little boarded corner of the barn, with Frank, the terrier (a staunch badger dog, but unentered at otter) in perpetual attendance. The grey half-Arab mare, a rare goer on the road, and a wonderfully steady one when you come to a wade in "silver Teviot's tide," and the bay—whose life was spent between the rubbish cart and professional tours in the gig—were stabled in a house without a gable end, where three "families" used to live. The pack found shelter in the old hunting-break shed, and the break was poked away behind divers roof beams and laths. Slash, the big black Labrador of 108lbs. weight, was tied up in the back surgery with the turtledove of apocryphal age, which has followed the Doctor's fortunes from three houses in Hawick. The black had been so accustomed to watch for poachers, that before he fairly understood "Hints on Etiquette" in the house, he was suspicious when he winded a patient after dark, and on one occasion he made a well-meant effort to eat a flesher, who had come to have his tooth drawn.

Billy and Bobby generally lived with two cats in the garret, and the latter, when he was in an ill-humour, kept the tabbies in strong exercise. Billy paid off a servant-girl, against whom he had a slight

grudge. He would share her bed every night; but once when she had to get out and go downstairs to fetch something, he took a surly fit, and would never let her in again—at least, under the blankets—and that long-suffering woman had to sleep in her shift on the outside. Teddy and the cat were mostly in bed-partnership with the boy; but Billy stuck to the girls, and old half-blind Stormer, who fights everything in kennel, roamed about at will. After trying in vain on a pouring night for a settlement in some parish, he discovered a happy hermitage, in this brick-and-mortar waste, at the bottom of an old chimney, and, having laid the coals in order, entered into residence at once. My Mary, by Shamrock, is independent of alterations, and resides entirely in the gigs—at least, the one which has the apron on—and makes sundry sallies during the night on to the rats, which hold holiday in the yard. On one occasion, she was found with five, which she must have carried up, step by step, through the wheel spokes, and then borne, Blondin-fashion, along the side-shaft to her lair. As the Doctor says, she "lies with them in her arms, as if they were puppies—the darling wee thing!" She lives well among the patients in her daily gig rides, but cream and meat don't make her idle. Occasionally she enlivens these professional rounds by taking the drains after a rabbit, and she has carried one alive into the gig. Like her, the Doctor does a good deal of sleeping in the gig, but to ensure peaceful repose he must have two pair of reins, and hold the one while his wife drives with the other. Gouty old Malakhoff's white skin is in the best bedroom, and you now tread over "old John Peel's" and Fairplay's somewhere on the landing. Shamrock's is in the big room, and gives you the notion, as you first look and recall the little grey-and-tan warrior of eighteen seasons, that a quarry stone has tumbled on him, and flattened him out. His is indeed a precious

memory with the Doctor. "When Broadwith could find no vermin for him he killed collies on the spot—he had such destructive power—he suffered very much at last; I tapped him twice, and took away about 160 ounces of fluid in all." He left more daughters than sons behind him; and the former more especially followed him in colour. Teddy, his son, is quite as determined with otters, and by dint of practice as artistic as himself, though he is not quite so heavy.

The badgers needed no close borough of their own amid all this yard confusion, as they were all poisoned that summer on one and the self-same night. They would catch rats like a dog, as the vermin stole to their feeding trough in "the sweet moonshine;" but they killed and ate one too many. A poisoned rat came among the rest, and all three seemed to have partaken of him, as they were found curled up stiff and dead in one tub. The Doctor had no idea that poisoning was in process next door, or he would have adopted his usual preventive of feeding up the out-lying terriers and the badgers, so that they would not eat their spoil. He mourned sadly over the big badger, as nearly every terrier in the place had been highly tried with him in his time. This badger maintained the very pleasantest relations with the stable-boy and servant-girl, who cleaned him out and fed him. Let but the Doctor appear, and he growled fearfully, and as often as not tried to break through his iron poker guard, and have a touch at his learned legs. He was quite different in attitude and expression when one of the Doctor's wire-haired brigade went in, and he would at once entrench himself in a corner, "to receive cavalry," knowing right well what to expect. If it was merely a stranger he scorned such work, and went in for a merry ding-dong, which soon settled matters. A very expensive brace were so heavily beaten in their trial, that their disgusted

owner packed them off that night, and said he thought they "would be good enough for London." Teddy nailed him at eleven months, and got bitten through his nose and shoulder, but he went in at him a few days after, as resolute as ever. Badger-baiting is in the blood, as Shammy's grandsire, "The Patriotic Pep," killed a badger in a drain when he was quite old and blind. This was at William Broadwith's, who used often to turn out a badger on Longnewton Forest with one and a half hours' law, whenever Sir George Douglas's pack were unusually short of otters.

The performing chestnut horse was put down early in '67, and was generally supposed to be rising twenty-seven years, of which he had spent eleven with the Doctor. As a jumper, whether of stone walls, banks, or timber, he had few to touch him, and with the Doctor's leaping-pole on the top of it, he cared nothing for a wire fence. He would follow his master over any jump, and never separate from him when he was over, however good a head hounds might be carrying. For some time past he had been troubled in his wind, and was found, on a careful *post mortem*, to have aneurism of the heart and malignant disease of the liver. In fact it was about time for him to render up his flesh to the hounds he loved so well, and his "flag," skin, and hoofs (the latter in the shape of polished snuff-boxes) serve as adornments to the big room of 30ft. by 15½ft., above the stables. His carcase was pickled for the pack and was "as good beef as ever you saw; but perhaps not so fat as some we've known." They put a sack over his head, and the poor beast began to waltz with his fore feet, as if he was expecting to be taught his 101st performance, when down he went with No. 5 shot through the forehead. The Doctor cannot bear ball in such a crisis, as his five-barrelled revolver once failed with a Bird-catcher mare, and he only killed her by opening a

vein, and blowing into it, when she died with a hearty nicker in her nostrils. The one-eyed thorough-bred mare has been disposed of long since. Her original price was thirty shillings, because no one could get on her back, and the Doctor consistently reached that proud elevation up to the day of her death by a series of flying jumps on the blind off-side. He has a capital harness mare, looking like a hunter, which wont ride a yard, and never will. It once took three and a half hours to do two miles on her, and her rider only effected that by sitting down on her, and working the journey tail foremost—the only way in which she will go under a saddle, although she will kneel, and take quite naturally to hanky-panky tricks. The Doctor takes the precaution of having his harness made throughout with spring hooks so that if he has an accident he can hold the horse with the left hand, and set it free with the right.

There are about five otter hounds, eight Dandies, and Billy in the pack; but there is nothing the Doctor relies on more than Slash the Labrador, with his jet-black coat and his fine grey muzzle. This warrior came from Broadwith's, and hunted with the Doctor for many a season before he was "reduced into possession." He was helping in night-work at the same time; but it became at last dangerous to take him out, as he could wind a poacher at any distance, and his growls of linked sweetness long drawn out, when they held him "for fear of murder," told too much. Hence the Doctor, to his great joy, was allowed to take him home, and he has become a groom of the bedchamber. Slash believes in no dog—not excepting Ringwood—unless he has felt at the spot for himself. Hunting alone is his delight, and he is always questing either up or down stream, yards apart from the body of the pack. He quarters the stream just like a setter dog after partridges—sometimes with his nose right under the water, and his head on one

side, as if listening, and sometimes with it flat on the surface. When there is a worry he takes care to have his back nip; whereas old Stormer only tugs away at the tail, and Ringwood is quite open to let up Billy and the terriers at such a crisis. Slash was the only dog which ever beat the Doctor when he wanted to save his otter. That devoted man had the rest at bay under an elder bush on the Ale, and the terriers would not act on account of the heavy stream; but Slash would not be denied, floored him in the mud, and took the otter from him then and there. The "auctioneer," which Malakhoff dreaded so much, was no use whatever against such a "Molyneux the Black." The Doctor remarks "that he does not know pain. Look at the thumps he got from that iron hook of Bill's:—his nervous system is not like other dogs—he's a dog of metallic nerves."

The long room above the stables is now (1870) finished, but not furnished; a fox has been kept there since it was a cub, and ere long the trick training will commence. A badger again forms one of the establishment, to the great delight of Betsy; and a man hunted a buck foulmart for six weeks as a consort for the ferrets, which had grown slack in the Doctor's eyes, and required a fresh strain of blood. It was run to ground several times, and made such an example of its pursuer's fingers, that the latter was perpetually under medical treatment till he conquered. The Doctor has made a platform nine feet from the ground round his yard, and stocked it with all kinds of British flowers. This is what he understands by sitting under his own fig-tree in years to come, and what cares he even if the otter-bites in his hands do become "the seats of rheumatism." Above the long room he has a shooting gallery of twenty-five yards, finishing in his extra bedroom, which commands a view of Chapel Hill, Borthaugh, and Gala Law covers. Through an artful tube in the wall, he commands the illuminated face of

the Town Clock as he lies in his bed, which saves all candle reference to his watch on an otter-hunting morning.

Some of the otter hounds have been working with Sandy in the Carlisle pack; but Royal, Collier, and Ringwood are still (1870) in kennel with Teddy, Piper, Tom, and the other terriers, who "get round the otter like a collar of leeches." Two greyhounds (one of them old Artful), Slash, old Major (who is almost blind), Judge (the setter), and Stormer have tickets-of-leave in the stable; Billy, Bobby, and Ragman are a trio by themselves; and Black Jack, who will fight any mortal thing, occupies the boot of the break. There is also a magnificent bitch, Melody, from Mr. Stonehewer's which has no superior in a cold scent, and Little Pod, a puppy of The Dwarf's, is quite a character.

The Doctor's deposition touching the attempted capture of Billy is worth preserving: "I saw the man at the head of Baker's Close, coquetting with Billy, and marked him as a stranger, with an eye to the dog. The two disappeared. I got into position at the other end of the Close, and took him by the throat; he threw down the rope, and I made him pick it up again. He tried to break my arm; but I knew the old dodge. He seized me by the wrist, and ran under it. I stopped him with one on the larynx; he opened his mouth wider than any otter hound—he was nearly asphyxiated. It was such a nasty trick trying to put out a gentleman's arm for claiming his own dog. Billy was quite conscience-stricken at finding himself in such low company. He knew he had done something wrong. The man had to stand in the yard with his back against the wall, and hold the rope as evidence against himself, till a serjeant of police came. The rope was the link of union;—it kept them all nicely connected together The man began in a most piteous way. He told me

he had only just finished his two years in Perth Penitentiary for taking a mouthful of flesh out of a policeman's leg. I had some pity on him, and I wouldn't value Billy at 10*l.*, so he couldn't be sent to Jedburgh. He had the full benefit of ten days. The baillie would have given him more for Billy's sake, if he could. As for the man, he was gratitude to the mast-head. '*I'll never steal another dog from you.*' I thought he would come and call; but I am glad to say he didn't. '*I've got a good dog at Dalkeith; you can have it if you like. If you ever want one, write me.*' That is what he said: it showed his heart was in the right place. It was a tremendous undertaking stealing a public character like Billy—a dog that everybody here knows and respects—a privileged dog—goes round the town every forenoon, and visits on his own hook—not a butcher's shop he dosen't know, and he's very fond of confectionery too. He may well be fat."

The Doctor "took a notion" shortly after our visit, and sallied forth with Ringwood, Royal, Collier, Stormer, and Melody to look for an otter at Shieldswood, where Jack Deans the keeper had several fox litters. The otter had been a great night-traveller, and between Ashkirk and Shieldswood loch the scent was as hot as fire. Mrs. Grant commanded the terrier contingent, of Teddy, Tom, Piper, Vixen, and My Mary; while Slash the Labrador, Billy, and the five otter hounds were the Doctor's aides-de-camp as usual. Jack was in a dreadful fright when the Dinmonts went to ground, lest it should be a vixen fox, but it was the "right stuff," a regular thirty-pounder, and out it came through the pack and into the loch. There was plenty of music, and when it had swum a ring it earthed again, and was drawn out by the terriers. It was nearly off the second time, but the Doctor dashed into the loch, seized it by the hind legs, and fell trying to swing it up the bank. As the

Doctor fell, some of his dogs, whose blood was regularly up, caught him by the hip in the *mêlée*, and bit him so severely that the leg became benumbed down to the foot, and he could not get up again. Jack then slipped and went down in trying to land him, and was bitten by one of the dogs in the hand. Mrs. Grant, as reserve corps, then flew to their aid, and the Doctor was got out of the loch, still holding on to the hind legs of the otter, which just prevented his coat and vest from being pulled right over his head. There was a most fearful battle on the bank, and but for Slash and his tremendous "back nip," the otter might have won the day. Poor Billy was of no use; he hung on "like grim death," and tried to chew, but he seemed to do no harm. On examination it was found that he had struck two of his long tusks through his upper-lip, and had thus fairly muzzled himself. There never was such a bloody death, and the terriers, to use the Doctor's noble simile, "looked as if scarlet nightcaps had been drawn over their heads and necks." Billy was in high fever next day, with a head so fearfully swollen that the Doctor thought he could not recover, and carried him perfectly blind to the photographer, for a parting reminiscence.

His head when submitted to the photographer was just as broad as it was long, whereas in health the length is about twice the width. He is now quite well again and ripe for duty, and another photograph was taken of him; so that his friends at a distance might see, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, what a tremendous jobation he received during his "lock jaw." The Doctor firmly believes that the dog owes his life to the tender nursing and devotion of his mate, the ex-pugilist Bobby, who took possession of him that night, and never left him till all his face-wounds were healed up. He lay with his patient on the kitchen sofa, and never ceased to lick the raw spots. If Billy went into the yard he accompanied him, and would

not let him out of his sight for an instant. His tongue was in fact a perpetual poultice and antidote to inflammation. The Doctor tried hard one day to get him to dress the wounds of the Dandies, but he would not even look at them. Some years ago he and Billy fought till they were exhausted, and ever since they seem to have been quite content to look upon it as a drawn match, and never quarrel about victuals or anything else.

"Well, den! Hard Koppig Peter ben gone at last," said the Dutchman of New Amsterdam, as they puffed the pensive pipe, and gazed into his grave. Now that his beloved Newmarket will know him no more, turfites have a still warmer remembrance of their "Peter the Headstrong," or "Old Glasgow!" The Dutch and Scottish heroes were of the same kidney. One prorogued a meeting of the burghers *sine die* by kicking it bodily downstairs with his silver-mounted wooden leg; and then posted himself in full regimentals and cocked hat, with a blunderbuss at a garret window of Government-house, rather than sign the surrender of his town. The other looked upon the Press much from the same point of view as Peter did on the troublesome tribes of Preserved Fish and Determined Cock, and did nothing on the turf like anybody else.

He went to sea at a tender age, and he never lost the salt flavour. To the last he was a true descendant of the old Norsemen in his manners and in his blood. Grafton, Rutland, Exeter, and Jersey were courtly models to which he did not care to conform. Under the auspices of his one-armed tutor, "Sir Wolly," who, for lack of more worlds to conquer, on his proud St. Leger Eve thrust his walking-stick through the pier glasses of the Rein Deer, the young lieutenant soon became seasoned to life ashore. They would sit at the window of the Black Swan at York with magnums of claret before them after midnight, and hand it out

in tumblers to the passers-by. Old racing men first remember the pupil jumping on the table at the Star in Stonegate, when Mr. Gully entered and offered 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger, and repeating the offer in thousands. Having once begun to "plunge," he won 17,000*l.* on Jerry, and lost 27,000*l.* on Mameluke at Doncaster; and trusting in Bay Middleton, and Bay Middleton alone, he offered 90,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* against Venison for the Derby, "each man to post the money." Of late years he had made some big bets, and offered bigger, but be the issue what it might, no one could tell by his features whether he had won or lost. It was dangerous for a trainer or jockey to advise his lordship to put 100*l.* on a horse, as he was sure to multiply the advice by five. Very often he would take no advice, and with a colt at least two stone better in the stable he characteristically enough backed Dare Devil to win 50,000*l.*, and put his first jockey on him in the St. Leger. Combined with all this off-hand daring, there was the fine, simple faith of a Jack Tar, and the most rugged honesty. Finesse or generalship, such as letting the worst horse finish first in the trial when a good "taste" had been taken a quarter of a mile from home, was a thing he could not understand. Hence, he never fairly mastered the fact that Actæon was much better than Jerry; and Purity's hollow defeat in the first two heats out of five at Doncaster, despite Croft's assurance that "the fun of the fair is only beginning, my lord," seemed a purely Chinese puzzle to him.

As Lord Kelburne, when his racing aspirations did not often range further south than York and Doncaster, he lived a good deal in Scotland, at his seat of Hawkhead, near Paisley. That daring soul, Lord Kennedy, was then in his zenith, ready to shoot (at grouse or pigeons), or walk, or drive, against any mortal man, for any conceivable sum, and, as may be imagined, his lordship found a foeman, with a long

purse, ready for him at any hour of the day or night. The later the hour, the wilder the bet; and it is on record that they had a driving match after midnight, and that Lord Kelburne lost by choosing the wrong road, and nearly plunging his team among the breakers off Ardrossan.

In sturdy emphasis of speech, whether at Jockey Club Cabinets, or addressing his trainer, he was the same "Downright Shippon" to the last. For him the Presbytery of Strathbogie had lived and laboured in vain. To discuss a subject of turf polity with him was about as hopeless as to ask his opinion respecting the new veterinary discovery of a small supplementary muscle in the eye of an ass. He once ordered a handicapper to put 7lbs. more on his own mare. When, as Lord Kelburne, he hunted Ayrshire, if anything went wrong with the sport, he immediately turned upon the huntsman, and chased that devoted man, thong in hand, half a league over hedge and fallow. Fashion and Usage could forge no fetters for him.

> Hodgson in a pair of gloves,
> Shades of Meynell and of Mytton!
> Vainly Venus sent her doves,
> With a pair of her own knitting,

expressed a home truth about a Master of the Quorn, which would have equally applied to the old Earl. He never appeared in such modern knick-knacks as knickerbockers. To the last he stood by the side of the cords, with low shoes a world too wide, white trousers, in which T. P. Cooke himself could have conscientiously danced a hornpipe, and not unfrequently in a blue coat with gilt buttons. See him when you might, there was the same nervous irritation, which ruined all natural rest, and made his span of nearly seventy-seven years, eked out as it was nightly by chloroform or laudanum, very little short of miraculous.

He was not exactly, as Aytoun said of Lord

Eglinton, "one of the heroic stamp of Montrose and Dundee," but still a grand Turf patriarch, whom no defeat could quench. He had spent hundreds of thousands during nearly half a century of racing life, and yet not one of the three great events fell to his "white body, crimson sleeves and cap," in which Harry Edwards on Actæon, that most ungenerous of finishers, defeated by a head the terrific rush of Sam Chifney on Memnon. This York Subscription Purse was, after all, *the* victory of his life. "Lord Glasgow wins," was heard at the Two Thousand finish in General Peel's year, and no shout was taken up with greater zest by the multitude. "Old Glasgow always goes straight to the winning-post," and "Rogues can take no change out of him." Like Lord Exeter, he could furnish his "surprises," and none greater than when Rapid Rhone defeated Lord Clifden for the Claret Stakes. Cheered on by the warmth and high spirits of a Jocky Club dinner, he would match anything in his stable, and when he could come to Newmarket no longer, he wrote and desired his trainer to turn his attention that way, so that while absent at Hawkhead, he might still be doing something. To one or two of his most wary opponents he was as good as an annuity; but on a memorable Houghton Saturday he laughed them all to scorn, and won six matches in succession. No one was so wayward and difficult to please, or so munificent when he was pleased. His trainers "came and went like the simoon," till at last men of standing in the profession would not engage themselves to him without a guarantee for at least three years. When he had gone the round he would come back to the old ones, although he had vowed, by all his gods, that they had ruined his horses. Every trainer did that. Still, his cheque was always there to the moment, and that was like wine and oil to the wounds he inflicted with his tongue. As for his favourite jockey, Tom Aldcroft,

he had nearly as many "reconciliations" with him as Tom Sayers had with Heenan at the Alhambra; but he could never quite forgive John Scott for "leaving him alone so severely," when, in his thirst for controversy about his colt General Peel, he shot quite a sheaf of arrows at Whitewall.

Above all things he hated naming his horses, and preferred to leave the public—which never really took any trouble in the matter, as it dare not back one out of fifty on its merits—to grope helplessly among the Miss Whip, Physalis, or dam by Gameboy sorts, from which sprang the noble race of Flutter and "the tight'uns by Barbatus." It had been the self-same story in earlier days, with Jerry, Retainer, Albany, and Retriever. Half the evenings at the Club, when Lord Derby led the revels, with the Earl of Strafford, General Peel, Admiral Rous, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Payne—friends who could always touch the right chord in that testy old Scot—were spent in trying to name his horses for him. Getting the "royal assent" was the real difficulty, and once "the rich relics of" what promised to be "a well-spent hour" only resulted in the registration with Messrs. Weatherby of "He has a name," and "Give him a name." The Black Duck Stakes of 1000, h-ft, jumped so much with his humour, that "The Drake," and "The White Duck"—which had a double aspect, bearing on the above stake and his own seafaring trousers as well—were readily adopted; but "Light Bob," by Voltigeur, was hardly expected of him, except, perhaps, in the light of a cut at the rival profession. Tom Bowline, one of the few yearlings he ever bought, came to his hand at the hammer ready named, and there were melting moments when he could not resist the offers of his friends to be sponsors for his best. "Knowsley" was but due to the genial Earl who had made many a match with him in his day; "Strafford" and "General Peel," might well

have a pleasant sound; a chestnut with such a peculiar white mark under the knee was of course Knight of the Garter; and "Rapid Rhone" was a sterling compliment, such as that roan tribe might not know again in the course of the century. Both Knowsley and the Drake have repaid breeders well in different lines, and The Earl was one of the results of that "nick" of Orlando mares with his Young Melbourne, which General Peel made so fashionable. Hence, thanks to old Clarissa, he could turn the laugh against stud critics at last.

The more they jeered at his stud tribes, the more he stuck by them, and the more assiduously he matched the produce. He cared nothing what he spent out of a reputed 60,000*l.* a year. If a privileged queen of the card-women hit him a little too hard with her chaff, he would rub his neck or back, as was his nervous way, a little more vigorously than usual, and throw her a sovereign to get rid of her. He liked having his racing blood to himself, and therefore he put his sires' fees at a pretty prohibitive figure. In fact, he would rather lend than let, and infinitely sooner shoot than sell. He has been known to go down to Middleham out of the season, summon four or five resident jockeys over-night to ride a score or more of trials for him the next morning, and finish up by shooting half-a-dozen of the worst twos and threes, without benefit of clergy. Stern of mood as he might be when he was crossed, "his hand was ever open, his heart was ever warm." It was said that he once fed half Paisley in a time of distress, and that yet not even a baillie dare thank him on behalf of his brother-townsmen, for fear of being assaulted. A 10*l.* note or a "pony" was the very least he would pull out of his pocket, if the hat went round, and good cause was shown for some Turfite who had fallen behind the world. For forty years after their connexion had ceased, he would send one of his earliest

jockeys a 50*l.* note, if he had won a good event, simply "for auld lang syne." With all his foibles, he was a glorious old landmark to the Turf; and while he was still among us, defying the roll of the ages, with his quaint garb and blunt speech, some may perchance have felt that his presence was a wholesome corrective to the modern spirit, which has lowered "the sport of kings" into a doubtful trade—a contest for honour into a lust for long odds.

CHAPTER II.

"He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves and trumpet sounds
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song."

Longfellow.

The late Sir James Graham, his farming tastes—Recollections of Carlisle—Meeting the Judges—Old Posting Times—Loyal Tom King—Jack Ainslie and his Gretna Green tactics.

FROM Longtown to Land's End is our allotted journey. When our Scottish travels on the Cheviot side of the country were ended, and we were once more in the Border land, we tied our mare to the church wicket at Arthuret, and sought the grave of Sir James Graham. There he rests from his toil, beneath the ash and the sycamore on the north-east side of the chancel. Nothing is placed over it save a red sandstone flag with the inscription, "*J. R. G. Graham, Bart., born June 1st, 1792, died Oct. 25th, 1861.*" It was his last wish that he should have this simple burial among his tenants and neighbours.

Sir James's stay at Netherby depended very much

upon his engagements in London, but he generally contrived to come down for different periods twice a-year. He would always spend the first fortnight after his return in riding about the farms with his steward, the late Mr. Yule, and then with Mr. Brown, seeing and suggesting improvements, till at length the whole estate bore unmistakable impress of his practical knowledge and broad aims, and became quite a proverb of good farming in the North. Farmers, whose only account-books were their right and left pockets, might well take a lesson from the Netherby tenantry. Croft Head—where he lived during some very happy years, as Mr. Graham, after his marriage—and some additional fields, or about 1000 acres in all, made up his home-farm; and he also from time to time took other farms in hand to improve. Green crop fallows were latterly a special point with him, as a preparatory measure of permanent improvement. Hence in his leases the out-going tenant was bound not to have more than one-fourth of his fallow-share in bare fallow.

In many districts, but more especially the low-lying ones of the Netherby estate, he recommended the culture of green crops and grass, as, owing to the almost periodical rains in July, which raised the rivers Esk and Liddle, the water was backed up through the porous soil to the roots of the wheat, which at once retarded its growth, and produced a rough sample. In the valleys of these rivers there is a good alluvial soil, a small portion is on a strong clay and well adapted for fallow wheat, and fully a half consists of what is called black topped land, with mostly a good red clay subsoil, or, in some cases, a hungry white, sandy-seamed clay, which is the worst soil on the estate. Good farm-houses and farmsteads were his delight. After his father's death he subdivided and remodelled his farms, put all the buildings in order, made good occupation roads, and commenced an extensive system of tile-draining, which is still being

carried on. He was equally given to woodcraft, and spent a great deal of time with his foresters, advising them as to judicious thinning. He planted 1000 acres in addition to the 1500 he found on the estate. Larch was his favourite as regards profit, and oak, beech, and lime as ornamental trees.

Of Shorthorns and Galloways Sir James was an excellent judge. He began with the former and soon established a good herd, but experience convinced him that they were not suitable to the soil and climate of the bulk of his estate, and they had, therefore, to give way to "a black dairy." He did not declare himself in favour of any particular breed of sheep, but he introduced sheep-farming on to his estate. It is a noteworthy fact, that all the old Netherby leases which were in existence when he became baronet in 1824, contained a clause prohibiting the farmers from keeping sheep, on account of their being destructive to the fences. Few men knew better about a horse's points, and he liked the cross between a blood sire and Cleveland mares, but he never made any high prices.

In 1821-25, before he entered on public life, he hunted a good deal in Yorkshire, and generally stayed with his old friend Mr. Starkie, near Goldsborough. In after years he gave his mind more to shooting; like most tall men, he was a good, steady shot, and during his session labours he always looked keenly forward to the Twelfth, and the ten days among the grouse at The Flatt in Bewcastle. It was in defence of his rights as lord of the manor of Nichol Forest, that he had to fight the case of *Graham* v. *Ewart* through the Exchequer, the Exchequer Chamber, and the House of Lords, before it was solemnly decided that he was entitled to hunt, shoot, fish, and fowl over Bailey Hope, a stinted pasture within that manor, under the preamble of the Enclosure Act, which reserved his right to "other rights, royalties, liberties, and privileges in and over the same." Lord

Stanley and Mr. Sidney Herbert both joined him at The Flatt, and Sir Robert Peel shot his covers with him at Netherby, where Mr. Gladstone was a frequent summer visitor. The party roughed it considerably at The Flatt, as the house was small, and some of them had to adjourn to shepherds' huts. They always shot over dogs, as driving was not then the fashion. Occasionally Sir James would try his hand at salmon-fishing in the Esk with old John Wilson as henchman, but the gaff which John shouldered was not often brought into requisition. John still "minds on" how when Sir James had had an unlucky day, he handed over the rod to himself. After a further trial of the game of patience, a salmon was hooked, and Sir James resumed the rod, and John the gaff, but "the speckled monarch of the tide" escaped to the Solway after some nice play, and John said, in sly allusion to election matters, "*I never seed Sir James look sae blue afore.*"

He was singularly punctual in his habits, and very abstemious, tasting very little between a light breakfast and a late dinner. Sir Benjamin Brodie once said to us of him, that when he was working hardest, he only took meat three times a week. We cannot recall a finer election sight than when he and Mr. Blamire were borne, side by side, through Carlisle, one in a dark-blue and the other in a light-blue chair; but Sir James's height and weight made the task rather difficult to the bearers, and they changed so often, that in Castle-street we once thought that the baronet would have descended more swiftly than agreeably from his calico and laurel throne. A handsomer couple than Lady Graham and himself were seldom seen in a ball-room, and a few Carlisle people still remember how every other dancing group was suddenly broken up, and how one and all crowded round to look, and never forgot that rare quartet of beauty, when the present Duchess of Somerset, Lady

Graham, Lady Vane, and Mrs. Johnson of Walton House were partners in a quadrille with Sir James, Sir Frederick Vane, Mr. Johnson, and Captain Campbell.*

As years went on, there was sterner work than this for Sir James to do both in Downing-street and St. Stephens, and Cumberland might well be proud of her "Bright Sword of the Border." No country had ever sent, not once, but twice, such a pair of home-breds as "Sir Jamie" and "Willie Blamire" as their members. The one had mastered the great problem of Tithe and Enclosure, perhaps, with the exception of the Irish Church, the most delicate and difficult that has perplexed the century; and the other was for nearly thirty years "a potent voice of Parliament," and the friend of Sir Robert Peel. There was a long severance, it is true, between him and his county, but "The wanderer," to use his own words, "came home at last." After fifteen years of political exile, he showed himself once more at the windows of the Coffee House, and then came that carefully-studied combination of close reasoning, playful local illustration, and magnificent irony, which gave his speeches such a peculiar edge, and which again bore all down before it both on the hustings and at the poll. Every shaft told, and it went ill with the man who tried to parry his chaff, upon fingers and toes in potatoes, or any other topic. Two points in his political life were especially marked, to wit, his wish to play a strong second rather than to lead, and his utter indifference, if he believed himself to be in the right, how much he might cut public opinion against the grain. The one might indicate lack of nerve, but the other proved its possession in the very highest degree.

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* Our informant, who was a looker-on, is sure as to seven out of the eight.

On the Carlisle hustings in '52 he said that he might "now claim to close the book," but he was bound to take his place by the Earl of Aberdeen that winter now that Sir Robert was gone. He had begun to fail very much after his grand climacteric in 1855, and went down gradually until his death. Still the well-known words, "*Sir James is up*," which, to the last, never failed to empty the library and the smoking-room, were heard in the May before his death, when he spoke upon the question of a tack to a Bill of Supply. We happened to be in the Speaker's Gallery, and painfully noted the ravages which a few years had made, since he and his colleague for Ripon, the Hon. Edwin Lascelles, two of the handsomest men in England, were listening to a protection debate in the House of Lords. Earl Derby then adjusted his eye-glass and glanced up at his old colleague, as he sat with a look of half-indifference, half-scorn on his face, and his finely-moulded hands folded on the top of his stick. When he made that last great speech in the Commons the political poet might still have written of him,

> "So cute and cunning he of fence,
> We count him worth a host;"

but he said when he rose from the last bench behind the ministers, that his days of conflict were gone by, and that he claimed an old man's privilege to lift the question out of a mere party arena, and deal with it strictly as a constitutional one. He spoke leaning on his stick, and though his measured accents lacked the fire of the days when he bade the House at least to "get out of *Nisi Prius*," or made "he knows the reason why" the key-note of a speech which recounted the blessings of Free Trade, there was the same beautiful precision and flow of language which so distinguished him in his prime. The house sat in rapt silence so as not to lose one word, and all seemed to feel that his voice would be heard again no

more. He alluded to his growing weakness, and there was that in his manner when he met his friends on the hustings, and on the show-field at Carlisle, which pointed too truly to the end. The two-finger salutation was exchanged for the hand-shake, and those with whom he had any political difference felt from his tones, how anxious he was that all should be forgotten.

Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying was his constant companion on his death-bed, and when he knew that he was very near the entrance of the dark valley, he calmly laid it by and conversed upon the symptoms of death, as one by one they gathered round him in the twilight of that October morning. Cumberland might well mourn for him.

> "The sower stayed his hand to hear,
> The honest "grey coat" sighed,
> The message seemed so strange and drear,
> That Friday when he died."

Not many months before, he had travelled, feeble as he was, many a weary league, to stand by the grave of Sidney Herbert, as he had done by Peel's and Goulburn's. The Secretary at War was the third of that band of Peelites who had fallen, and there were none of them that Sir James loved more dearly. Writing to the Duke of Newcastle, only a week before his death, respecting a Sidney Herbert memorial he said: "I think a statue of him in Salisbury will be a most suitable monument, under the shadows of the cathedral spire, which points to that Heaven where his hopes were centred, and where I trust he has received his great reward." We too may trust that they are not divided.

Old Fuller tells us that St. Alsike, whose name is now only had in honour as a grass seed, was born in a wood near Carlisle. He adds that pearls were found in the Irthing, a point which "Sandy" in all his otter hunts has never been able to verify. These notes

of two hundred years ago have much less interest for us than our own recollections of Stanwix Brow, when six mail-guards were "sounding the cheerful horn," and the little mail (as the girl said of the ghost) "went by like a flash." Great were the cricket struggles in that meadow on the right, when the 34th Regiment played the county. Private Allen, who was supposed to live by suction, was invariably taken out of the Black Hole for the afternoon, and he sometimes rose to the occasion with "50 not out," while Lieutenant Simpson and Corporal Moss played a good and a much safer game. Blues and Yellows united most harmoniously in the County Eleven—Colonel Lowther,* with his slow round-handers, at one end, and Mr.

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* Of the once familiar faces absent at the Smithfield Club Show, none are more missed than Colonel Lowther's. His Barleythorpe ewes and wethers could always come into a front place, either at Oakham or Islington. It was to attend the show at the little Rutlandshire assize town, that he left London early in the December of '66, and never returned. He was born in '90, and entering the 7th Hussars at 17, saw active Peninsular service under Sir John Moore and The Duke. His fine horsemanship, health, and heart carried him well through every peril. During the retreat of Corunna he was exposed to sleet and snow for nearly sixteen days, without shelter; and on one occasion he rode, or rather "nursed" one horse eighty miles with despatches, without change or rest. Few men had a finer hand on a bit, and old sergeants of the W. and C. Yeomanry Cavalry love to tell how he would ride up to a yeoman, if his horse was too much for him, and beg to "let me try him," and soon send him back perfectly quiet to the ranks. He was a first flight man in the palmy days of the Quorn and the Cottesmore, of which he was field-master, when his father, the late Earl, became blind. Dick Christian used to speak of his ride with Sir James Musgrave, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Gilmour, and Captain White, as "the finest bit of jealousy I ever see from Glaston pasture to Ketton village; you could have covered them with a sheet." The hounds were kept in great style at Cottesmore; but Lambert, the huntsman, latterly became rather slack, and they did not kill their foxes as they had once done. Such an establishment, situated in the heart of such a country, had an old English flavour about it which hunting-men declared to be without rival elsewhere. "The Master of Cottesmore" seemed to hunting what "The Master of Trinity" is to the scholar, and hence the Meltonians for many a year have earnestly desired to see a Cottesmore Hunt once more, with a Lowther at the head of it. Such a rare sportsman as the Colonel never quite fell in with the modern style of hunting, as he

Howard, of Greystoke, with a unique species of throw, so to speak, at the other. For neatness all round, no one excelled Mr. Ripon; and his daring catch, as he followed up his ball mid-wicket, and held it with his right hand close to his side, when Mr. Foster had "opened his shoulders," and returned it with compound interest, made the lookers-on almost tremble. Mr. Orridge the Governor of the gaol, and a very tall and handsome man, with the exception of rather high shoulders, was a most remarkable bowler. He took his sight with the ball to his eye, at an angle of some 60°, and fully six or seven yards on the right of his wicket, and then made a very straight delivery, and with a most remarkable wrist-screw.

The carriage horses were better in those days, and the Corby Castle blacks, the Harker chestnuts, the Rickerby greys, and the Warwick Hall bays, whose

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loved, like Sir Charles Knightley, to see hounds puzzle it out, without being over-ridden. Not many days before he died, the Cottesmore brought a fox at a splitting pace from Ranksboro' over some beautiful country, and raced into him after a quarter of an hour, on the very door-step of Barleythorpe. This was the last sight he had of hunting. As a *J.P.* he was well known by the poachers in the Lowther district, and woe betide those "fly-by-nights" if they were caught trying their hands on those wonderful hares the "Shap Beckers," which know Mr. Warwick in his scarlet and old Baggott so well. When Lord Palmerston died he became the Father of the House, which he entered in 1812 for Westmoreland. For 55 years he sat for that county, and yet his speeches during the whole period would not fill two columns of an ordinary newspaper. We believe that he never spoke in the House. Sir James Graham, who was never at a loss for a simile, described his politics as of the "old long-horned breed," an allusion which the Dale farmers caught up with great gusto. His hardest Westmoreland fight was with Harry Brougham, then in the excellency of his strength. The Blues objected to two brothers standing for one county, and desired "not to eradicate the old family tree," but to have "a laurel of our own planting." The Colonel did not see it, and said that Earl Lonsdale was nothing to him. "I have no connexion with him; I will stand whether he pleases or not." And so he did, and won, after a seven days' fight, by 1412 to 1349. The present Lord Lonsdale was at the head of the poll, and duly made his acknowledgments; but when it came to the Colonel's turn he would say nothing but "Least said is soonest mended—I point to the poll."

regulation allowance for the four and a quarter miles to Carlisle was five-and-twenty minutes, were dear to "the stable mind." Three of these pairs, with leaders to match, did good service in their owner's High Sheriff year; but Harker was not true on that occasion to its original colour. Meeting the judges was then a most stirring ceremony. Their lordships did not merely descend from their first-class carriage, and robe in the waiting-room before they opened the commission, but approached from Newcastle, preceded or followed by a cloud of barristers in chaises, and "General" Watson on horseback. The high and under sheriffs, cassocked chaplain, the footmen and the postillions (the family coachman generally on the wheeler, if his figure suited), and Mr. Rooke, of the Cathedral choir, with his trumpet, were kept for hours in a sort of transition state that day; and as for the javelin men—bar the one or two who were generally disabled by ale early on, and walked with

"A short, uneasy motion,"

if they walked at all—they never put their javelins in rest after noon. One of the most trustworthy of their number acted as mounted scout, and might be seen tearing back all dust or mud on a very tired horse, like a defeated standard-bearer from Marston Moor. The news he brought was that my lords of assize were rapidly approaching from the east. The Under Sheriff in a chaise-and-pair, attended by two mounted javelin men, set out from Carlisle early to meet them, and took a luncheon with him. Roley Boustead was always in attendance, mounted on his favourite cob, and it was his task to gallop forward to the top of Windy Law, and catch the first glance of the legal cavalcade. When Temon Bridge, six miles beyond Brampton, was reached, their lordships lunched and robed at Temon House, a farm in the occupation of

the late Mr. Wright, a very extensive and hospitable carrier and farmer. The High Sheriff generally met them, in great state, at Rule Holme Bridge. Mr. Justice Coleridge would have had no opening for his joke in after-years, when a lot of little urchins crowded on a dismal night round the station-door: "*Are these, Mr. High Sheriff, your posse comitatus?*"

Posting was a sad mockery to the briefless; but it gave the Queen's Counsel importance when they drove into a town with their own carriages, and an Attorney or Solicitor-General coming down special with four horses was an event indeed. Lancaster saw a good deal of this during the eternal *Tatham Case*, in which by degrees nearly every judge on the bench was retained, till the choice of Northern Circuit judges had to be made specially with reference to it; and at Carlisle you might see Cresswell's and Alexander's carriages drawn out when the assizes were over, and packed with law reports, &c., before an admiring audience in front of their lodgings in English-street. As for the former, he took matters so easily that, even when he was leader, he never seemed to do any work out of Court hours; and we used to look at him with boyish awe loitering along Etterby Scaur, and trying to hench stones over the Eden.

Coachmen and guards could endure much fatigue, but the post-boys of the great north road were quite their equals in this way. Jack Story, of the Crown at Penrith, once rode at a pinch 108 miles—twice to Carlisle and back, and once to Keswick—in a day, when he was past seventy. It was a very "throng time," as parliament had just risen, and tourists were flocking to the lakes, but such a ride made no difference to him, and he ultimately died at the age of eighty-five. He was full of odd tales about those he had driven, and considered that on the whole barristers were more devoted to their dinners than any of

them. He based this on what he saw of Sir Gregory Lewin, Mr. Blackburn, Q.C., and one or two others, learned in the law, who, if the assize at Carlisle extended over a Sunday, generally posted down after their consultations to Penrith, and dined most sumptuously at the Crown. The story of the brace of wild ducks lingered for many a year about the Crown bar. To the horror of these men of eclectic appetite, they had been stuffed by mistake with sage and onions. Upon ascertaining this violation of all true art, the president nearly pulled the bell down in his indignation, and ordering in a kettle of water, scooped out all the stuffing, and carefully rinsed the birds' interiors before they were re-consigned to the cook. The waiter, however, bid the cook to be of good cheer, and gave it as his opinion (without fee) that those lawyers need not have pretended to possess such very delicate appetites, as, when he came back with the ducks, they had eaten all the ejected stuffing, and a small loaf of bread along with it. Jemmy Anderson of Shap was another great character, and quite equal to any crisis. He was once driving a carriage from there to Penrith, when the hirer put out his head and roared, with quite Harry Brougham emphasis, "*Postillion, I shan't give you a farthing for your horses or yourself; you've driven like a snail.*" Jemmy pulled up immediately, and turning half round in his saddle, faced the foe. "*You won't pay me a farthing, won't you; then I've come far enough for nowt,*" and so saying, he descended swiftly, and began to take out his horses. Jemmy was a man of his word, and nothing but the offer of a handsome compromise—"money down"—induced him to put them to again.

The postboys never seemed to have a holiday, and if they had, it would have been a source of deep difficulty to them how to spend it. One of their Southern brethren, Tom King of the Old Crown at Amersham, spent his in a most peculiar manner. He had the

honour on one occasion of driving "Farmer George," after hunting with the Royal staghounds, from Amersham to Windsor. To the end of his life that loyal subject would do no work on the anniversary of that day; and after breakfast he repaired to the same yellow post-chaise, and sat in it till nightfall, on the side where his sovereign had been. He refreshed himself liberally with pots of ale, and if he took his pipe from his lips at intervals, it was only to replace it with a key-bugle, and play "God save the King." His master humoured his fancy, and visited the post-chaise with many others during the day, to see Tom indulging in these quaint Pleasures of Memory.

The Gretna Green marriages were a fruitful source of revenue to postboys at this period; as the fugitive lovers paid on a higher and higher scale in their fervour the nearer they approached the shrine, a sort of private clearing had to be established, and if there was anything like a good paying "love job," the fees were passed down the road and equalised. They were seldom better than when the Prince of Capua espoused Miss Penelope Smith.

A parlour at the Crown was the scene of a curious fracas. A happy pair had arrived from Lincolnshire for Gretna, and were lunching, when the father and the rejected lover drove up. The latter thought that the very sight of himself would be sufficient to create remorse, and yet took no active part for fear of "setting" the girl; but the father promptly essayed a passage of arms, first with his umbrella and then with his fists, and was finally seized by the collar, half throttled, and forced on to the sofa. His son-in-law elect (who was about his weight, and of a theatrical turn of mind) then turned the key on both of them, and got a rare start with his love, more especially as the old gentleman would drive to Captain Hebson's to try and get a summons for assault. Somehow or other they squared matters,

and the four came back that evening in two post-chaises, with white favours, and dined together in great peace.

It was said of the first Duke of Cleveland, who loved life in a post-chaise, and his orders to the post-boys were always, "*Now, drive like the devil!*" If he gave them the word at Catterick Bridge, Mr. Ferguson, the landlord, was wont to say out loud, and with much apparent feeling, "*Now, lads, you'll attend to his grace's orders,*" and then under his breath, to the lads, "*Don't overboil the eggs.*" It would have been no use for Mrs. Holmes to give any such second orders, if a runaway pair dashed up to the Bush and it happened to be Jack Ainslie's turn for "*Horses on.*" Jack was a sworn foe to parents and guardians at such seasons, and believed with Mr. Toots's "Chicken," that, if everything else failed, doubling them up with a dig in the waistcoat was a move in the right direction. He would have recommended precisely the same treatment in the case of a Lord Chancellor, if he had come,

"Racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,"

after some fair ward of his high court. Jack was perpetually signing his name as witness to marriages, and was in fact quite a consulting counsel to lovelorn knights and damsels. To have him, in his yellow cord jacket on the near wheeler, was worth as many points to them as it was to an attorney for the plaintiff to retain Garrow or Follett. If he was pushed hard, Jack knew of cunning bye lanes and woods to hide them in, and had lines of gates across farms, and all that sort of geography, in his eye, for an emergency.

On one occasion, he quite "outdid his own outdoings." He had driven a couple, who had forgotten to "ask mamma," early in the day to Longtown, and as he thought they were taking it rather easily, he

strongly advised them to cross the Border and get married before they dined. They were weary and would not be advised, and he took his horses back to Carlisle, and thought them just "poor silly things." He had not been back long, when the mother and a Bow-street officer dashed up to the Bush. There was not a second to lose, so Jack jumped on a horse, without asking anyone, and galloped to Longtown. He had barely time to get the dawdlers huddled into a post-chaise, take his seat on the box as commander-in-chief, and clear the "lang toun," when the pursuers loomed in sight. The pursuit was so hot that the only way was to turn sharp down a lane, and Jack and his party had the satisfaction of watching, through a leafy screen, "the maternal" fly past towards Gretna, and so on to Annan, where she came to a long and hopeless check, and finally gave it up. When she was got rid of Jack would stand no more nonsense, but saw his couple married, and witnessed, before he went back to Carlisle. The signatures of that marriage were always looked at with a certain sad interest, as the bridegroom was killed next year at Waterloo. This was quite Jack's leading case, and he is still remembered by many warm admirers of talent and generalship in a peculiar line, as "a civil old fellow, perhaps five feet seven if he was stretched out, and with such nice crooked legs."

CHAPTER III.

"Ah! sure it was a coat of steel
Or good tough oak he wore,
Who first unto the ticklish wheel
'Gan harness horses four;
Nor shuddered, as he rolled along,
To tread the mazy, whirling throng
Of furious coach with sluggish dray,
Contesting every inch of way
Through Holborn and the direful strait
Of Temple Bar or Bishop Gate."

Sporting Magazine, 1832.

The Mail and Coach Days—Shap Fells—Drivers, Regular and Amateur—Guards—Horses—Carlisle Races; the late Mr. Daley—The Wrestling Ring—Cumberland Wrestling Champions.

SUCH was part of the ode, modelled after "Sic te Diva potens Cypri," which was addressed to the driver of The Times in 1827, when corn-chest poets only sang of steam as "a demon foul," and "better make a railroad to the moon" was a witty retort, not to say quite a settler for the question, which was stirring a few far-seeing souls. After all, the horrors of Holborn or Temple Bar were far below those of Shap and Stainmoor on a winter's night, when coachman, guard, and passengers battled along in the blast, or bore a hand with the snow shovels, and then looked out anxiously for that tavern sign of "Welcome into Cumberland," which told of deliverance from the wilds of Westmoreland, and that snug little Penrith was nigh.

There were not many amateur coachmen on the road, and the guards steadily set their faces against the system, except in very particular instances. Any passenger could object, and if the reins were not given up at once to the regular coachman, the General Post-

Office authorities came down hot and heavy upon the guard when they were appealed to. A traveller was most indignant on one occasion, and actually seized hold of the reins, because, when Mr. Teather, junior, was driving his own horses, the guard would not interfere. He achieved nothing by his letter to "the powers that be," as there was a change of cabinet about that time, and Mr. Teather's request to know which Postmaster-General he was to address in his defence, was allowed to remain unanswered. Mr. James Parkin was one of the privileged ones, and his favourite ground was out of Penrith to Carlisle. He gave it up when the railways encroached and the horses became worse, as he did not care to be "a screw-driver." He was a very steady coachman, but rather too slow for the mail, as he had not the energy to slip it into them over the galloping ground, and make up his time. In fact, the guard was perpetually holding up his watch, and admonishing him to send them along. Mr. Ramsay,* of Barnton, was "good enough, when the cattle were good," but he liked to choose his ground. Mr. Nightingale, the great coursing judge of that day, was the man to "take a coach through the country." He took the horses as they came, kickers or jibbers, and thanks to very fine hands and strong nerves, he kept his time to a second.

Parson Bird was also well up to his work, and he was such a good-hearted fellow, that when the regular coachman from Keswick to Kendal broke his leg, he took his place for six weeks, and collected the fees for him. A lady gave the parson half-a-crown, and going to a ball at Kendal that night, was introduced to her coachman of the morning, who at once asked her to dance. She was highly indignant; but, on the matter

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* For particulars of the late Mr. Ramsay's coaching career in connexion with Captain Barclay and The Defiance, see "Field and Fern" (North), pp. 195-210.

being explained to her, she became so gracious over it, that she ultimately became Mrs. Bird.

Among the regular coachmen, John Reed took a very high place. He was a stout and very silent man—in fact, "all for his horses." He drove the Glasgow mail from Carlisle to Abington, never tasted ale or wine, and never had an accident. This was the more remarkable, as Mr. Johnstone of Hallheaths, the owner of Charles XII., horsed one stage with nothing but thorough-breds; and if they did take off, even Reed, strong-wristed as he was, could hardly hold them. John Brydon was, in one respect, the very reverse of John Reed, and full of jollity and good stories on the box. The two Drydens were more dashing in their style. One of them had the art of teaching his horses to trot when most men would have them on the gallop, and his brother was a wonderful singer. Whenever the mail reached a long ascent, and he had to slacken speed, he would beguile the way with "She wore a Wreath of Roses," or "I know a Flower within my Garden growing," in a rich tenor, which would have secured him a good concert-room engagement. Little Isaac Johnson was going for thirty-five years, and never had an accident. He was supreme with a kicking horse, and always took care to make him his near-side leader. When they were put there, he could punish them more severely, and they were not in the way of the coach. He liked to hit them inside the thigh, and he could fairly wale them up if they continued to rebel. The Telfers were good coachmen of the same school, and were well known over Shap Fells. Jem Barnes was rather fat and lumbersome, and lacked fire. People did say that he had his sleeping ground as well as his galloping ground. There was, however, little chance of sleeping one night going north over Shap. He had not only to gallop at all the snow-drifts, but to put a postboy and pair on in front. The pole-hook broke,

and the hand of Jim Byrns, the guard, was almost frozen to the screw-wrench, when he brought out a spare pole-hook, and fastened it on. The snow fell in flakes large enough to blind them, and the only comic bit was the voice of a heavy swell issuing from beneath a perfect tortoise-shell covering of capes and furs on the box-seat: "*What are you fellows keeping me here in the cold for, and warming your own hands at the lamp?*"

George Eade was very deaf, but still he had hearing enough left to be cognisant of a great many objurgations from Mr. Richardson of the Greyhound at Shap for taking it out of his horses. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant, "*Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you* 5*l. of it, look at my watch!*" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stainmoor. When he retired he joined the Yeomanry Cavalry, and entered his horse for a cavalry plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it must never have won 50*l.*, and, also, be half-bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won 50*l.*, he replied, "*No, indeed! but he's helped to lose many a fifty—he ran three years in an opposition coach.*" The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "*By?*" said Jack, "*I should say he was by a shorthorn bull, he's such a devil of a roarer,*" and Jack's answers were considered eminently satisfactory. Jack Creery was a good coachman, and drove a pair-horse mail from Lancaster to Kirby Stephen. He had a guard, Joe Lord, who had been with Van Amburgh, and the pair got lost one night between Kirby Stephen and Kirby Lonsdale. Jack was so sleepy that he crept inside. Lord drove for him, and being sleepy as well, turned right

off the road down a lane in the snow. Things got from bad to worse, so Jack had to be roused, and Joe was pushed up the side of a sign-post on Jack's shoulders, to "try and read the address." There was not light enough to decipher much, and when they reached a village (according to the song which Jim Byrns wrote to their confusion), they "knocked long and loud at a village church-door" by mistake for a public-house.

The coachman's fees were generally two shillings for fifty miles, and some of them made 300*l.* a year. It was, however, "light come, light go" with them, as they were very fond of betting and card-playing. One of them, who was rather a Malaprop in his speech, accounted for losing all his winnings of one evening, by saying that he was "*positively discompelled to play the last ensuing game.*" They were strictly the servants of the contractors, and looked after the passengers' luggage, whereas the guards were the servants of Government, and in full charge of the mail and the bags. The appointment was obtained through members of Parliament, who made interest in due form with the Postmaster-General of the day. An inspector of guards travelled four days a week on the mails, and reported weak harness and bad horses, and other shortcomings, to Government, and the guards, who had half-a-guinea per week, made all their private reports through him. For a long time safety-drags were a subject of dispute between the contractors and the Post-Office, and they were not adopted until the former made a very decided stand on the point. Three guards were especially well known and esteemed for their courtesy on the road—Skaife, who was a great musician, more especially on the bass violin; Adam Burgess, who died landlord of the Graham Arms, at Longtown; and Jim Byrns, who was for many years the station-master at Preston. Jim's forte was verse-making

rather than music, and if any little thing happened during the journeys that tickled his fancy, he would drop Mr. Teather junior, not a line, but a few rhymes, describing it. Those who were up in mail-coach politics, used to have many a roar over the songs which he wrote, whenever anything very good came off; and Jack Creery and Joe Lord never heard the last of his touching description of their sign-post and church-door troubles. According to it, they must have been in as strange a jumble as the Keswick man and his sow, when they tumbled out of Brundholme Wood down a steep bank into the Greta below. The man was asked to describe his sensations as he fell, but he could only say, "*Varra queer. First it was sow o'er me, and then I o'er sow; then sow top o't me, and I top o't sow—rum start a' thegither.*"

Jim Byrns was a very handsome and well-educated man, and no one understood his business better. For many years he was on the Edinburgh mail from Derby to Manchester, and afterwards from Preston to Carlisle, over Shap Fells, the most difficult mail-road in England. Those who slip through it now in half an hour, snoozing on comfortable first-class cushions, can never compass the weariness of Hucks Brow, or guess what a guard had to endure, standing up for miles together through those dark and dismal fogs which infest it on a winter's night, and eternally blowing his horn to prevent a collision. Sometimes snow would bring the mail to a dead lock, and then the unhappy guard would have to wade, or get out his saddle and ride one of the leaders to a farm-house, and rouse the labourers to come with their shovels. Jim was the right man in the right place, a rare hand at the head of a fatigue party with shovels, and a perfect master of his carpenter's tools, in case there was a breakdown. The heaviest night, as regards correspondence, was when the American mail had come in. On those occasions the bags have been known to weigh above

16 cwt. They were contained in sacks seven feet long, which were laid in three tiers across the top, so high that no guard, unless he were a Chang in stature, could look over them, and the waist (*i.e.*, the seat behind the coachman) and the hind-boot were filled with bags as well.

The best teams went out of Carlisle, where eighty horses were once kept for eight mails and seven coaches. The Carlisle teams always looked well, as the contractors principally lived there in the midst of their own ground, and hence the coachmen tried if possible to make up their time before they got to it. "The little mail," as it was called, was on for a short time. It had only two horses, and they always seemed to be running away with their load. Its owners professed to do the 96 miles between Carlisle and Glasgow in 8h. 32½m., and it pretty often came to time; but there were so many accidents, that passengers wholly shunned it at last. It was established to let the Glasgow people—who were jealous on the point, and thought that their London correspondence was delayed by coming through Yorkshire—have their letters an hour or so earlier from Carlisle than by the regular mail. The route of the London and Edinburgh mail was by Derby and Manchester, and it and the old Glasgow mail so arranged their time, with a view to the Glasgow mal-contents, as to meet in the Crown Inn Square, at Penrith, at four o'clock in the morning, and come on to Carlisle together. Up mails, which left Carlisle at six in the evening, reached London at five o'clock on the second morning. The fare was *6l.* 6*s.* inside, and *3l.* 5*s.* out; but fees to coachmen and guards, with refreshment on the road, brought it up considerably. Well may those who are rightly informed about things as they were, not grumble at things as they are, when—instead of being cramped and sleepless for nearly thirty-six hours, with every hair standing up like a porcupine's quill, and

with rain and dew and hoar-frost as your dreary portion—you can leave Euston-square at a quarter to nine, and see the summer sun "shine fair on Carlisle wall" before six o'clock.

Mr. Teather was the principal mail contractor; but he gave up working the south side of Carlisle in 1837, and his son (who very often tooled his own teams), took it, as well as the Carlisle and Longtown stage. When the rail was completed to Carlisle, the latter entered into the northern contract with Mr. Croall, and when the Caledonian Railway reached Beattock Bridge, the plant was removed there, and the horses had for a time to be stabled under canvas. Some five years before steam became lord of all, there was a curious dispute about the Government contract, and Mr. Barton, who had been in partnership with Mr. Teather, senior, claimed the ground from Hesketh to Penrith, and sent his horses and helpers to Hesketh. It was a regular fight between the men, day by day, which set of horses should be put in first. Parson Bird favoured the Bartonians, whose chief had never really signed the Government contract, and Mr. Parkin invariably rode down from Greenways, and sat watching the faction fight from his saddle. It went on for several days, and then the Bartonians gave in.

The mails were chocolate-bodied, picked out with scarlet, and wheels, perch, waist, bars, and pole all scarlet. The harness was perfectly plain, with the exception of the initials and coach-bars on the blinkers. Hucks Brow was a severe pull of a mile, and the seven miles going south from Shap to the Brow were also all on the collar. Accidents were wonderfully few, and the principal one befel a country mail, whose horses shied at a water-wheel just as they crossed Kirbythore Bridge. The drop was eight feet, and one horse was killed; but there the damage ended. A stalwart Yorkshire woolstapler performed a somersault quite equal to the Keswick sow-leader,

and just as he lighted on his legs, he "caught at mid off" a parcel, which shot with wondrous velocity out of a woman's arms, and proved on inspection to be her baby. He said, in his dry way, when they congratulated him on his fine fielding, "that a stray baby isn't generally a good catch for a man."

None of the contractors cared to get their teams of a colour, as it was too expensive. A wheeler must measure fifteen one at least; but anything that would keep straight, and get out of the way of the bars, was generally thought good enough for a leader, and if it had not what Mr. Murray calls "pretty manners," John Reed would undertake to turn it out "complete in six lessons." The average price for a leader was 17*l.*, and for a good wheeler 22*l.* to 25*l.*, but never more than 30*l.* Ireland furnished the greater portion of them, and they were picked up at the Rosley Hill fairs. None under five years old were ever purchased, and the average of service in a fast mail was three years, although there were some brilliant exceptions. The worn-outs were sold back to farmers at 5*l.* or 6*l.*, and mares of course commanded the best price. Occasionally a horse was purchased with rather a doubtful title, and to prevent his being claimed, he was always worked in the night-mail. They got very few beans; but two-year-old hay and the best of oats were made especial points of. Tapster, a dark chestnut stallion, was the most remarkable horse on the road. For some offence or other he was condemned to be a near-side leader, when he was only rising four, but he "went off like an old cow" from the start. From Penrith to Shap was his bit of road, and he worked for ten years. When he became slow he did duty as a wheeler for a short time, but he was too small for the place, and a blacksmith got him for 4*l.*, and put him at the service of his country. The Waterloo mare was of a very different disposition. She was one of Mr. Contractor Buchanan's lot, and

she had stopped with every coachman in turn at the end of two miles. At last they all wearied of her, and the orders were, if she rebelled again, not to bring her back alive. She accordingly left Penrith, and got a few miles in the Glasgow mail, when, according to her wont, she suddenly sulked, and sat down upon her haunches like a dog, with her fore-legs straight out before her. The coachman got down, took a rail out of the hedge, and struck her nine times below the knees with the flat side of it. Such energetic treatment brought her to, and she and her drivers "lived happily together ever after."

It was once a regular money contest between the London papers which could spend most in posting so as to beat the mail, and each other, when they reported a great dinner or trial in the country. At the coronation the *Sun* was printed in letters of gold; and when the Reform Bill of 1832 was proposed, it had expresses to catch up the mails with a second edition containing Lord John's speech to the latest hour. When Sir Robert Peel spoke at Glasgow, its outer form was printed off and taken down to Kendal, where the reporters from Glasgow met it, with their speech notes all ready written out. The inner form was printed off there, and thus the people in Glasgow read the speech printed in a London paper before, by ordinary calculation, it had time to reach London. When Bolam was tried, one London reporter left Newcastle by the mail without the verdict, while another waited for it, and caught up the mail by hard galloping, after bribing the postboys to hold their tongues. The two reporters went on side by side all the way to London, and the *Times* never murmured its secret in dreams.

Our Recollections of Carlisle Swifts go back some three-and-forty years. Springkell and Fair Helen's day was over, and the Maxwell family had ceased to have perpetual seisin of the massive gold cup. Mr.

Houldsworth's green and gold jacket was occasionally seen, and The Earl was a great hand at four mile heats for the Queen's Plate. He liked to have his ugly head first in heats one and two, whereas some used to wait away entirely for the first heat, and just save their distance. The man with his flag in the distance chair was an absolute necessity in those heat days, and one of the most vigorous protests we remember against his judgment was Jem Mason's at the Kensington Hippodrome, in '39. Capital horses arrived at Carlisle, year after year, from Middleham, each September, many of them *en route* to the Caledonian Hunt, but up to the present date there have been only two St. Leger winners among them. One of them, Caller Ou, won the Guineas, but Warlock's jockey mistook the winning-post, when he had everything beat in the Cumberland Plate. We remember seeing Theodore on "the sands" at an agricultural show, but Gregson, "that great swell of a grey," was there too, in his prime, and the St. Leger mouse-brown, with the corny feet, was hardly looked at by the judges, except for the interest which attaches to a horse who wins such a race with 100*l.* to a walking-stick or a bottle of soda-water against him. Corinthian, who ran fourth to him, was, if we remember rightly, not sent from Barrock Lodge that day, but Royalist came as usual from Holme House in his blue rosettes. He was a good-looking, light-boned horse, with a very strong neck, and Templeman considers him to be one of the slowest and gamest he ever crossed. "Sim," who was always very fond of Carlisle course, and formed one of a large Yorkshire party at Mrs. Tweedell's in Rickergate, won twice with him for Mr. Lambton, the first year he rode there. The pace was so hot in one race that Royalist was beaten a mile from home, but reached his horses inch by inch. "Sim's" luck was not so great, when at a pinch he had to ride Lady Moore Carew in a big exercise

saddle, and was beaten half a length. His feet slipped through the stirrups, and he couldn't finish on her.

The Swifts are full of curious Turf recollections. The jockeys seemed much taller men then, and "wasted" to thread-paper. As for Jem Jacques,* he was promptly "transmuted" from a well-fed innkeeper at Penrith into a seven-stone skeleton, when poverty overtook him, and he rode successfully for Colonel Cradock again. Vinegar and poached eggs were his only support at times, and a lad who rode the rear horse, and drove the leader in the canal-boat, The Arrow, from Carlisle to Port Carlisle, tried the same fare rather than lose his place for overweight, and killed himself by it. John Cartwright was in immense force when he came out about 1829; and Mr. Aglionby engaged him three years in advance to ride a colt of his Petterill, for a Cumberland Produce Stakes, which he won. Juba made a memorable level-ground jump near the last turn at exercise. It was measured to be thirty feet; and the lad vowed that his black would have the Eden with a little more practice, and advised his being turned loose in future. No two-year-old ever excited such interest as General Chassé, when he went to the post for the Corby Castle Stakes with his trainer Fobert leading him, and Bob Johnson on his back; and he showed the field his light tail from the start to the finish. Muley Moloch was a lion in those days when the Raby pink and black stripes were annually looked out for with Tommy Lye to ride, and burly John Smith in charge. That "fine black hunter" Inheritor, and "Lazy Lanercost," were both winners; and the wiry little Doctor galloped away from his field in the Queen's Plate through water and

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* This old jockey became a jobbing gardener near Doncaster, and had a small pension from the Bentinck Club. He died in 1868 from an over-dose of laudanum.

mud half way up his hocks. The course had been quite covered on the previous day, and lads were actually sailing in washing-tubs from tent to tent. On another occasion we are told that lanterns were tied to the posts, and the last heats, in which Ben Smith rode, were run off by their glimmer.

Harry Edwards, in his white kid gloves and ruffles, was quite a lion when he came out and won upon Naworth over the T.Y.C. This colt was a very difficult one to ride, as he had mastered his lad, jumped a wall, and chased a mare from the High Moor at Middleham to Dawson's stables. Hence he turned rebellious in public, and only finished fourth at Newcastle; but "Slashing Harry" paid him off, and steered him with an energy and leverage of arm, such as no other jockey, save Sam Chifney, ever seemed to us quite to possess. If his temper had been better he would have been a clipper. When Edwards rode him in an exercise gallop behind Pyramid five years at Carlisle, the grey could not get rid of him, and the weights were as nearly even as possible. Lord George gave 500 guineas for him, and he ran for nine seasons, and then had a turn, by way of finish, at "The Liverpool Grand National."

Mr. Daley, "the Incledon of the Turf," was not then Clerk of the Course. When he became a Carlisle notable and lived in the Corporation-road, his little parlour was quite radiant with pictures of our best actors, many of them presentation copies, and among them, duly framed, a very cordial letter from Mr. Charles Dickens. In his own photograph, the unfailing glass is in his eye, and he is supposed to be taking stock of his great opponent as they meet in English-street. It might have been truly said of either of them, that

> "Whene'er he walks the street, the paviours cry—
> 'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by;"

so here was a double advantage. It needed but one

more to complete the group—illustrious Aaron, who listened over his pipe for fully six weeks to discussions about the "Durham Letter," and then failing to master the matter in hand, asked a friend in confidence, "*Who's this 'ere Colonel Wiseman they've been a talking about?*" Mr. Daley would occasionally take to the harefoot again, and bring down the house as Dennis Bulgruddery, Dr. O'Toole, or the first gravedigger in "Hamlet," when any good local cause required a benefit; and his Irish songs and recitations were often heard at the trainers' parties during race meetings, and the Albert Club at Carlisle. He was very fond of racing, but he never studied it vigorously, and always shrank from putting handicaps together. Newcastle, Chester, and Liverpool were favourite meetings with him, and we seldom "drew" the iron seats under the grand stand portico blank for him on a Doncaster Tuesday.

He began life in an attorney's office, but he "did not enjoy calf-skin," and finding himself a baritone bird of song he wished to be a perspiring hero as well. For many years he scarcely made 30*s.* a week, and sometimes had "only my share of the candles," and we have heard him recount how Mr. Sims Reeves was the companion of this soldier of fortune life, with a salary of the same dimensions and share of his poor lodgings. Hopeless as matters then seemed, he was always telling his young friend that he should turn his mind to Italy and improve his "organ" there, and that he would certainly beat everything out. When that dream of Italy was fulfilled, he presented the *debutant* with the costume in which he first took the town by storm, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." In his hot youth Mr. Daley had a notion that his own forte was tragedy, and he appeared as Othello one or twice and "got a hand" to boot. Still the manager didn't see it, and asked him if he couldn't be "a Lord Mayor or something of that kind in future"—

"and, therefore, Mr. Chairman" (as he observed at the Shakspeare dinner), "I have to thank Shakspeare for making me a Lord Mayor." This pleasantry told all the better, because the Mayor of Carlisle would not attend that dinner, and had declared officially that Shakspeare was no doubt a talented but an overrated man, and might have turned his talents to better account. Hence curiously enough the Earl and the Mayor of Carlisle were in the front and the rear of the movement on the Tercentenary day. The one presided at the Stratford-on-Avon banquet, and told with noble emphasis of that great Quadrilateral, in which "Warwickshire Will" had entrenched himself against the assaults of envious Time; the other, although stupendous efforts, both clerical and lay, were made to convert him, hardened his heart and spake as above.

Mr. Daley was Clerk of the Course for nearly twenty years, and he left some 90*l.* to their credit in the bank when he died. No one could look more anxious till he was quite sure that there would be a race for "The Queen's Guineas." He confided to us as the cause of this passing cloud that the country people held a belief that if that race was walked over for, it was all his doing, and that he made much booty by such procedure. He was popular with all classes, always ready to help a good cause with his purse and his acting, and never said an unkind word of any one. A handsome testimonial was presented to him a few years before his death, which was very sudden at last; and now that he and poor John Sowerby (his C.C. predecessor) have gone, any amateur casual who wanders into Carlisle, and wants to hear the latest thing out in sporting, does not know where to bend his steps.

Both were alive in '64, and thirty-one horses had come to the meeting, which was opened by Woodbine running away twice round the course, with young Job

Marson up. Not a carriage was to be seen, whereas "in the days of old Springkell" the course was lined on one side with them down to the distance; and there were only four men on horseback, where we have seen three hundred, some of whom would extemporize a hurdle race to wind up the day. But Grand Stand enclosures and railways are great levellers, and as the new fashion brings more added money, it has its uses after all. We have it on Judge Johnson's authority, that more women and children attend at Carlisle than at any meeting he knows of. The boys made a most remarkable bit of coping to the wall just beyond the winning-post; and the "Mr. Gamblers" outside the enclosure confined their operations to balls of different colours, which performed a curious course through pegs, and were backed most spiritedly for pennies. A half-witted fellow, absolutely in rags, fancied he was starter, and performed a sort of shadow-dance to Mr. Elliot, waving back the jockeys (one of them a little Scotchman between seventy and eighty and scaling 6st. 5lbs. with his saddle) and lecturing them on his own account. The bye-play was too good to disturb, and Mr. Elliot just let him run on. Jem Snowdon rode a most beautiful stern chase for the Cumberland Plate on Royal John, keeping his top weight at it, and yet never oversetting him, and just "shot" Castle Espie, who forced the pace from end to end, by a head in the last two strides.

There was no lack of little scenes in the enclosure. A welcher was found to have 13*l.* in his pocket, when he wouldn't pay, and being a boot-closer, his boots were playfully pulled off for a token and flung aloft, and he had to walk over the sands *minus* his coat and hat as well, with Young Carlisle in close attendance, examining him as if he were an escaped racoon. Then a small betting man hinted a doubt as to one horse running on the square, within earshot of the owner, who landed on his nose "with such unerring instinct"

(as Mr. D'Israeli observes of the Commons) that "Philip the Doubter" walked about snorting like a walrus for the rest of the afternoon. After that there was an elderly welcher, who had done a hardy borderer out of 3*l.* three years before. The latter had been on his watch tower at every subsequent meeting, and darting down upon him at last, and scorning to strike a man below his weight, he took out his dividend in a Cumbrian fashion by giving him the buttock and flinging him into the air. The welcher had tried to get in without paying and had been headed back by John Sowerby, and how his friends closed round him and got him out again no one knows. He went like a shadow. The jockey arrivals and departures were rather complicated. Snowdon left for Newmarket, and Challoner (who had ridden in the July Stakes the day before) came North to ride Caller Ou for "The Guineas." Mr. Daley's despondency increased visibly, as The Clown and "Back Kitchen Sarah" (Backtchi Serai) had gone home, and Honest John's owner had no notion of giving us a match between the double winners of the Cumberland and Northumberland Plates. In the nick of time, Royal John, who had a race in him already, was ordered out at Mrs. Masterman's intercession, and the hairy-heeled old mare was led into the enclosure to meet him. Challoner was anxious to be at Newmarket again, and he soon looked up Loates and came into the weighing tent. "*We may as well be settling this little matter, Mr. Johnson;*" and settle it he did, pretty quickly, as the mare never went freer or better, with her head up in the "old, old style."

The wrestling begins at nine o'clock with the heavy weights, and goes on till the saddling-bell rings, and at six o'clock it begins again with the middle weights, to the music as before of the Brampton and Volunteer bands. Next morning the Committee resume their

labours from nine to two with the light weights, and then the most energetic of white-waistcoated functionaries rests from his labours. It is no longer held in that fine natural ring under the hill, but in a boarded enclosure at the edge of the racecourse, and 6*d.* is the entry fee. When we were last there, Jem Scott was quite the man of the hour, and the leading jeweller's window was adorned with a silver testimonial to his talent from his numerous "friends and admirers." Among the middle-weights he was still the nonpareil, and so was "lal Tiffin" in the light brigade. The latter was also quite the Beau Brummell of the hour in his mauve suit, with white stripe and garter.

As you enter the enclosure, there is a small space for the Committee, who sit with silver cups in front of them, a wheel for drawing out the couples, and two sand-glasses. The latter were perpetually travelling into the ring as a menace to men who would not take hold. The three umpires have generally two couples out at a time, and the audience sit and lie round the ring, while the policemen keep walking about to repress their exuberance, and keep them in position. C 19 was most fussy. "*Sit ye doon, lad, or I'll fetch ye oot*," was his style; but the sergeant was much more "saponaceous." With him it was, "*Noo, tak' my advice, lad, and ye'll see just as weel*," to a very ardent Scottite. With the above it was, "*I'll tak' odds Jameson don't get the Cup*," and of course he was accommodated. "*Jameson's just worried him*," said another at our side, when Dick Wright in the purple went down before the stripes, which must have covered a thick-set frame of fully sixteen stone. Maxwell (a blacksmith) and Jem Scott were a long time taking hold, as Scott was going away more than two stone, and was bound to be very leary; but Jem did his man with what they called an "under-click."

A tall young fellow, as fragile as an osier wand, and

standing at an angle of quite 120°, was swiftly sent to mother earth by Jameson, with whom Scott had no chance at the weight, when they met for the final fall. Once the rush to seize on the victor, and bear him off shoulder high to some favoured tent, was quite the fashion; but crowds are not so demonstrative nowadays, and Jameson is not so very portable. There was therefore only a little cheering, and each man squeezed out of the narrow doorway as he could. The toilets of Scott and Jameson were pretty well attended by their friends and admirers, and then they walked up to the committee-table in the most business-like way. There was no crown of oak leaves—no ode by the Pindar of the wrestling committee. The secretary simply shook hands with Jameson, who squeezed the Cup with much ado into his inside-coat pocket, drew his 15*l.*, or whatever it might be, and returned a small portion to the fund. The process was alike simple in Scott's case. "*There, Jemmy, that will be 6l. for you.*" "*Thank you, gentlemen,*" and exit Jemmy.*

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* Winners of the All-Weight Wrestling since 1830.

	First.	Second.
1830	W. Robinson, Renwick	G. Graham, Rigg
1831	J. Little, Sebergham	I. Irving, Bolton Gate
1832	J. Mason, Blencogo	F. Nichol, Bothel
1833	R. Chapman, Patterdale	J. Graham, Loweswater
1834	J. Thomlinson, Embleton	J. Little, Sebergham
1835	John Blair, Solport Mill	J. Elliott, Cumrew
1836	Robert Gordon, Plumpton	J. Nichol, Bothel
1837	Joseph Sergant, Brampton	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1838	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Pert, Torpenhow
1839	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1840	R. Chapman, Patterdale	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1841	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Baty, Oulton
1842	W. Jackson, Kennyside	H. James, Bogside
1843	W. Jackson, Kennyside	R. Chapman, Patterdale
1844	W. Jackson, Kennyside	T. Longmire, Troutbeck
1845	I. Taylor, Wythmoor	R. Gordon, Plumpton
1846	R. Gordon, Plumpton	I. Taylor, Wythmoor
1847	R. Atkinson, Sleagill	J. Heslop, Paulton Mire
1848	J. Milburn, Weardale	R. Gordon, Plumpton

Christopher North tells of a strange puzzle into which an old gentleman fell. A general election was pending, and he was all for the Lowther interest. As he journeyed through the lake country, he heard the name of fresh candidates mentioned with much apparent favour, for Westmoreland. Meeting with a friend at the White Lion in Bowness, he told him with a very downcast countenance, that Lord Lowther would be ousted, and that the struggle, as far as he could learn, would be "between Thomas Ford of Egremont, and William Richardson of Caldbeck, men of no landed property, and probably radicals." The conversations which had disquieted him, were really with reference to a great wrestling match, which was then causing as much doubt and searching of hearts in Cumberland and Westmoreland as any election could

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	FIRST.	SECOND.
1849	J. Milburn, Weardale	T. Todd, Plumbland
1850	J. Moss, Templesowerby	R. Irving, Church House
1851	J. Palmer, Bewcastle	T. Little, Thomas Close
1852	W. Roldaw, Egremont	J. Halliwell, Penrith
1853	W. Donald, Dearham	A. Miller, Kirkbride
1854	T. Longmire, Troutbeck	W. Dickinson, Calderbridge
1855	T. Longmire, Bowness	R. Williams, Egremont
1856	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Glaister, Greenah Hall
1856	T. Longmire, Bowness	T. Robson, Weardale
1857	W. Hawksworth, Shap	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1857	J. Murgatroyd, Cockerm'th	Benjamin Cooper, Carlisle
1858	Noble Ewbank, Bampton	T. Davidson, Castleside
1859	J. Pattison, Weardale	W. Hawkesworth, Shap
1860	W. Jameson, Penrith	J. Pattinson, Weardale
1861	W. Jameson, Penrith	T. Kirkup, Longtown
1862	R. Wright, Longtown	W. Jameson, Penrith
1863	G. Maxwell, Rockliffe	J. Fisher, Appleby
1864	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1865	W. Jameson, Penrith	James Scott, Carlisle
1866	R. Wright, Longtown	John Milburn, Weardale
1867	R. Wright, Longtown	Matthew Lee, Lyneside
1868	W. Jameson, Penrith	N. Ewbank, Bampton

I am indebted for this list and for much of the wrestling matter up to 1830, to an article in the *Carlisle Journal*. There were two sets of all-weight prizes in 1856-57.

have done. Far more money is now given in prizes; but somehow or other these rival counties do not take the same pride in their champions as of yore. You rarely hear the sport mentioned, except about Easter or Carlisle Race time. Champions are not reverentially pointed out to the rising generation at market or on the road; and two young fellows having a bout on a summer evening, would seem nearly as strange a sight, even to a resident, as if a couple of the Yeomanry cavalry had suddenly mounted their uniforms and their chargers, and gone into a meadow or down a "green lonning," to practise the sword exercise.

The first prize, a purse with "five gold guineas" in it, was contended for at Carlisle races, in September, 1809, and was won by Tom Nicholson of Threlkeld. "Two purses of gold" were given the next year; and for three years in succession Nicholson was the champion. The prize on the third occasion was twenty guineas, and "all persons emulous of distinguishing themselves in these athletic exercises, so much excelled in by our forefathers, are desired to appear on the ground at nine o'clock in the morning." This reference to antiquity was made in 1811; but the most diligent ghoul in the matter has failed to discover the existence of any records before the era of Tom Nicholson. Will Richardson of Caldbeck was second to that hero of 1810, and the science, which was gradually developed, brought matters up to fever-heat in 1813, when a ring, seventy yards in diameter, was enclosed by ropes, and about fifteen thousand people, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Queensberry, and Earl Lonsdale, stood or sat round it. "Barney" was not much in vogue. The buttock and the cross-buttock were the favourite chips, and "many of the men were struck from the ground upwards of five feet." "The Cumberland Shepherd" won the belt; and amongst those who went to grass was George Dennison, the bone-setter, who dislocated an oppo-

nent's shoulder. With a fine eye to business, he would not have him taken to an hospital, but set the shoulder then and there, amid loud cheers. Prize-fighting was introduced as a wind-up the next year; and Tom Nicholson, and a seaman called Ridley, *alias* "The Glutton," had a slogging half-hour; but the police interfered, and the Fist never again held a place at those revels.

For a few years the wrestling was removed from the old tryst under the hill, and not far from the T.Y.C. starting post, to a circus, and became a private speculation; but on September 6th, 1821, it was restored, thanks to the late Mr. Henry Pearson, a Carlisle solicitor of great size, to its old haunts, and Will Richardson added another belt to his almost countless store. The entry was very large, and very few of the men were under fourteen stone. Weightman of Hayton, the second man, was more than a stone above this weight, twenty-two years of age, and 6ft. 2in. in his stockings. He was second the next year, and came first in 1825-26. Then the knights of King Arthur's Round Table were determined to be in the fashion, and gave two prizes at "The Table," near Penrith. The "Harry Brougham" of that day was a spectator, and the knights entered so much into the spirit of the thing, that as the term "Muscular Christian" had not then been invented, they drank the bishop's health, as "the tallest and handsomest man in his diocese."

From nineteen to twenty-five is the best age, and few men are really supple after that time. A school, near Bampton, in Westmoreland, was once the great nursing mother of wrestlers, and chips innumerable were put in by future "Belted Wills" upon its green; while the Cumbrians were especially keen of it about Sebergham and Sowerby Row. Dearham was also a stronghold of the sport, and Weardale has had three capital men in the ring during the last twelve years.

Its great advantage over the Devon and Cornish mode is, that it is unattended with the same savage play, and therefore does not create any ill blood. Two men will come in a gig to Carlisle, and go into the ring; one will throw the other, if he chances to be drawn against him, and they will ride back together at night as good friends as ever. We do not read of "the dreadful execution of the toe" in connexion with it, and how "some of the young Cornwall men are trying the toe, but whether they will for a long time be able to bear the punishment, and keep their tempers like the Devonshire men, is doubtful." Again, the practice of the rival counties is assimilated, and we have no involved challenges like that from Abraham Cann,* of whom the Cornish men sang, with more fealty than truth, that he

> "was not the man
> To wrestle with Polkinghorne."

Be this as it may, among the champions of the Carlisle ring who were still wrestling, or whose memories were still green in '30, Nicholson of Threlkeld, old Will "Rutson" of Caldbeck, Will Weightman of Hayton, and George Irving of Bolton Gate—all of them Cumberland men—stood pre-eminent. Nicholson wrestled principally in Carlisle and at Windermere. His great chip was the click on the outside of the heel, and he always stood well up to his man. His stature was six feet, by thirteen stone: and old "Roan," or Rowland Long of Ambleside, who weighed fully five stone more, was like the Dixons of Grasmere, of "no use till him." Will Richardson, or

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* Cann wrote:—"Polkinghorne, I will take off my stockings and play bare-legged with you, and you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes you like that can be made of leather in the county of Cornwall, and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the armpits, to any extent, not exceeding the size of a Cornish peck of wool; and I will further engage not to kick you, if you do not kick me."

"Rutson," as he was called, was another old standard, and he and Tom Nicholson, Jonathan Watson (a rare buttocker) and "Roan" Long, were in constant requisition as umpires after they left the ring. Will won at Carlisle when he was quite a veteran of forty-six. He had not very high science, and used generally to hug his men down, but he could hype and strike pretty well with the left leg. Fauld's Brow, near Caldbeck, was his chief ring, and he won the head prize there nine or ten times. This gathering generally took place in October, about a month after Carlisle races—whose fixture has been changed—and its belt was quite as hard to win as that on The Swifts.

William Cass was a noted wrestler. He was a very thick-set, burly man, 6ft. 1in., and seventeen stone, and therefore very difficult to lift, and active withal. In his science he was not first-class, though he struck well with the left leg. He had a match with George Irving at the Castle Inn and won. Chapman also met him at Carlisle, and threw him in the two first falls out of three; but he was then past his best. Another noted wrestler was Thomas Richardson of Caldbeck, commonly called "Tom Dyer." His principal chip was the hype with either leg. Being almost 6ft. and a thirteen-stone man, he was remarkably clean in his falls, and most men were afraid of him. As the Carlisle wrestling was discontinued for some years, the Crow Park ring at the Keswick regatta and races became the most important in Cumberland. The head prize, in 1819, was won by William Wilson of Ambleside, an active wrestler of the same build and size as Jackson of Kennyside. In 1821 the head prize was carried off by a young eleven-stone man from Torpenhow, and in 1823 by Jonathan Watson. The former day's wrestling gave great impetus to the art; it brought lighter men forward, and revived the wrestling that year at Carlisle, where

it has been continued ever since. Crow Park before the time of Gray the poet was a grove of immense oaks, and when the Greenwich Hospital Estate at Keswick, of which it forms part, passed by purchase to the Marshall family, the races and wrestling were given up.

Weightman was a very tall and good-looking man, and won his falls by great power and length of arm, which made up for his lack of science. George Irving, who was 5ft. 10in., and nearly fourteen stone, seemed quite small in the arms of such a lifeguard; but "Geordie" was a man of dauntless pluck, and did not care whom he met. His final fall with the gigantic McLauchlin—who was 6ft. 5in., and above twenty stone—was always a disputed one, and furnished food for discussion and edification in farm-kitchen ingles for many a month. It seems that when they had "gat hod," and were wrestling for the final fall, Irving begged the giant "not to throw yourself on the top of me," and McLauchlin, thinking that he was down and the bout over, quitted his hold. Upon this Irving nimbly lit on his legs again, and claimed the fall, and after a great scene round the umpires the belt was handed to him. His science was magnificent, and he liked to have a very tight hold of his man, and as a right-legged striker and a cross-buttocker with the left leg he was supreme. This favourite chip of his was as keenly watched for all round the ring as Jemmy Little's buttock and Chapman's right leg hype.

George Irving and Robinson of Renwick (a very cunning wrestler) were much of the same build, and two smarter fellows never entered the ring, but "Geordie was still maister of him." J. Little from Sebergham was a less and lighter man than Irving. The latter had got rather slow and stale when they met at Carlisle for the last fall in 1831. It was an anxious moment for the backers of the old champion. "Geordie" went in to do or die, and got his man up

in the old style amid a shout which might have been heard at Crossfell, but just missed him when he struck with the right leg, and Little put in his unfailing buttock. Mason of Blencogo was a strong fellow, with no great science or action, and how he disposed of Nichol of Bothel, who was one of the best hypers of the day puzzled not a few. No one understood the art better than Nichol—whose big, curly head and a double-eyed squint made him "good to tell" in a ring; but he was generally rather big in condition, and turned nervous when he was pushed hard.

Richard Chapman,* who won the belt, like Jackson, of Kennyside, four times at Carlisle, was only "nineteen come Martinmas," weighed twelve stone, and stood five-foot-ten in his stockings, when he made his first journey, in 1833, to The Swifts. He had never been there before, and he and two others drove from Penrith in a gig, and didn't know a single soul in the town, or where they could put up. As it happened, Chapman and one of his gig partners entered the ring together, and just as the former and his first opponent were taking hold, he saw his friend "*flying over a man's head.*" The omen was not a very pleasant one, but he set to work nothing daunted, and disposed of Armstrong ("Little"), of Bushel Bank, who strained his shoulder in the tussle. In the third round he was drawn against George Irving. "Geordie" started with his right leg and struck quick; then he tried the cross-buttock, but Chapman slipped by both legs, and threw him right back out of his arms. The old champion was above bearing any malice to "the young lad oot of Lancashire," as he was generally rumoured to be, although he was born and bred in Patterdale. "Geordie" was then a publican at Bolton Gate—which never will forget him—and had a tent

* Now landlord of the Ship Inn, Maryport.

on The Swifts. Spying Chapman a few minutes afterwards from his tent door, as the lad was putting on his coat and waistcoat, he came up to him with a bottle and a glass—"*Here, young man, thoo mun have a glass of porter, I'll stand treat,*" and so saying, he creamed it up, and dismissed him with the cheering prophecy, "*Never a man threw me in Carlisle ring but he won.*" Chapman was rather shy at first, and he afterwards confessed that, living as he did in such a quiet place as Patterdale, he was not sure that he had ever seen porter before, or what its effects might be. They seemed to be rather invigorating than otherwise, and it was also something that the "Irving of Cumberland" should be on his side, and specially looking out for him. The eighteen-stone Messenger met him in the fifth round, but he struck him with his left leg, and cross-buttocked him very easily. Graham, of Loweswater, was the last stander, and pursued the same tactics as Chapman had done with the "big un," but he was stopped, and thrown in very similar style to Irving.

It was a very fine opening to a great career, which produced about a hundred prizes in twelve seasons at Carlisle, the Flan, Fauld's Brow, and all over the north. "Chapman's chip" was hyping with the right and striking outside with the left leg, and always at a loose hold. He could hype with either leg, but thought it safer to use the right, as it was easier to keep hold. He always told the young wrestlers, "If you hype with the left leg, and miss, and don't throw your man, you are liable to lose hold, and then you are at his mercy. The left leg hype requires a very tight grip; and, in fact, the finest hype is with the right leg, as the slack hold gives you such a rare swing off." Since his retirement he has frequently acted as umpire, and those who frequented the Bridekirk coursing meetings will remember his directing the beaters on the 380-acre "Tarnities," as head-gamekeeper to Major Green

Thompson, and always sweet on Beckford and Sunbeam.

Thomlinson, of Embleton, and Chapman had many a hard bout, and it was a very near thing between them. Jonathan was a strong and a desperate fellow, a leary man in taking hold, but a still worse one to deal with when he had taken it. His forte was left leg striking, and clicking inside the heel; and he never could tell how he was "*flung like a bairn at Peerith*," by Joe Abbot. The latter was brought up a farmer; but had as much as would keep him, and loved wrestling better than mud studies. He was very clever when he put out his full powers; but "he required a little clapping on the back" when a champion was crossing the ring to meet him. Banks Bowe was a big one and a tough one, and John Blair, of Solport Mill, a strong, good man. He threw in the final fall for the belt at Carlisle a great fell-side champion, Elliott of Cumrew, who had the credit of bringing up the hank chip. If he put in the buttock, and was stopped, he then tried on this hank, and, as it were, twisted his leg round his opponent's leg, and locked it. The old school thought it "about nowt." In fact, a man is generally beaten when he puts it in, and when it comes to a hug, he loses four falls out of five through it.

Few men are better remembered than Robert Gordon, who stood wide of his man, won twice, and was five times second at Carlisle. He was about five feet nine, and never more than twelve stone, and scarcely a man in England could throw him, if they missed him with their first chip. Those who wrestled with him said that he was "*nowt but a heap of bones*," and he held his man so tight, that many of them lay down to him rather than be "*squeezed to bits in yon vice*." He could hold Chapman, although "Dick" threw him twice for the belt at Carlisle, and had the best of him on the balance of falls. "Bob," as it were, "*wrought his man down*," when the chip had missed, and pulled

him quietly over his knee with almost a giant's thew. One of the defeated once graphically described to us his sensations during the period that Bob had hold of him. "*He reached his right arm over and wrought me, and clicked me and felt me almost before I took hod.*" Science was a thing he did not trouble himself much about, but his hug was about equal in tenderness to that of an Arctic bear. He was in the ring for at least fourteen or fifteen years, and nearly as good as ever to the last, and then, like poor Jackson of Kennyside, he died of consumption. Sergeant of Brampton once deprived him of the Carlisle belt, and, as the Cumbrians put it, he "*was owre kittle for him.*" Joe was a neat twelve-stone man, and could reduce himself sufficiently to wrestle in the eleven-stone ring. The middle-weights didn't care to see him there, as he had the swinging hype off to perfection.

He was not long in the ring; but no man has left a more enduring memory than William Jackson, of Kennyside. He won four years—1841-1844—at Carlisle, and was in fact "a representative man" among Cumberland wrestlers, as Chapman was among those of Westmoreland. The pair met seven times, and Jackson had just the best of it; but Chapman belonged to an earlier period, and was not then in his heyday. Jackson was fully six-feet-one in his stockings, and weighed about fourteen stone. He had grand, open shoulders, and, in fact, he was beautifully made to the hips, but, like Tom King, the ex-pugilist, rather small across the loins. He was too tall to put in the buttock, but he could hype with the right leg, and strike as well as click inside the heel with the left, with marvellous quickness and precision. There was no finer and better behaved wrestler, and never was such universal sympathy felt for a man, as when he was matched with Atkinson and defeated. Big as he was, he looked a mere stripling by the side of the Magog of Sleagill, when he came out to meet him for the

best of five falls in that Flan ring, which has never had so many thousands round it either before or since. George Donaldson, "stood the giant," and counselled him most strictly not to make play, or Jackson was certain to have him, and his word proved true enough in one round. After going to grass, Atkinson was more obedient, and gave away no more chances, but stood like a rock, and fairly crushed his man down. The late Lord Carlisle, who was looking on, presented Jackson with 5*l.*, but no pulleys could bring up the poor fellow's heart, and he was never the same man again.

Taylor of Wythmoor, who threw "Bob" Gordon in the final fall at Carlisle in '45, and had the tables turned on him the next year, was a rare buttocker; and Thomas Longmire, a man of about Chapman's size, was all science, and equally great in buttocking, striking, and hyping. Todd, of Plumbland, was good for a year or two; and Moss, of Temple-Sowerby, wrestled well as a "colt," and went through his men in great style for the Carlisle belt. Palmer of Newcastle was also a good man, and took Gordon as his model; and Haliwell of Penrith, an eleven-stone man, was "full of chips." W. Donald of Dearham—the home of "lal Tiffin," the nine-and-a-half-stone hero, who "has everything off"—had a unique method of pulling men on to his knee. Dick Wright of Longtown, who keeps his wrestling year after year as well as Lord Wilton does his riding to hounds, also relies very much on a specialty. It can only be described as a peculiar and most effective jerk off the breast, which no one save Mossop of Egremont, ever seemed to practice. Mossop threw Longmire twice out of three times with it, Chapman twice, and Jackson once; and they all said afterwards that they didn't know how to meet it.

Weardale has been fertile in champions. Its Pattinson was an eleven-stone man, and good enough to win

and be second at Carlisle; and Milburn, after winning in 1848-49, turned up second to Dick Wright in 1866. Robson of Weardale was good; but he was overmatched when he met Longmire for the belt at Carlisle, where Ben Cooper, a man who could do anything, strike with either leg or cross-buttock, was second in successive bouts to Hawksworth of Shap and Murgatroyd of Cockermouth. The latter began wrestling when he was about twenty, and has gone on for fully thirty years. Chips* were not much in his way; but his figure, fourteen stone, by 5 feet 7 inches, rendered him a difficult man to throw, and he "*has settled a vast of men*" at one time or another. Noble Ewbank of Bampton was hardly so good as his father Joseph, whose style of buttocking was almost equal to Little's. As for George Donaldson (one of three clever brothers) he was as cunning as he was

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* A friend has kindly defined for us the principal chips :—

1. HYPE.—Formerly called striking inside, or getting your knee between your opponent's legs when lifting him, and striking his leg out so as to drop him down.

2. SWINGING HYPE.—The same thing, but swinging your man after lifting him, once or twice round and striking. When the motions are done quickly, these two are considered the crack chips of the ring, and when well done they are decisive.

3. BUTTOCKING.—Getting your buttock or haunch quickly under your opponent's stomach as a fulcrum, and throwing him bodily over your head or shoulder.

4. CROSS-BUTTOCKING.—The same thing, only getting your man into motion, and your buttock more under him.

5. HANK.—Getting your leg twisted round your opponent's leg, so that he cannot clear it, and by superior strength and height forcing yourself over him, when he must fall under.

6. BACK-HEELING.—Putting your heel behind your opponent's heel, and running over him.

7. CLICK INSIDE.—Clicking inside your opponent's heel, and forcing him back.

8. OUTSIDE STROKE.—Lifting your man, striking outside his knee with yours, and dropping him down.

The two safest chips, and, generally speaking, the cleanest, are hyping or striking inside with the right leg, and striking outside with your left leg: your right arm being under, gives you, with these motions, great command over your man.

clever, and though only an eleven-stone man, he was nearly a match for Jackson, and in fact threw him once. Like Gordon, he was a "varra slippery takker hod;" whereas Jackson stepped up to his man, and gave the umpires no trouble with either sand-glass or trumpet.

It was a matter of a few ounces between Donaldson and Whitehead; but Jonathan won the match when they met at Waverton. Jonathan was a great hyper and buttocker, as well as a right-leg outside-striker, and used the last chip with daring shrewdness, when more cautious men would have left it alone. There are very few good strikers with the right leg. Chapman and other cracks would never put it in, as, if you miss, it is mostly fatal. There has never been a more finished eleven-stone wrestler, both as a striker and a buttocker, and in fact all round, than Jim Scott. At Whitehaven he won the eleven-stone purse eight or nine years in succession, and stood twice second to Jameson at Carlisle. Of course, to adopt his friends' language, it was safe to predict that the big'un would "*worry him down;*" but Jameson is wonderfully lithe of his weight, both in pole-jumping and wrestling, and can both hype and strike with the left whenever occasion serves.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Twas Strafford raised his sand-glass, and Thornton held the pen,
When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of Shorthorn men.
They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door—
He stood champagne, did Sheldon, of Geneva, Illinois.
They talked of Oxford heifers, Duchess bulls, and how the States
Had come into the market with another 'Bit of Bates.'
Their expression is so solemn, and so earnest is their tone,
That nought would seem worth living for but 'Red and White and Roan.'

All ready for the contest, I view a dauntless three—
The McIntosh from Essex, a canny chiel is he.
There's Leney from the hop-yards—'twill be strange if he knocks under,
When once the chords are wakened of that Kentish 'Son of Thunder.'
The Talleyrand of 'trainers' is their 'cute but modest foe,
Him whom the gods call 'Culshaw,' and men on earth call 'Joe.'
He loves them 'points all over,' with bright dew on the nose;
And in his heart of hearts is writ, '*A touch of Barmpton Rose.*'
And, sure, it well might puzzle 'The Gentleman in Black,'
When the three nod on 'by twenties,' to know which you should back!
And, sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound,
When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!
Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we'll hear of more
Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois."

"THE GOLDEN SHORTHORNS."—*Punch.*

Whitehall—Killhow Sale of Shorthorns—Scaleby Castle—The Western Plain of Cumberland—Mr. Watson's and the late Mr. Brown's Pigs—Mr. Curwen's Agricultural Gathering at the Schooze Farm—Champion Bulls—The late Captain Spencer's Greyhounds.

WE have approached "Merrie Carlisle" by the North, and we must make note-book forays from it—west, south, and east—ere we leave it. Skiddaw had got her wonted rain-signal from Criffell that day, and we met with a curious student of meteorology on our way to Mr. George Moore's. He got into the train at Wigton, and desired to communicate. His language was very dark, and somewhat on this wise: "Wind's in sou'-west; noo, it's gatting

roond tit sooth ye'll see sun ; be it dusk, ye'll see stars better ; if there's nobbut fog, it's a job." With these observations he collapsed, and we changed trains at Aspatria for Whitehall, once "The Fair Ladies" in the parish of All Hallows.

There is a tradition that it was the home of the Misses Arthuret, of whose hospitality Alan Fairford speaks in "Redgauntlet." A skilful modern hand has been at work since then ; but the old spirit lingers there in all its fulness, and "Welcome the coming—speed the parting Guest" may well be carved in stone above the door. There they come during the summer in one continuous stream—archbishops, bishops, clergymen, school-inspectors, M.P.'s out of business for the recess, recorders, authors, sculptors, artists with the rich harvest of many a happy vale and mountain hour in their portfolios, devotees of St. Partridge, and brother-merchants *en route* from the lakes. Lord Brougham has left traces of his stay in a complete collection of his works, with his rugged autograph in each. London Scripture-readers and their wives recruit their strength with quiet strolls and fresh mountain air ; and some bright afternoon the whole force of the establishment is brought to bear vigorously on tea for 1200 school children and their teachers. If we look seawards down the Vale of Ellon, we are reminded how the Salmon-Fishery Commissioners, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Frank Buckland, issued forth one morning from those portals ; and how they waded about all day like Newfoundlands, and conducted diplomatic negotiations with millers under their very water-wheels. Some of the Fantail, Musical, and Charmer shorthorn tribes are tenants of the park, and the venerable white horse, which Mr. George Payne rode when he hunted the Pytchley, is still earning his corn in the carriage.

Mr. Foster, like his neighbour and old schoolfellow, comes back to the scenes of his boyhood in summer,

and there for a while shakes off the moil and dust of the great city. The bulk of his estate is at Killhow, which is separated from Quarry Hill by the village of Bolton Gate, whose glorious limestone spring "flows on for ever." Hard by The Bow is that little cottage-ruin where "Blackbird Wilson" held his village-school seven-and-forty years ago, and employed his leisure hours in whistling and suction, *but not at the spring!* Bolton Church was "built in a night," and the ghostly masons in their hurry put the steeple at the wrong end. But we have to do here with the building up of Mr. Foster's pedigreed herd, which is always kept at Killhow, while Quarry Hill carries the feeding stock. When he took the six hundred acres into his own hands in '61, his ideas did not rise beyond Irish cattle. Mr. Drewry, who was born near him, was the tempter, and they went together to the Babraham second sale in June '63, and bought Young Celia (42 guineas). She won at Wigton and Ireby; but did him no good. White Lily (36 guineas) of the same tribe came with her, and helped her to win the first victory (in a pair) against Sir Wilfrid Lawson's, and had three heifer calves to boot. In process of time Mr. Foster treated himself to two Fantails at the Yardley sale, Polly Gwynne and Duchess Gwynne, at Middle Farm, near Brampton; Moss Rose (230 guineas) on that memorable May morning at Mr. Betts's; and Princess 2nd and 3rd at Mr. Macintosh's next day. Thus the "Bit of Bates" expanded, and in little more than five years his labours were publicly endorsed by an average of 67*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* for sixty-six head.

The sale-ring had Art and Nature in aid, with the massive white stone turrets of Killhow in the background, and Skiddaw looking down upon many a deep valley and silent tarn in the distance. The quiet dalesmen, who don't care much about pedigree, but like a roan bull and a "sken at the dam as well," if they can get one, trudged merrily to the scene of

action. After a sale luncheon, which was of a truth to the North what Mr. Macintosh's memorable one had been to the South, the agricultural worthies, headed by Tom Gibbons, might be seen cosily seated round the ring for four long hours, cheering whenever the biddings rose to fever heat for Moss Rose and the Princesses, and smoking their "churchwardens" in supreme delight. Mr. D. R. Davies, Mr. Brogden (who was then successfully wooing Wednesbury), and Mr. Drewry mounted a low platform, with Mr. Thornton as a "Herd Book in breeches" on the box of a drag at their elbow, and a very "hot corner" it proved, when business fairly began.

Mr. Strafford, who, as usual, held a commission for "the Kentish Son of Thunder," fought Mr. Davies by 10-guinea bids from 300 (where five bidders had dropped off) up to 400 for Moss Rose. This was her fourth appearance in a sale-ring. First she fell as a blooming Cobham calf for 260 guineas to Mr. Hales's nod; then it was "245 guineas, Mr. Betts," "230 guineas, Mr. Foster;" and now 400 guineas for the Mere Old Hall herd completed her Tale of a Time Glass. Duchess Gwynne (180 guineas), Princess 2nd (300 guineas), and Princess 3rd (330 guineas), were fought out between Lord Kenlis and Mr. Brogden, and his lordship won the rubber. Nothing daunted, in went Mr. Brogden for Countess Gwynne (240 guineas), and got her. At this juncture, the platform could bear such heavy volleys no longer, and collapsed amid a roar of merriment; and when Mr. Brogden and Mr. Davies lighted on their legs, and presented themselves again on a surer footing, they were greeted with the assurance that "*weight of brass brokt doon.*" Sir Wilfrid Lawson was not long in making up his mind for Royal Cambridge, a massive son of Moss Rose, and at 240 guineas the roan was booked for Brayton. His brother, Royal Cumberland, tempted Mr. Fawcett at 160 guineas, and he and the wealthy

Fantail 4th, at nearly the same sum, departed for Scaleby Castle together. And so did most of the company, cheered by the beams of a double rainbow, to buy the descendants of the Elvira or Princess sort on the morrow.*

The blacksmith at the Red Dial warned us that it was "an uneasy road," as we sought Mr. Watson's. The mist was on the Solway, and half veiled Wedham Flow (beloved of snipes) and those salt-marshes on whose edge the natives set fixed engines for salmon, and "stick it out" before the Commissioners that they only aspire to flounders. As we climb the side of Cattland Fell, the great north-west plain of Cumberland lies at our feet. "This is the old border land, memorable alike for strife and song. The impress of its troubled history may here and there be seen in the massive square towers, which yet rear their time-worn walls, telling of many a storm and siege." We feel too on another score that we hold the keystone of a strong position. Beyond the Solway, we see the birthplace of Pride of Southwicke in a wooded spur of

* Scaleby Castle was built about the time of Henry I., or subsequently by the Norman Tilliolfs, who got a large grant of the adjacent county both as their residence, and also as a place of refuge from the attacks of the marauding Scots of that period. When the sentinel stationed on the "Toot Hill" (now Scaleby Hall) sounded his horn, the people with all haste collected their stock within the precincts of the double moat, or, in case of greater emergency, within the quadrangular courtyard of the castle. The outer moat is still in perfect preservation; but the inner one has for years been filled in. An old donjon keep rises to a considerable height above the other parts of the building, and has long been an almost inaccessible ivy-clad tower, tenanted only by the bat or the moping owl, while the large black martins wheel in rapid flight, and chase each other with defiant scream round the battlements. The walnut-tree, which spread its lateral arms far and wide, and the gigantic elms which threatened to push the old walls from their foundations, have all gone; but still many a fine gnarled oak holds the ancient keep in countenance. Mr. Fawcett has kept shorthorns of the Princess blood, so famed for the pail, ever since he was under Mr. Bates's roof as a pupil. Of late years he has purchased some high-priced heavy-fleshed cows, chiefly of Bates blood, and he gave 155 guineas for Fourteenth Duke of Oxford at His Grace the Duke of Devonshire's sale.

Criffell; Lady Solway, that great nursing mother of Cumberland ham, flourished at Solway House; Maid of the Mill, Beckford, and the Blackstock "belles" have done their work near Allonby for Lytham and Waterloo; Casson's future gold medal hunter Commissioner hails from Burgh; and Crafty,* "the queen of the hackneys," is in her box at Howsenrigg, with George Mulcaster as her proud esquire. Amid the rich pastures and "black dairies" of the Abbey Holme, lived "Sammy Rigg," that head-centre of Cumberland "statesmen," as famed for his swedes and Galloways as Mr. Rooke for his views on "Corn and Currency." There, too, once upon a time, Pearson of Langrigg had forty greys, all by Old Conqueror, from mares by The Earl and Grand Turk. Brayton,

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* Crafty, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell, of Stainburn Hall, Workington, in 1858, is by The Judge, out of a mare by Nimrod (h.-b. son of Muley), her dam a hackney mare of unknown pedigree, the property of the late Dr. Dickinson, of Workington. The Judge, bred by Mr. A. Dalzell in 1850, was by Galaor, out of Cerito (sister to The Currier) by The Saddler, out of Amaryllis by Cervantes. The Judge was not much of a racehorse, though he ran repeatedly in Mr. Dalzell's colours; while we hear he is the sire of very good riding stock in the Carlisle and Cumberland country. Crafty was purchased when a yearling at 20*l.* for Mr. H. J. Percy, of Howsenrigg, Aspatria, by his manager, the now well-known George Mulcaster, who brought her out in the same year 1859, when she was first shown and placed third to two half-brothers by The Judge, in the yearling class of hunting colts and fillies at the Cockermouth Meeting of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Agricultural Society. In the same year Crafty took the first prize of 2 sovs. for yearling fillies by The Judge, and the second prize for yearling saddle or harness fillies, at the Wigton Agricultural Society's Show, &c. Crafty is a rich dappled brown mare, standing fifteen hands one inch and a half high, and girthing six feet two and a half. She has a neat sensible head, with a good eye and a nicely crested neck, running into well-raised withers. She has a full chest, with beautifully laid shoulders, a capital barrel and back, with good round quarters and well-developed arms and thighs. Then her joints are excellent, her legs and feet first-rate, while she is full of power without lumber, but with plenty of length, hardy looks, and especially grand-taking action, &c.—*Farmers' Magazine.*—[Since the above was written, she has won an enormous number of prizes. She has had three colts and a filly, two of the former by Motley, and the latter by her own sire.]

the scene of some very dashing bids by Mr. Saunders, when the herd was dispersed, is a little further down the line; and so is Blennerhasset, that Sebastopol of the vegetarians, where the engines "Cain" and "Abel" groan on their miry way, where a professor is ever composing manures, and where Christmas was kept with apples and biscuits, potatoes, and oilcake sauce.

A *Saturday Reviewer* once directed our attention to the fact that we seem to regard a country as benighted, except in those spots which are hallowed by the presence or recollection of some distinguished thing on four feet. If this be so, very little of that Cumberland landscape was in shadow, as we passed through the two greyhounds in stone at Mr. Watson's gates, and looked over it from his garden terrace. This ex-Cumberland champion of the pig lists began with the Lady Solway* breed, and then gave Mr. Unthank five guineas for a little sow pig of Sober

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* This foundress of the Solway House blood was sent by Mr. George Donald from Newtown House, near Durham, to the late Mr. Wester Wilson, of Thistlewood. She was a combination of Mason of Chilton's and Ferguson of Catterick's blood, and her daughter, Lady Solway, was a prize winner at the Bristol Royal, as well as at several local shows. Mr. Brown, of The High, had some of the sort, and they produced several fine lengthy pigs. Besides Liberator, Mr. Watson used another of his blood, and also bought Protection (a first at Carlisle and Whitehaven) from Mr. Unthank, for a double dip into Thormanby. Mr. Watson showed first at the Highland and Agricultural Society's Perth meeting in 1850, and Carlisle, Chelmsford, and Salisbury in 1855-57 were his three most successful Royal meetings. He never showed at the Smithfield Club; but he won two prizes at Bingley Hall, after he gave up The Royal. His piggery was not large, and he had at no time more than four sows, and generally sold their produce at 10*l.* to 15*l.* off the teat. The breed had a great run while the trade lasted. Mr. Majoribanks gave 25*l.* each for some sows, and Mr. Wilson (for the Prince Consort and the Duke of Richmond), and Messrs. Crisp and Mangles (a pupil of Mr. Watson's father) had all a taste. Mr. Brown's showing career lasted for nearly twelve years, and the small breed paid him best. Liberator, Lord Wenlock, Thormanby (first at the Norwich Royal), and Wenlock (first at the Newcastle Royal) were his leading boars; and Liberator went from his styes at a high price to Australia.

Watkins's Thormanby and Wiley blood, which he brought back from Netherscales in his dog-cart. She was crossed in due time with Earl Ducie's Liberator, which proved a rare "nick," both for form and hand, and did a good turn for the small Cumberland Whites. Mr. Watson may be said to owe his heads and hams to Liberator, and his backs to Thormanby, and to make assurance sure, he had double crosses of the sort. Miss West* was quite a prima donna among sows at the Carlisle Royal; but Faith (by Liberator, out of the Unthank sow) was not only bigger, but more level, and sweeter in the head. The former was never beaten; and if Mr. Watson could have warranted her in pig, he might once have had upwards of 40 guineas for her. Faith, Hope, and Charity were his first prize pen of sow pigs under six months at Carlisle, and their names created some comment. "And pray which of these three is Charity?" said an old lady, after duly adjusting her spectacles, and taking a protracted survey of the pen. "Which is Charity, marm?" said the attendant, "of course the biggest on 'em is Charity." "My dears," said the old lady, turning to her daughters, "I never saw it just put in that practical way before." Charity was found at the Chelmsford Royal next year with the first prize orange card over her head, and six pigs at the teat. She had only pigged two days before she left Cumberland, and some of them were sold for ten and the rest for fifteen guineas a piece. The journey knocked her about considerably, and she was beaten soon after by the Duke of Northumberland's sow at Cornhill. "We," "Shall," "Win," was another sample of Mr. Watson's neat nomenclature, and the three made nearly 80*l.* at Salisbury two years afterwards. Mr. Fisher amplified the idea into "Advance Quality,"

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* Miss West was by Liberator, dam by Jimmy from York.

"Advance Symmetry," and "No Surrender!" and it sank at last into "Aint," "We," "Stunners?"

Mr. Watson's were generally of a less and rather finer-boned sort than his neighbour's, Mr. Brown's, of The High, and were kept like his, principally upon new milk and oatmeal and barley mixed. After a fortnight, they would be coaxed into drinking a quart of new milk at three or four times. They would then have a pint at each end of the day, but never more than two quarts. No sleeping draught could be more potent, and sleep is the chief promoter of pork. The Highland and Agricultural Society was Mr. Brown's favourite show sphere, and Liberator, Wenlock, and Thormanby blood his delight. His pigs might often be picked out by the blue spots on their quarters and backs. It was give and take between him and Mr. Watson when they met in the show-ring, and Faith, Hope, and Charity had opponents worthy of them at Carlisle. Mrs. Brown was an excellent home secretary in pig matters; but her husband never knew when to sell. He refused good prices, and brought back sows, tried to reduce them for a year or two, and found them only barren fig-trees after all. Prices went down when he and others were watching for them to go up, and at last 4*l.* or 5*l.* could hardly be got, where 10*l.* or 12*l.* had been given without scruple before.*

A little further West, and we reach Workington Hall, once the Holkham or Woburn of the North. The late Mr. John Grey had seen a great deal, and spoke much to us of Mr. Curwen and his nephew Mr. Blamire.† According to him, the future Tithe Commissioner was at that time "a quiet subject, and very much under his uncle." He attended Rosley Hill

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* For a sketch of the Cumberland bacon trade, see "Field and Fern" (South) pp. 326-332.

† For whom in detail, see Dr. Lonsdale's "Cumberland Worthies."

and nearly all the Northern cattle and sheep fairs, either in person or through his man Armstrong; and he had not unfrequently eight or ten horses for sale at Newcastle. When he judged he was all for quality, and the next time Mr. Grey met him, "shuffling with his hands in his pockets down Parliament-street to the House," he could not refrain from asking him if he still remembered the heifers (Mr. Grey's own) to which he gave prizes at Kelso in '31. He never judged again, and enclosures and tithe apportionments engrossed him, till after some twenty years of official life he retired a broken-down man to Thackwood Nook to die.

Mr. Grey had no great belief in Mr. Curwen, but he thought him "very clever," and he thoroughly enjoyed his annual autumn ride to Workington Hall, with his brother farmers from the Tyneside. The preparation of these modern moss-troopers for the Workington carnival was not very extensive. They came clad in the peaceful guise of top boots, or brown breeches and gaiters, and merely carried their slippers, a razor, and a couple of shirts, &c., in front of them. Jobson, from New Town, near Chillingham, would have a quiet day's farming on the road with his old pupil Joseph Dixon, at Broadwath, and discuss with him the merits of "Wetheral" and "Constitution," or the white bull of his "sort." Early next morning the two would set out on their ride together, and there was a good muster of pilgrims to breakfast at Cock Bridge. Workington Hall was reached by midday. There they had two days' farming at The Schooze, and dined in a large wooden booth, where Mr. Stanley, then the great "blue parson" of the West, was the chief speaker. Mr. Curwen was at that time member for Cumberland, and the gathering had rather a political tinge about it. The host was field-marshal, and Mr. Blamire was always there to help him. Every one rode through the fields and saw the ploughs at

work, and scanned the turnip drills, and then came back to finish the business portion of the day among the cattle in the yards, or at the sale of Shorthorn heifers. Mr. Curwen had also a good deal to say on new manures and the subject of salt as an antidote to sheep-rot. It was placed on slates all round the fields for sheep, and the shepherd on his mule with a sack of small blocks of it behind him was quite a feature of the day.

Mr. Curwen conducted, A.D. 1810, some fattening experiments, for the report of which the Board of Agriculture awarded him a 50*l.* prize. His "experimental cattle" consisted of a couple of Shorthorns, Herefords, Glamorgans, Galloways, and Longhorns, and a solitary Sussex. The greatest profit was 8*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* on Shorthorn No. 2, which increased in weight from 90st. to 115st.; and the second best was 6*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* on a Hereford, which began at 61st. 7lbs., and made 28st. 7lbs. In the case of the former, the food, in wnich 6st. 6lbs. of oilcake was the only artificial stimulant, cost 7*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*, and in the latter 7*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; and each of them was purchased at 4*s.* and sold at 6*s.* per stone.

A race of cattle closely akin to the "Hereford rent-payers," but whose origin has never been quite unravelled, flourished about this period in Cumberland, and were familiarly known as "Lamplugh Hawkies." In his prize essay on the Agriculture of West Cumberland, Mr. Dickinson thus describes their peculiarities: "They were chiefly dark red or brown, and some of them nearly black with white faces and legs, and usually a stripe of white along the back. The eyes were commonly margined by a narrow strip of colour, as if bound about with coloured tape." Our historian adds that they stood low on the leg, with very large carcases, thick joints and hides, and "abundance of neck leather and dewlap." As to their horns, there is no telling what future naturalists might

have said from a bison or antediluvian point of view, if Mr. Grey had not explained that the Lorton Longhorns of that period could hardly enter a house until they had acquired the dodge of twisting their heads on one side, so as to arrive at the proper angle of admission. The Longhorns cut a good figure in the Schooze experiment, but they were not sufficiently thrifty to hold their own against the Shorthorns and Galloways, with which the county was gradually overspread. The pure white Lysicks, so called from the Hall of that name, disappeared about the same time, and Mr. Dickinson recalls their fine spreading horns, and that smart figure and carriage, which rendered them so valuable for topping the dealer's lots.

In West Cumberland, Mr. Curwen, thanks to General Simpson, was a Shorthorn pioneer, and the Rev. John Benson—who introduced Western Comet and bred Prince Regent—and Messrs. Barrow, Milham Hartley, and Thompson, did good service to the cause when the Schooze herd was sold off. The East owed not a little to the West, which sent them "Studholme's Little Monarch," as he was fondly termed, to spread the Regent blood, but, unlike Maximus by Magnum Bonum, he was not a show bull.

There was not such a thing as a pure Shorthorn in the Vale of Eden when Charles Colling held his great Ketton sale in 1810. The ardour of Mr. Richardson (great grandfather of the present Mr. Saunders of Nunwick Hall) and Mr. Mat Atkinson was so inflamed by the news of the average, that they rode off forthwith across Stainmoor to the new Durham land of promise. They made no secret of their mission, and farmers flocked from all parts to see the two white and two roan heifers, which were the upshot of it. The pilgrims drew lots for choice, and Mr. Atkinson sent his pair to one of the late Earl Lonsdale's bulls. His lordship from very early times had never lacked a good bull at Lowther. The late Mr. Hudle-

ston preserved a tradition (which he propounded at two agricultural dinners), that the Blue Boar of Brougham and the Yellow Boar of Lowther got loose, and fought in a pen at Penrith, but the yellow bulls of the East and the blue bulls of the West preserved a far more peaceful rivalry. It was a bad day for Cumberland breeders when the Lowther herd was sold, and none have noted the change so much as the jobbers and the show judges. The former always said that they would give away the point of his steers being at times rather thin through the heart, if they could only have another crop of Gainford hind-quarters. It was with this massive red bull, who so especially distinguished himself as a heifer getter, and was ultimately sold back to Mr. Crofton for 100 guineas, that the bull competition sprung up, which once gave such zest to the country showyards.

It virtually began with Mr. Buston, of Dolphinby, who came to the county about 1829, and brought with him Crofton's Cripple, and Young Rockingham. At last a proposition was mooted and carried to have a five-guinea sweepstakes at Penrith, and shortly before the day it oozed out that Lord Lonsdale had bought a new bull from Colonel Cradock, at Richmond race-time, for 100 guineas, which was to cut everything down. His lordship had not drawn his bow at a venture; and when the great unknown descended from his van on to the show ground, in the shape of a three-year-old scion of Thorpe and old Cherry, the owners of his opponents too truly foresaw that their chances were quite out. Mr. Buston had sent Sir William; and Priam and Wallace represented the Denton and Troutbeck herds; but the fiat of the judges was fully endorsed by the great majority of the spectators, and Mr. Blamire declared in his speech that evening, that he did not think there was a better bull than Gainford in England. However, a different opinion obtained

next year, at the Carlisle show, where Priam, nothing loth, confronted him again, and Mr. Studholme's Maximus was declared the winner.

Mr. Sober Watkin was generally pretty handy in the show yard, and Cumberland came boldly out, at Mr. John Maynard of Harlsey's sale, with ninety-five guineas for the yearling bull Chorister, by Velocipede. This bull was let to Mr. Troutbeck, of Blencow, and his calves as well as Wallace's heifers formed a strong item in that gentleman's catalogue when in 1838 he for the first time gave his conventional invitation to his "friends and well-wishers at Blencow, at 12 o'clock, where they may rely upon farmers' fare and a hearty welcome." Old Dorothy Draggletail, by Marmion, was purchased by Mr. Parkinson for 29 guineas, and renamed Dorothy Gwynne. Mr. Curwen took Strawberry (19 guineas), which was descended from a cow bought at Bishop Goodenough's sale. Thus two rare keen judges picked out the cows which afterwards made the herd, and founded two essentially "Cumberland tribes."*

We are not going to wander so far as Ravenglass and the grave of Velocipede,† but we must not leave the neighbourhood without a word for the late Captain Spencer, an equally good judge of a greyhound and a Shorthorn. John Irvine, whose good-humoured face and burly form in a green coat and a rough cap are so familiar to every public courser, was his trainer. When "the season," as he styled it, was over he might be seen as busy as a bee, now with the greyhounds, now with the silver pheasants or the fowls, now with Leila, Lizzy, Sappho, Bloom, and the rest of the Shorthorn herd, in fact putting a helping hand to any-

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* The Blencow herd was sold off by Mr. Strafford, in 1859, at an average of 56*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for 41 head. Twenty-six Gwynnes averaged 66*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*

† See "Silk and Scarlet," pp. 223-26.

thing and everything, just as it came. The Captain used to say that he never heard of him being thoroughly out of temper, except when a brother-trainer came to the kennel, and would insist that Sunbeam's tail was not rightly set on. He might have said what he liked about John himself, but the runner up to King Lear for the Waterloo Cup was too cherished an object for such critiques. John despised jelly in training, and did not care for flesh. Biscuits dipped in beast's or sheep's head broth were his great specific, but try as he might, he could not get up Sunbeam's muscle for his third Waterloo Cup effort, and he sent a highly-laconic telegram from Altcar announcing the fact to the Captain, who was detained on a special jury at Carlisle. Sunbeam was a delicate dog to train and always a light feeder. He had a mild eye, and a small and beautifully turned head, which might have belonged to a bitch. An open country with drains suited him, as he hated fencing, and would hardly face a gate. His speed was good though not quite first-class, and his work when he got in very level and beautiful. John used to watch with such rapture for "the white belly as he cam roond with his hare." The Captain often gave an imitation of John when he arrived from the Scottish National, leading Sunbeam with one hand, and carrying the Douglas Cup wrapped up in his handkerchief with the other. The presentation of "the mug" to him on the drive by John was the first intimation he had of his victory. Seagull was a totally different dog to Sunbeam, a great rusher and very resolute, and requiring a very strong hare to steady him down and let a judge see how good he was. His temper was nasty to the last degree. He wouldn't play and he wouldn't let the others play, and he cut "the Seagull crest" all over them to that extent that he had to be muzzled both in kennel and at exercise.

CHAPTER V.

"A very important toast has been placed in my hands. It is no less a toast than the health of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Magistracy. Well, now, the Lord-Lieutenant is a very celebrated agriculturist, and so great is the interest he takes in agriculture, that he has carried his agricultural improvements to the top of Shap Fells. I believe, gentlemen, that is the ordinary speech to make about the Lord-Lieutenant on these occasions (great laughter). As to the magistracy, 'the great unpaid,' they have always conducted themselves in a manner honourable, consistent, satisfactory, and disinterested in every way, and we can have no doubt that they will in future continue to do the same (hear hear). That, gentlemen, is, I believe, the proper thing to say about the magistrates' (cheers and great laughter). * * * Now as to draining and the steam plough. There is another thing that wants draining, perhaps more than the land. I think people's minds want draining (cheers and laughter). Get the fences removed; get the stones removed; and above all, get old prejudices removed, and steam cultivation will pay."—*Mr. William Lawson, at the Penrith Farmers' Club Dinner*, 1865.

Mr. Unthank—Old Cherry and Captain Shaftoe—Nunwick Hall—Among the Herdwicks—Mr. Crozier's Hounds—Wetheral—Farlam Hall and its Greyhounds—The Brampton Coursing Meeting.

MR. UNTHANK is a familiar figure to the frequenters of our shows, not exactly from the white bulls of Chillingham to the pilchards of Penzance, but at all events from the Tweed to the Medway, and in the Isle of Man. He gave up his Galloways about 1834 in favour of Venus, by Crofton's Cripple, and old Cherry came on to the scene at Netherscales about the beginning of 1843. She was calved in the summer of '28: but nature seemed to have exhausted itself, and she was tied up to feed. For years she had been a sort of heroine in Mr. Unthank's mind, although he had never seen her; and when, by the merest chance, he heard of her doom, he set out at once for Yorkshire, in quite a spirit of knight-errantry, and bought her, with her

fifteen years on her head, for nearly twice as many pounds. He had rather a weary time of it getting her across the Westmoreland moors, and the venture did not look very hopeful, as her first calf "Wonders" was a very bad one. Captain Shaftoe* had arrived at Netherscales the same year, and the cherished object appeared at last on September 4th, 1845, in the shape of his daughter, Queen of Trumps. The old cow was so weak after calving, that when Mr. Unthank left her to fetch a drink, she fell sideways on to her calf, and nothing but the greatest care and incessant

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* This bull's history was a less chequered one. Mr. Unthank had become deeply smitten at Richmond with his short legs, rich quality, and gay looks, when he was the first-prize yearling of the Yorkshire Agricultural, against Belleville, Cramer, and Belted Will; but there was no little difficulty in persuading Mr. Lax to part with him for 200*l.* The late Mr. Benn, always enthusiastic in the shorthorn cause, lent the Lowther van, and as Mr. Unthank sold "The Captain" after a couple of seasons for a 100*l.* advance to Mr. Loft, of Lincolnshire, his second Richmond thoughts proved as good as his first. Mr. Parkinson, of Leyfields, gave the last bid of 325 guineas for him at the Trusthorpe sale, and won in the aged class with him at the Northampton Royal, the same year that his half-brother, Baron Ravensworth, gained that honour among the yearling bulls. After coming second to Mr. Bates's First Duke of Oxford, at the Yorkshire show of that year, he changed hands a fourth time, for 140 guineas, to Mr. Smith, of West Razen, who kept him for five years, and then sold him to his brother, in whose hands he died. He had a great propensity to fatten, and got his cows very good and compact, but rather too small. Prince Imperial, a winner, and a very neat little bull, with a good deal of his blood on both sides, was at Netherscales on the day of our visit, fresh from beating the "swell racing bull," Mr. Wetherell's Statesman, and a large field at Coldstream; and Master Hopewell, who was quite a "silky laddie" in his coat, and bred by Mr. Barnes, was in the stall which Booth's Benedict and Freemason have both held in their day. Daphne Gwynne was also there, and equal to upwards of 26 quarts a day in the height of the grass; but Valiant and Emily (the dam of the celebrated Emma) had been sold to Colonel Towneley, Blue Bell to Mr. Douglas, and Emperor Napoleon to Sir Charles Tempest, and since then Mr. Unthank has gone in steadily for Booth. On one occasion he all but "skinned the lamb," when the "Cumberland and Westmoreland" met at Appleby, by taking nine animals, and getting eight firsts and one second; and the defeat of the prize heifer of this Society, and the Carlisle prize heifer of the year as well, by Baroness Amelia, at Penrith, was his last achievement in the ring.

inflation through the nostrils with the kitchen bellows brought it round at all. In process of time "Queen" grew into rather a nice little heifer, and bred Second Queen of Trumps to Belleville, in the days of his twenty-five guinea renown. The old cow, whose name is historical in connexion with the Killerby and Warlaby herds through her son Mussulman became so much crippled, that Penrith had the eating of her in '47. Second Queen of Trumps was then chopped away to Mr. Douglas, of Athelstaneford, for Baroness Amelia and two others; and her cross with the 400-guinea Captain Balco, produced Third Queen of Trumps, who swept the three royal national two-year-old heifer prizes on "the grand tour" of '58, and died within sight of New Orleans that winter, with 450 guineas on her head. Such were the Netherscales variations upon the popular "Cherry Ripe."

A seven-miles ride past Plumpton, the home of the late Bob Gordon, the wrestler, and on through a fir-and-heather-clad country, brought us at last to the pleasant vale of the Eden. The afternoon shadows were chasing each other on the Crossfell range behind, and our companion, who was cunning in cloud-language, foretold that the helm-wind—of which we had heard the Rev. Mr. Watson of Cumrew discourse so well, two-and-thirty years ago, before the assembled *savans* at Newcastle—would be out for his wild revels among shed-roof and hay-stacks before nightfall. Nunwick Hall, with its old manorial grange, and its knoll of oak, ash, and sycamore, which crowns the home-meadow, looks the shorthorn home to the life; and the stone bulls rampant on the gate-pillars keep fitting watch and ward. The late Mr. Saunders was full of quiet enthusiasm, and we often think how he showed us his capital stedding, how Nunwick "walked so well away" from us, and how he placed the white Roman-nosed Pearl in position under an ash, as a

type of his shorthorn faith.* Since his father's death in 1866, Mr. Saunders has kept up the shorthorn charter. They hold, however, a divided allegiance in his mind with Sweetbriar (late Jane Anne), the heroine of three well-fought fields, and Sam, the Whitehaven Cup winner, and other S's of the coursing world.

"Twenty-six there and back" had not a consoling sound, as we left Keswick one December morning on a walking tour to the Honister Crag end of Buttermere Lake. The way was very dreary, when we were fairly on the muirland, with nothing to break our sullen tramp mile after mile, save the sound of Keskadale Beck, as it grumbled over stones and under water-gates, and the faint bleat of the Herdwicks as they crossed the road, and sought for a sweeter bite by the springs in the rock. The distant opening in

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* Homer, of Lord Spencer's breeding, was his first good bull, and it was by a cross between him and the Windermere tribe, that Mr. William Parker brought out the Pearls, for which Mr. Saunders went in so boldly at the Yanwath sale. A few White Roses were the only relics of the first Nunwick Hall sale, and with them and Abraham Parker Mr. Saunders went to work to found his second herd. It was sold off just before the Carlisle Royal Meeting, and Filagree (150 guineas, Mr. Alexander) helped up the average to 40 guineas for fifty-six. Fanchette (31 guineas, Mr. Sanday) was the speculative purchase of the afternoon, and only a Pearl heifer-calf was "left for the land," when—

"The last wheel echoed away."

Mr. Saunders did not leave her long with 300 acres to herself, and Fleda and Lady's Slipper were bought at Fawsley the next year, after a punishing finish with the Americans. Mr. Torr mounted a ladder near a stack amid the pour-down of that historical day for shorthorns and bought Garland and Chrysalis for himself and Mr. Sanday, and each of them produced ten calves; while Alix and Cold Cream proved a perfect cornucopia of calf and dairy produce at the Royal Home Farm. Fleda was in calf with Baron Fawsley, and the cross with Prince of Glo'ster produced Nunwick, who in his turn was the sire of Mocassin, from Lady's Slipper, the bull that Mr. Adkins selected as the corner-stone of his third herd, as being full of Favourite blood. Nunwick was a good show-bull, and at Penrith, in 1859, Messrs. Culshaw and Douglas placed him, after a very long discussion, before Mr. Watson's General Haynau; but he was beaten on his next public appearance by Captain Spencer's Young Ben.

the hills was won at last, and the holly berries near Buttermere Church (which has been built afresh, and has been duly cut and scribbled upon by tourists) foretold Christmas Eve. Hollies also formed quite a dark emerald parapet to a hand-bridge, as we followed the side of the lake. The Scotch firs were mirrored in its waters; and as the bitter wind went through them, and mingled its sigh with the roar of the waterfalls, it seemed as if we had come to the shore of a dreary, unknown sea, which breaks eternally on the shingle, and never ebbs or flows. There was a snug home amid trees and shrubs, with some well-to-do wethers in its meadow, and then, again, there was nothing but dark waters and a leaden lack-lustre sky, while the comment of a native, "*We've no corn—only a few acres for taties*," made things seem drearier still.

Mr. Nelson lives at Gatesgarth, at the head of the lake. Knights of the Garter sit with their banners over their stalls, and this celebrated breeder of Herdwicks is somewhat in the Windsor-Chapel fashion. Three beams and the cornices of his best parlour are covered with the prize-cards and rosettes of victories, which he has won in the show-yards during six-and-twenty years. There are some three hundred in all with the blue and orange cards of the Newcastle Royal, signed by "*Brandreth Gibbs*." The rest have been won principally at Cockermouth, Keswick, and Whitehaven, and "I have had my share," as he modestly says, "at Fell Dales." Red rosettes predominate, mingled with magenta; Whitehaven sports "true blue;" and Keswick is faithful to the tricolour. There is such a profusion of them, that "a year or two have got missed, and thrown into cupboards somewhere." The head of the departed tup, Thousand-a-Year, was away at the curer's, and hence there was nothing in the shape of still life, save that of a frosty-nosed gimmer.

Cumberland and Westmoreland, and a very small

portion of Lancashire, may be said to monopolise the Herdwicks; and Eskdale, Wasdale, Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Loweswater meet in peaceful rivalry at the Fell Dales Association. Shap and Ulverston knew them well.

"Secure they graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise,"

where the last king of Rocky Cumberland set up his mountain throne; and they wander over the slopes of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the south-west side of Cross Fell. The scattered and primitive "statesmen" who hold the slopes of Helvellyn and Loughrig, or till the small farms near Grasmere and Langdale Pike, consider them as worthy rivals to the Lonks, and steadily disdain a cross. Once upon a time there was such a difference between the sheep bred "Above and Below Derwent," that they had separate classes on the Fell Dales day. Gradually, however, the Above Derwent men, by taking pains and not sparing their hay in winter, went up to their rivals' heads, and in the county tongue they "*have now got to be maister.*" There are occasionally as many as forty Fell Dales exhibitors, and some of the largest will bring a hundred sheep with them, "of one mark or another" and show them for prizes or sweepstakes.

Of their origin we have no very clear account, but there is a local belief that the progenitors of the race escaped from a Spanish ship, which was wrecked near Morecambe Bay. At all events they picked their country well, and have established their name so surely from a perfectly wonderful endurance of short commons, that some of the flocks numbered between seven and nine hundred ewes. Blackfaces have been tried, but the ewes more especially failed, in consequence of the climate and the scanty nature of the grass; and there is the same tale to tell of the Cheviots. In fact, it has been found impossible to farm against the Herdwicks, which have been im-

proved in some hands into "a thick, foody sheep," with points which a few years ago might have been looked for in vain.

Each fell preserves the same ear-mark for generations, and the farmer takes to the flock with his farm, and leaves it at a fresh valuation (which very much depends upon whether he has given them hay or not) to his successor. All the marks are registered in a quarto Shepherds' Guide for Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lonsdale North, and the flockmasters meet annually at Kirkstone Top for the exchange of the sheep which have gone astray during the course of the year. The star on the face or the far side, as at Coathow, is among its symbols; and one which "is just a raven clapped on near side," typifies

"Ravencrag black as the storm."

Red pops on the crown and tail head have their conventional significance, and so have strokes over the fillets; while, except in the case of Ravencrag, the ears are generally cut or keybitted or under-keybitted, or cropped, till very little of the original is left. The mark on the Gatesgarth side is both ears cropped and a pop on the tail head. "Twinters" or shearlings have a red pop on the head, and wethers a black pop in all flocks. Sometimes the tails or the top of the head are all red, or the ear will be "square forked" or cut at three.

So marked, they wander away into "the land of mist and snow" over the fells (where there is often nothing but "the water deal" to show the boundaries of the different farms), and live there half the year.*

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* "The flocks are sometimes the property of the landlord. On entry on to the farm, or on the 5th of April, "viewers" on each side, usually neighbouring farmers well up to the work, are appointed who report on the various numbers and classes, such as rams, ewes, wethers, and hoggs, specifying the proportions, with the value of each per head. The tenant gives bond for the value, and is to deliver similar numbers of like value

Still they do not stray very far from their own haunts, and by way of saving trouble and enabling the ewes to make for the tup, he is generally ruddled. The loss on such perilous rambles is by no means slight, and fifty out of six hundred ewes is not thought a very large percentage. Some are clumsy, or venture in a hard time too far on to the rock edge for a few fresh "pickles," and a sudden blast clicks them off. The farmer can watch them tumbling more than half a mile from the top of Honister Crag, and we have seen three ewes lying dead at its foot together. When they survive such perils they have been known to live to eighteen and even beyond. It is in their ability to tide through a Siberian winter that the real "blue blood" of the Herdwick comes out. Sometimes they are so snowed up on the hill side that it is impossible to get at them, and they can do little more than scratch

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and condition, or make good any deficiency at the end of his tenancy. In other cases the sheep-stock belongs to the tenant, who, nevertheless, takes and leaves them at a valuation, as if once the '*heaf*' be lost it is difficult to recover. The right of common of pasture is appurtenant to the ancient tenement, and is described in letting a farm as unlimited. * * * Those having most land adjoining or near the fell, and living convenient to it, will take more than their proper share, so long as human nature remains as it is, and always has been, while those further off must be content with less or nothing. The keen competition amongst the stock-owners and shepherds now and then leads to sheep-hounding, worrying, assault and battery, and work for the lawyers. Among the old hands, Sunday is often the favourite day for a quiet dogging of the neighbours' sheep off the best ground. The sheep have wit enough from experience to move off sharply on hearing the whistle of the hostile shepherd, without waiting for his dog. As a general rule, each flock knows and keeps its own 'heaf,' or particular part of the common, usually known by pretty well-defined boundaries, such as a 'skye,' prominent rock, or a watershed, but this is a mere matter of convenience only; there is no exclusive privilege, the whole common is open, and sheep can be turned on any part so long as there is no 'dogging' or driving off others. The Herdwicks in particular possess a strong natural instinct in keeping to the heaf where they are yeaned, and have been known to return thereto from very long distances, crossing rivers and other obstacles, sometimes with the lamb following."—Crayston Webster's Prize Essay on "The Farming of Westmoreland," R. A. Society's *Journal*, vol. iv. pp. 13-14, second series.

for a bit of dead bracken. In a storm they are excellent generals, forming themselves into solid squares on the most exposed part of the hill until it sweeps past, and then trying to trample down the snow by a combined movement.*

If the wethers are left till they are four or five years old with only mountain fare, they will average about 12lbs. a quarter and the ewes from 8lbs. to 10lbs. "The better end" of the former are generally sold out at from 25*s.* to 30*s.*, whereas a few years since, 1*l.* was quite a "rest-and-be-thankful" price. The fleeces have also moved with the times, and are no longer such a curious compound of coarse grey hair and

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* From the end of July till November is the most cheery time for the flock-master. The nip of winter begins about Martinmas, and it is always the first, and often the middle of June, before the grass is ready. Hence it is no wonder that Herdwick maturity is a thing of slow growth. On the higher fells the ewes have no lambs until they are three years old, or "showing" (to use the Fell Dales term) "more than four broad teeth." They are generally drawn by hundreds, according to their fleece or bone, so as to suit each tup, and are put to as late as possible, so as not to lamb much before May-day, when they are brought off the fell and sent back again with their lambs at the end of three weeks. Except at lambing and tupping times, wethers and ewes range together; and the gimmers in the intakes are carefully "clothed up." If 560 lambs can be got from 600 ewes it is a great matter of congratulation. The lambs suck until October 4th, and are then taken to the lower ground, and after receiving their "hogg" title with the butter and tar, they are sent away to milder climates for the winter. Arable farmers will take them in at 3*s.* 6*d.* per head up till March 25th, but as it is such an especial point to place them out near the sea, prices will run up to five or six shillings. They are stationed all along the coast from St. Bees' rocks, southwards to Ulverston, but still many flock-masters only send their "tops" and "tails," and let the "middles" take their chance on the intakes. The sickness from which the hoggs suffer, and for which "a change to the salt water" seems the only cure, is like blackwater in calves, and of all durations from half an hour to two days.

The choice of the cast ewes does not depend so much on age as on selection and the wants of the customer, and they will vary from 20*s.* to 23*s.*, but a great many are sold for 17*s.* or 18*s.* For a picked lot of twenty in a dear time as much as 30*s.* has been got. Many of them go off into the lower enclosed commons about Lorton, Wythop, Embleton, &c., which have been well limed and drained; and the lambs, of which they have sometimes three crops by a Leicester, will make their 16lbs.

kemp. If there are a few grey hairs now "it sars the buyers to talk about," which is something gained. They vary very much, according to the severity of the winter, from 1½lbs. upwards; and Mr. Nelson's Royal Newcastle prize wool averaged 5½lbs. unwashed from five-year-old wethers. The fleece, which is coarse and open, is divided into two or three qualities, as the hecklings and breechings cannot be used with the rest. Kendal, where monthly sales by auction have been established, is the great mart for it, and 18*s.* 9*d.* per stone is thought a good price. Much of it is used for coarse woollens and rugs, and it often returns to its native dales in the shape of full cloth suits

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or 17lbs. a quarter as well-fed shearlings. "What will they say at Cockermouth?" is a question which has long since lost its political meaning, but still it is never out of the dalesman's head, as that little town is their auction mart, both for fat and store sheep, each autumn.

The face and legs of the breed are speckled, or rather grey mottled, and become greyer and whiter with age. If the face is grey, it should shade off to white towards the nose to suit the keen Fell Dales critic. Tups have generally two or three curls to their horns, and the absence of horn in a female is not a desirable sign. The horns should be white and "slape," not too small or too close, and rising well out of the back of the head. A light grey or "hoar frost nose" betokens constitution, and the nostrils should be wide and strong, and affixed to a long and bold head. The ears should be white and sharp, and stand well up, as any tendency to droop betokens a want of spirit to grapple with hill life. A good eye, a broad forehead with a tuft on it, and a rustiness about the poll, are all solid requirements, as well as wool up to the ears, and good "heckling," which in some tups looks like a lion's mane. It is also one of the flock-master's chief aims to get them as wide as possible between the fore-legs, and with a broad breast placed well forward, as the forequarter is chiefly relied upon both for constitution and the scales. The knees should also be strong, and "the bone thin to the fetlock, and then a big white foot to follow." Despite the difficult ground which they have to traverse, the best breeders try to get them well filled in behind the shoulders, and round in the rib, and the less false rib they have the greater their power of bearing hunger. There is a tribe amongst them which has fourteen ribs, and these are preferred whenever they can be got. They should also be straight on the hind-leg and well muttoned down to "the camerals" or hocks, while the tail should be thick at the root, and just long enough so as never to want cutting. These are the show points, but the majority of flocks fall very far short of them.—Royal Agricultural Society's Prize Essay (H. H. D.). 1866.

for the winter. Clipping day in July is the dalesman's only festival of the year; and the flockmasters all make a point of coming to help each other. There is generally a good deal of arguing as to which has the best tup, but "it is all agreeably settled over a glass and a pipe." They also discuss the prowess of "the Patterdale dogs," nine couple of foxhounds and four terriers (which Mr. Marshall sends over for a fortnight at intervals to keep down the foxes), and they pass the rest of the time with "cheerful bits of sangs," and in drinking "Confusion to the Scab" and "Pack Sheets and Ready Money," until the barrel of nut-brown ale is ready for turning at last.

Mr. Nelson's father was originally shepherd to Mr. Marshall, and he and his son had a sheep farm at Loweswater Church Stile. The son has occupied Gatesgarth for some twenty years, and holds his fell under Lord Leconfield and Mr. Marshall. He and his three sons work the flock, and use dogs, mostly black, and descended from an old bitch, which had 102 pups in her time. She was of "old Geordie Nelson's breed," and quite a public character on a Fell Dales day. "Bright" and "Blink," her lineal descendants, are in full force, now with the "*Up Bank!*" and "*Down Bank!*" business, for which prizes are given annually at Kirby Stephen. Mr. Nelson lets about 100 tups at all prices, from 2 guineas to 5 guineas, and the selling tariff rages as high as 12 guineas. For very noted tups more can be got, and Thousand-a-Year brought 30*l.* His g.g.g g.d. won at Ennerdale in 1845, and his g.g.g.d. lived till she was eighteen, and then died from an accident. This monarch of the lakes (who got his lambs rather dark-necked) is brother to Prince Talleyrand, and their own sister is dam of "Joe, the Gatesgarth Champion." Joe "could always bang the rest," save once, when he was second (a position which his uncle, Prince Talleyrand, held five times over to him); but "he was not in fettle," and

could not go to the Newcastle Royal. Mr. Allan Pearson's "Blue Joe" is by Joe, and the blood is so diffused through the dales, that Mr. Nelson is "almost beat to get a tup not akin to him." The Joe ewes have been great winners in his hands, and it is upon them rather than tups that he depends on show-days.* Old Talleyrand, with his somewhat coarse coat, and mane like a lion, came out of his pasture to greet us. So did General, who had more of the Exmoor style about him, and a very pretty lot of prize ewes.

Pedigreed shorthorns have found their way to this quiet lake-head. Cent.-per-Cent., by Booth's Welcome Guest, came, as his smart name would almost denote, from Mr. Jefferson. St. George was there from Nunwick Hall, and the herd were "as far bred as a deal of folks," which is true enough. They have won at Keswick and Cockermouth, and walk the twelve miles to victory in the good old fashion. Delicate as they may be deemed, there were turkeys in the farmyard, and there, too, was "Lal Jack," from Borrowdale, one of the most affectionate of foxes. He is generally kept on porridge to prevent any offensive smell; but he seemed on that day to have had a slight dividend from the Christmas black-pudding preliminaries. The lake foxes are a great nuisance, and Mount Beale in Burton's Combe is per-

* Mr. Nelson showed but did not win at the Carlisle Royal, where Mr. Robinson, of Orton, swept the board. Among the other great breeders and showers are Mr. George Irving, of Wythop Hall (the owner of Sportsman, of Mr. Allan Pearson of Lorton's breed); Mr. T. Pearson, of Ennerdale; Mr. George Brown, of Troutbeck, Ambleside; Mr. William Robson and Mr. Robert Briggs, of Wasdale Head ("master of them all once"); Mr. Allan Pearson; Mr. C. Rawson, of Nether Wasdale; the Ritsons of Caldbeck; Mr. John Tyson, of Gillerthwaite, Ennerdale; Mr. John Tyson, of Torr House, Ennerdale; Mr. Joseph Roger, of Threlkeld, Eskdale; Mr. Ralph Tyson and Mr. John Birkett, of Seathwaite, Borrowdale; Mr. John Clarke, of Buttermere; and Mr. John Sanderson, of Thornthwaite, near Keswick, &c. Of these, Mr. John Tyson will lamb from 800 to 900 ewes, Mr. Nelson about 600, and the rest from 500 to 400.

fectly honeycombed with earths. Two of Mr. Nelson's sons were off to blast a burn at Burnscarth, to try and recover a terrier which had been lost to sight for five days after a fox. Its two companions had gradually backed out of the earth, and just as we were talking of "Dandy," he limped up, a perfect skeleton, and very sore from the in-fighting. A fell fox, which Mr. Jackson Gilbanks describes as being "fierce as a tiger, and long as a hay-band, and with an amiable cast of features very like the Chancellor of the Exchequer," is very bad to kill "top o' t' ground," and still worse when he gets into a burn. Not long since a single foxhound ran one till both could hardly trot, down to Gatesgarth, and into the lake, where, greatly to the foxhound's relief, "Bright" gave the finishing throat-nip.

Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland; and Cumbrians, who never met before, have grasped each other's hands, and joyfully claimed county kindred in the Indian bungalow or the log-hut of the backwoods, when one of them being called on for a song, struck up

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey?"

He seems to have come into this world only to send foxes out of it, and liked plenty of elbow-room for his sport. Briton was a very favourite hound; and when old John died,* and his pack was broken up, young John sent the little black-and-tan to Mr. Crozier, of the Riddings, near Keswick. This gentleman hunted the Blencathra pack while old John was still in the flesh, and the hounds joined drags two or three times on the mountains. Saddleback, which is just behind his home, and "the dark brow of the lofty Helvellyn,"

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* "*D'ye ken John Peel*," &c., is quite the Cumberland anthem, and has been very admirably set to music by Mr. Metcalfe, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

which fills up the distance as you look from his snuggery window, and flanks the vale of St. John, are, along with Skiddaw, his three great hunting grounds. Still, he is at times all over the lake country, and goes right away into Lancashire. A few years since, when he had been master for more than a quarter of a century, the Cumberland and Westmoreland men gave him a very handsome testimonial. It was a silver tureen, with a mounted huntsman and hounds on the cover, and round the stem some hounds among the fern running into a fox and a hare. The handle of the punch-ladle—for punch, not hare-soup, was its more peculiar destiny—was the brush of a Skiddaw fox. Poor little Isaac, the huntsman, was not forgotten; and he received ten guineas and a "new rig out" of scarlet and green. Two old men, Joshua Fearon and John Wilkinson, each aged 78, who had been, as the Scottish shepherds phrase it, "at a deal of banes-breaking" (*i.e.*, breaking-up a fox) ever since childhood, attended the presentation; but the senior was John Hodgson, a Nimrod of 84, from near the "ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall," in whose parish hounds have been now kept for more than one hundred years consecutively.

Mr. Crozier supports the village custom well, and has quite the goodwill of the lake district. He says that, whether he is benighted or hungry, or feels weak with fatigue on the mountains, he never lacks a welcome from farmer or cottager. The farmers' wives and daughters "walk" the puppies, while the fathers and brothers hunt with him; and Wordsworth tells of the love of the lakers for a hunt. As in Devonshire—

> "What cared they
> For shepherding or tillage?
> To nobler sports did Simon rouse
> The sleepers of the village."

The Blencathra pack has been in Mr. Crozier's

hands for eight-and-twenty years, and he brings up four or five couple annually. He drafts about two couple each season, and since the railway ran so near him, he loses two couple on an average. Ten couple form his regular pack. Soon after he commenced hunting, he had a hound named Butler, which is still spoken of as the crack of the district, for carrying a cold scent down a road. Many of the hounds are kept by the neighbouring farmers; and when Mr. Crozier went into his yard, and wound his horn for the hunt, the unfailing Butler was the first to come cantering up, Threlkeld way, waving his stern with delight at the prospect of another day's fun on the fell. Clasher, Blueman, Briton, Ruffler, Tilter, and Brewer were all good hounds: the last-named would generally lead in his day; and white Rally, Ruby, Fairy, Young Fairy, and Cruel supported the honour of their sex.

The pack meet between eight and nine o'clock in the winter; but from February to May, which is the regular fell season, they cast off at daylight or soon after. Up to Christmas they hunt hares in the vales; but if they do strike the line of a fox, they never refuse to give him a run for his life. Foxes are often found on Carrock, The Dodd, Castlerigg Fell, Wallow Crag near Derwent Lake, the Armboth Moor, and Naddle Rocks, Barfe, as well as Braithwaite and the Newland Fells, and in Brundholme Wood occasionally.

The best runs and the largest number of kills are on Skiddaw. Carrock is a great hunting ground; but its foxes are very hard to kill, as there are so many strong bields or rock earths. Of late years Castlerigg and Wallow Crag have been surer finds than of yore. The foxes are generally dug out when it is practicable, as the farmers have been made anxious about their lambs; but there are many places whence they cannot be dislodged, unless the terriers are up before they have had time to get their wind

again. On an average, ten brace are killed in the season. The field varies from half-a-dozen to two score of pedestrians, according to the population of the district. Horsemen seldom venture, as the bogs and fells would be too much for them. Twelve years ago these hounds ran a fox from Skiddaw, and next morning they were discovered asleep near Coniston Crag. He was found about two P.M., and after two or three rings he went away by Millbeck and Applethwaite, past Crosthwaite Church and Portinscale, to Sir John Woodford's cover, from which he stole along Catbells, through all the rocky ground in Borrowdale, then away to Black Hill in Ulpha, where he went to earth about midnight. Some of the shepherds in the Vale heard the pack marking him at the earth, but before they got there he had bolted towards Broughton-in-Furness. From point to point, the run was thirty-five miles, and it would be quite safe to add twelve or fifteen more for the rings and the up-hill and down-dale journeys. It was through the most rugged part of the lake district, and no one ever knew whether the fox, like Sir Roger de Coverley, "made a good end of it" in the huntsman's sense of the word. Runs of from three to four hours are not unfrequent, and as the fox, with the open fells before him, is very loth to leave the one on which he was bred, he runs in circles like a hare. They are of all sorts and sizes, and nearly all shades of colour, and in pretty settled weather the scent is as good, if not better, on the mountains than anywhere else. Tongue is very desirable, and Mr. Crozier's strain of harrier blood enables him to keep his basses and tenors in perfection.

The Saddleback, or more properly the Blencathra range, has no cover for a fox except the rocks, a little ling, and a few juniper bushes among the heather. The base of Skiddaw, including the Dodd and the Barfe, is best covered with larch and whins. The Castlerigg, Borrowdale, and Armboth Fells have

good covers of oak and hazel;* but the fox prefers keeping to the rocks rather than the woods, and they generally drag up to him rather than chase him. Calm and rather damp weather suits scent best on the high fells, and it will often hold on the hills when it will not do so in the valleys, and *vice versâ;* but scent is such a delicate and difficult problem, that many think that it varies very much with the bodily health of the game.

Joshua Fearon was the old huntsman, and the one under whom Mr. Crozier graduated, and he still lives hearty and well at eighty. He had a capital voice and good hound language, and knew every move of his game, from a fox to a water-rat. Isaac Todhunter, or "Lal Isaac," succeeded him, and hunted the pack for just a quarter of a century. He had "a good deal of Josh's science off," and was always clad in a Lincoln green coat, scarlet waistcoat, and corduroy breeches. The poor little fellow died after a few days' illness of bronchitis in November, and John Porter reigns in his stead. Besides Mr. Marshall's, the Mell Break, the Cockermouth beagles, and the Bowness, and Mr. J. Hartley of Moresby's harriers also hunt the lake district. Trail hunts are hardly so much practised as they were. Twenty or thirty years ago, the prizes ranged from 5*s.* and a pair of couples to 5*l.* The distance was from five to twelve miles, and Threlkeld Hall Rattler and Stark's Towler, Parker's Rattler and Wilson's Gambler (both Caldbeck dogs), Gilkerson's of Carlisle and Roger's of Preston, were the leading winners.

But we have dwelt, perhaps, too long on Cumberland and its associations, and we must pass on to another part of the border land. The brown garron

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* "As far as I am able to judge, larches and Scotch firs grow stunted at an elevation of 1200 to 1500 feet, and hazĕl, dwarf oak whins, and other native underwood at one of 1000 to 1200 feet."—J. C.

which did us such good service from The Orkneys to Kensington, is sold, and cropping the Midland pastures. There was no need for her in a land of boundless railways; the pad was hung up with the macintosh as a trophy to the God of Storms; and valise in hand we book at Wetheral for our English tour. The Carlisle and Newcastle is a patent safety line, more than thirty years old and equal to sixty miles in three hours with punctuality and despatch. Express trains it considers to be a delusion and a snare, and every train, bar one, stops at every station. When it was opened in state, the Mayors of Newcastle and Carlisle returned to the Carlisle banquet in a truck, with sword, mace, and serjeant, protected only from the pour-down by a tarpaulin. Its up and down trains ran for years on the reverse side to every railway in existence. By way of compensation to the pockets of the coachmen and guards, which it originally threw out of work, it engaged them in the latter capacity, and, by way of consoling them, it enacted that they should eschew the conventional green, and stick to white hats and scarlet coats. A neighbouring railway elected a policeman with a wooden leg; but our old friend was not to be outdone, as it had, years before, selected a man with no legs as station-master, and when the train arrived he rode about the Blaydon platform on a donkey collecting the tickets.

It is "the leafy month of June" and Corby's woods look down in all their freshness on the Eden below, and seem to fling their shadow over the church, beneath whose "marble hearse," which the genius of Nollekens called into being, their rare old master, Henry Howard, lies buried. Three or four "perpetual curates" have stood in that Wetheral pulpit since the days of Mr. Stanger, that lean and learned sixth wrangler, whom no bishop could tame. Bluff Goodenough or courtly Percy was all one to him; and if the latter asked him by circular for a return of the

value of his preferment, he only responded by a full list from the *Churchman's Guide* of "the sinecures held by your lordship." Morning service and sermon seemed with him a matter of barely an hour and ten minutes, and an egg and a soda-powder formed his Sabbath midday portion. His conversation was not so homœopathic, but the pace was the same. He was as staunch to his principles as his church brethren, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Ramshay, and on an election morning the Liberals knew without canvassing that he would arrive in his chaise at the Carlisle booth and poll for them in the first ten minutes. John Hodgson, the clerk, was another equally steadfast pillar of the Church, and right proud of his office and his pitch-pipe. His solemn shakes of the head, as he led the responses and the choir, were most telling; and he took care that there should be no mistake as to his professional status when he wrote to the railway directors for a gate-keeper's place, and assured them that "*I and my stout sons can not only keep but carry the gates; yea even the gates of Gaza.*"

A strong taste for letter writing once cost him a world of anxiety. He was one of the parties to a chancery suit, and nothing would serve him, but he must drop a line to Lord Lyndhurst who was then on the Woolsack. No notice was taken of it, but for weeks, one neighbour or another "learned in the law" kept suggesting that he had been guilty of contempt of court, a phrase of dreadful import which "hung about me like a cold." A knot of farmers were wont to make a point of taking counsel with him on the subject among the tombstones before morning service, and as they invariably summed-up with "*John, your life's forfeit,*" his desk-devotions for several sabbaths were of rather a wandering class, and he hardly dared to meet a postman on the week days. But we must quit these parish elders.

Our first halt was at the Milton Station, and we

walked down the line to Kirkhouse, a great coal-mine depôt, which old George Stephenson knew well, when he was merely an assistant engineer. He presented the late Mr. Thompson, sen., with his first engine, "The Rocket," and it stood there for many years, and was then sent to the Kensington Museum. Talkin Tarn, where Lord Wensleydale was wont to admire the wrestling "chips" of Dick Wright, is not half a league away, and boating men love to tell how Bob Chambers came to its regatta as a stripling. Alas! a "weed" sown by wind or birds, or, as some say, by a careless pleasure-seeker, has overgrown the lake, and spoiled the fine reaches where the "Had-away Bob!" was so thrilling. At all events, we may say with Wordsworth—

> "The wind had better been asleep,
> The bird caught in a snare."

Farlam Church had fallen since we were last there, two dozen years ago, and a new one is built on the knoll above the old graveyard. It was on this "fair hill-side" that Lord Carlisle laid the first stone in one of those summer periods of political leisure, which he spent among his schools and with his neighbours, and ever about his Master's business in and around his beloved Border tower of Naworth. Now that he is gone, many remember fondly how he alluded on that day to his departure for the last scene of his labours in Ireland, and how he asked them sometimes to "Follow me in thought down that silver strip of the Solway you may see from this hill, across the broad waters to the shores beyond, and then remember me in the prayers that you shall put up within the walls now to rise here, that I as well as you may be strengthened and guided for all the work to which our God may call us."

Behind the church is the mile gallop over which the late Mr. G. A. Thompson's dogs used to take their breathings. The ground has plenty of undulation in

it, and they finished on the sheep-hills behind. On the other side of the road, west of the church, is the "Waterloo Ground," with abundance of ditches; but the trials have generally come off at Brougham. Mr. Thompson lived about half a mile from Kirkhouse, at Farlam Hall, whose beautiful garden, with its rich variations of ground and flower-plots, and its brook, where the water-cress grows, might well divide his allegiance with the long-tails. The latter taste was in-bred, as his father always loved a brace of greyhounds, and won the first Brampton Cup in 1830 with Burke. Mr. Thompson began in 1846 with a borrowed dog, Clarke's Tindal, at Lytham. He was immensely fast, and on this occasion he had no less than eight undecided courses, and ran up after all. In due time Mr. Thompson began to fight for his own hand, and bred a Brampton Cup winner, Titmouse; by John James Henderson's Nutman, from Merrybird (sister to Emigration). She was a wonderfully clever 39lb. brindle, rather long on the leg, and like Lobelia for lightness—"no substance below, and all muscle on the back." Plough-land was her *forte*, and she ran remarkably well in Scotland, where she divided with Jacobite.

It was the running of Mariner when a puppy at the Caledonian meeting, when he was put out in his first course, that decided Mr. Thompson to send Titmouse to him; but all of the litter save Truth died. Truth (48lbs.) was very great over the Ashdown hills; but she lost her third course in the Waterloo Cup, where the Cumberland men backed her for a hatful of money. Poor John Gill looked the picture of misery on the bank when the fatal flag went up. They have always had a fancy for "Thompson's nomination," and their allegiance has been sorely tried, as Tempest, the first that Mr. Thompson ever ran in the Waterloo Cup, was fourth, Theatre Royal third, and Trovatore fourth. Fate was certainly most coy with Farlam.

Tirzah (48lbs.) was the best of the second Mariner and Titmouse litter—very quick out of the slips, and fastest of all the bitches to the hare. She led Sea Foam to the hare when a puppy for the Waterloo Cup, and was drawn after an undecided course, and ran second to Ewesdale for the Bridekirk Cup. Mr. Thompson also bred King Death during the three seasons that he hired Annoyance. He had the choice of two puppies from her Canaradzo litter, and took that nice light runner Tullochgorum and Theresa (who never ran in public), while King Death, Armstrong Gun, and Gertrude were passed over to Dr. Richardson. Tullochgorum (58lbs.) was a Brampton Cup winner, and he and Ticket of-Leave (by Bridegroom, out of Shepherdess) were in the last three for the Altcar Stakes of 60 dog puppies, when Brundritt's Burgomaster won. Tullochgorum was very fast and clever—not a stayer, but a rattling killer, and he generally managed it in the fifth or sixth turn before the soft spot came out. Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.) on the contrary was "a regular Lanercost for staying," rather short in the body, and so savage and determined, that he would go on when his feet were almost cut to pieces. He was a good Ashdown dog, and he won two cups in Whitehaven and Galloway. Mr. Thompson always considered Tullochgorum the fastest and handsomest dog he ever had, and Tirzah his fastest bitch, and in their trial the former had the foot of the two.

Theatre Royal (48lbs.) was the best friend to the kennel exchequer, and always went best on plough land. She was by Cardinal York, out of Meg-o'-the-Mill, and of the same litter as Princess Royal, who was given away as a puppy. Latterly, she had her liberty, and required little training. As her trainer, Willie Scott, said of Tullochgorum, she was "very easy-minded." She was not long in showing herself, seeing that as a sapling she turned up a hare single-

handed in great style near Kirkhouse, and she always worked her way up through the ties, and finished first or very nigh, though a trifle deficient in pace. They considered her faster than Trovatore (50lbs.), until their Waterloo trial at Brougham. Trovatore was a very durable bitch, and quite as clever, and decidedly better at Altcar on the grass than at Southport on the plough. Lobelia and she were a "tight fit;" but, although Trovatore was great when she was "the woman in possession," she had not quite the pace of the Waterloo winner. Sackcloth did a good deal in his Waterloo year, and so did Patent; but she worked nearly as hard as either of them, and ran well in high company at the Altcar Club, the Waterloo, the Southport, and the Scottish National within six weeks. In her first season she was of no use, and, sad to say, had puppies by a cur dog. She derived her staying power from Ticket-of-Leave (62lbs.), and there was no great hereditary pace on her dam Touchwood's side, who was a clever killer, and quite a "plough farmer." Touchwood avenged her sister Tirzah's defeat upon old Cheer Boys; but she came in season too often to train well. Tempest (60lbs.) by Telemachus, out of Governess, was a good puppy, but very hard to train. Sunbeam beat him in the Waterloo Cup when he was only sixteen months old, and he had won at Lowther before that. He was a remarkably savage dog, and very nearly had his pound of flesh out of the cockneys when he went to the London Show.

Tirzah and Traviata (sister to Animus, and then only a mere whelp), were among the four or five which Mr. Thompson retained when he sold off his greyhounds at Aldridge's in the spring of '67. All Tirzah's litters, save one, have had a brindle in them, which shows the stain of old Titmouse. It came out in the Terrific litter through Trustee, who was a slashing runner in his puppy days, and made the highest

price (60 guineas) at the sale. This colour-lot fell in the Cauld Kail litter on a 29-inch dog, which was tried to be the best of the half-dozen at Brougham, and was no manner of use at the Altcar Club. His own brother, Test Act, divided the Sefton Stakes with Grey Steel at this meeting, and this was the last time that Mr. Thompson ran a dog in public. When we were at Farlam Hall that autumn, his Rather Improved saplings from Tirzah were duly ushered in after dinner for inspection, and they were certainly, as he said, "true greyhounds to the eye." He left word for his friends, as he passed through London about Christmas time, that he would see them on his return from Nice; but it was ordered otherwise, and when we entered Lynn's on the Waterloo Tuesday, we learnt the news of his death. He lies not on "the fair hill-side," but far away on the shores of the Mediterranean, and he will always be remembered as the kindest-hearted of men, and one of those genuine coursers who could bear both defeat and victory.

The coursing is a very great feature of the Brampton year. It was nearly a third of a century since we had been at it, and then it was merely an eight-dog stake, and run off near Naworth Gate. We had good reason to remember it, as it was the first bit of reporting which we had ever tried. A rough dog from Little Corby won it, which "had trained itsel'," and the owner, to his great amazement, got a five-pound note for it the next week, and attributed it in a measure to the "blazing report" in the paper. A week before thirty shillings would have parted them. Now the venue is shifted to Askerton, some five miles over country on the Bewcastle side. Kingwater is in this district, and it was at a farmhouse there that the celebrated flyer of that name was walked. Coursing is quite a Cumberland weakness; but we met a couple of farmers *en route*, one of whom declared that he preferred the harriers, and would only

plead guilty to one bet, "a glass of cold ale with a publican" on the Cup. The Tile-kiln was in view at last, and the two bits of scarlet among the rushes showed that business had begun. The red cloak of Bella was also a most conspicuous object, and "only second to the judge," as she herself observed. This lively old lady keeps "The Travellers' Rest," somewhere near Gilsland, *alias* St. Ronan's Well, and she appeared here with a basket full of spirits, and paid ten shillings for the vivandière privilege of following the line of march. The Committee have been obliged to make this rule, as they were annoyed last year with a regular army of sutlers. "*They aw ken me weel*," said Bella, and certainly Bella makes them ken her. She does use such potent words of exhortation to bachelors, and cracks such jokes on Benedicts, that she may well be a popular character. Her red cloak was quite a banner at last, and really after seeing her ditch-jumping and general performance on all manner of ground, we can take for granted what that venerable woman says of herself, at nearly seventy, that "*I'se as clean in the shank as ever I was.*" She adds: "*I can loup dykes and climb a hill geyly weel yet—I'd run ony of the young'uns, but I must have it doon hill.*"

Askerton Castle, an old Border keep, whose tenants keep open-house during the meeting, is a leading feature of the first day. A great many rushes had been cut since last year, and those which were left produced boundless runs. In fact, one philosopher laid it at "*ten hares to half-a-yacre*" in one field. Tullochgorum, Crossfell, Titmouse, and other cracks have all won or divided the Cup here, and Fanatic, who ran up for the Douglas Cup, was among the thirty-two Cup dogs that morning. Strange Idea was a great favourite, and was drawn against Bay Middleton, from the Wetheral district. Twice over they had a "No go," and at the third time of asking, Strange Idea didn't seem to run with any fire. The Secretary

was his owner, and on the second day his farm-house at Greenburn, where the oat-cake is supreme, followed suit with Askerton Castle. Little Watercress, from the Farlam kennel, made capital work when she beat Earl Grey. We were amused at the demurrer which her sub-trainer put in to the suggestion of one of the London Press, that the hare had favoured her in the run-up : "*May be ; but they'll still place themselves with sic gentlemen as yon.*" Despite the rough and "chancy" ground over which we coursed, the day was an amusing one, and the enthusiasm extended into the very bowels of the earth, as there would scarcely be a man at Messrs. Thompson's colliery who was not in some sweep or other on the two events, and keenly alive to the victories of Destiny and Mabel Smith.

CHAPTER VI.

"I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high heroic name,
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
As major of dragoons.

* * * *

This last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup.
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world, is gone;
And Alnwick's but a market-town.
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrians and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From Royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexam, and
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Fitz Greene Halleck.

Visit to Mr. John Grey—Recollections of the Booths and Mary of Buttermere—Sir John Sinclair and his Merino Wool—The Turbulent Bull—Lord Althorp and his Shorthorns—A Downing-street Interview—Newcastle Races, the Slipping Race—Sir Charles Monck—Woodhorn—A Felton Festival—From Morpeth to Belford—The Wild Cattle of Chillingham—The Border Leicesters.

WE bid good-bye to Cumberland, and look out at parting for the towers of Naworth, and that wooded vale of Lanercost, whose sanctuary moulders in calm decay amid the fertility which it called into being. There are well-known faces at the station for

Gilsland, and anon a walk of a couple of miles from Haydon bridge finds us grasping the hand of John Grey of Dilston, a very honoured name in all the North Countrie. To sit with the fine old man was indeed like

"Converse with old Time ;"

but we once only had that happiness, and although we often corresponded, we never met again. It was something even for that short space to quarry in such a rich mine of thought and experience.

He was at Dr. Tate's of Richmond, that renowned "grinder of gerunds," and "digger of Greek roots," along with the two Booths. Richard was stout then and did not care for running, but in water he was "good enough to drown a salmon." He would float miles out to sea, and he would sit and tie his shoes in some of those twelve-feet pools on the Swale. The pair lodged in the market-place at Mrs. Geldard's, who gave them the character of being "both quiet boys." John was not then given to those constant flashes of drollery, which made him the best of all good companie at manhood. Mr. Grey was also with the Rev. William Sewell in the Vale of Lorton, and he entertained the most lively recollections of reading Virgil in the yew tree, and of the steaming brown dishes of potato pot, which every dalesman loves. It was for the latter that the poor students from St. Bees looked out so affectionately at noontide when they served the churches in the lake district, in consideration of a hempsack, 20s. a year, and a whittlegate or free dinner run. Once there came a man who did better at the whittlegate than the service. To explain it in his own words, "I was in such a hurry to be at them with the homily, that I quite forgot the litany." Mary of Buttermere had bloomed when Mr. Grey was at Richmond, but he never failed to tell how, when he visited Lorton and Buttermere again, he

danced with her at "a bidden wedding." She was a tall, comely woman with auburn hair flowing down her back, but "a bad partner in a dance, as I was always losing her, when she ran to attend to customers in the bar or look after the oatcake."

Mr. Grey was the friend of Culley on the Border, and his Richmond school-life secured him introductions to the Collings, Charge, and Maynard. With them he spent his holidays, and when Dr. Tate asked him what they mostly talked about, he replied in classic phrase, "Comet *et id genus omne*." Farming was in a very rough way when he first learnt it. "There was nothing but foldyard manure; they hardly knew how to sow away clover seeds. Havre, and Havre again, give it a bit of management, and sow it in barley—or its geyly grass prood—so just let it lie to rest." Being of a literary turn Mr. Grey was generally engaged with some agricultural report or other, and one of his earliest labours was looking over the proof-sheets of Sir John Sinclair's "Code of Agriculture." He became acquainted with Mr. Godfrey Sinclair when he was a pupil with Mr. Jobson. Sir John was great at that time upon Merino sheep, whose price rose considerably during the Spanish war. It chanced that the baronet was visiting at Floors Castle, and every one made a point of handling his coat, which was merino-woven, and of complimenting him on its texture. Sir Harry McDougall, after hearing a discussion upon the wool specimens, declared that he had some as good, and produced a sample. Sir John handled it, and declared that it wouldn't work as there were some coarse hairs in it; and when Sir Harry was questioned as to what it was, he turned the laugh by saying that he got it out of the pocket of Sir John's own carriage as it stood in the stable-yard. A good deal of jealousy was felt about Sir John, and the story did not fail to circulate.

In 1833, when he was in his very prime at 47, Mr.

Grey was made the Commissioner of the Greenwich Hospital, and his management of the estates, in which he was followed by his son Charles, will always mark an era in Northumberland. No man's mind ever ran less in ruts. "Grey of Dilston" was henceforth a great name in Northern Agriculture, and continued to be so to the last. He was a ripe, good farmer, always among the first to adopt every agricultural improvement, and a thoroughly safe one for tenants to follow. There could not have been a more felicitous choice on the part of the council than when they entrusted him with "The Labouring Classes of the Land" at the Royal Agricultural Society's dinner at Newcastle in '46. He was loudly cheered throughout, and more especially when he argued in favour of leases *v.* tenancies at will. "We have been told," he said in conclusion, "that there is a limit to agricultural improvement. It will not be reached in our day. So long as we have unimproved land and tenants at will we shall never reach it."

He began the Tweedside Society, which was ultimately blended with the Border as "The Border Union;" and when he was in his zenith as a shorthorn breeder, he once took the first and second prizes for bulls, or nearly 50*l.* in one day. His herd was principally built up from General Simpson's North Star (full brother to Comet), and he also bred direct to the Collings through Mr. Donkin of Sandhoe's blood. The General journeyed from Fifeshire to Buxton every summer, and always stopped at Millfield, by Glendale on Tweedside, by the way; and he died at Ferrybridge on his return. Young Star was the best bull he ever sent to Millfield, and Mr. Curwen and Mr. Blamire could not resist riding over to see him. Some of the Fifeshire farmers pleasantly assured Mr. Grey when he bought him, "*Aye! man, what a price for nowt! but he's a bonny beast 'an he had been black.*" "*If he had been black,*" said Mr. Grey, to their speech-

less amazement, "*I'd not have carried him home.*" The General had bred from Mason as well as Colling, but Mr. Grey did not care about the former, as he thought him tricky and all for form, and that his herd became hard in the touch and lacked constitution.

At Lord Althorp's suggestion he wrote the first county essay (on "Northumberland and its Agriculture") in the *Royal Agricultural Journal.* Mr. Grey's intimacy with his lordship arose out of a constant interchange of Leicesters and Shorthorns. The Wiseton sheep were small and of Buckley blood, and crossed well with Charles Colling's larger sheep, which were then fast occupying the Scottish frontier. Mr. Grey had let the rams of the cross for many years, and the G wethers soon had plenty of butchers on their track. At Wiseton seventy cows and heifers would generally come up to the sunk fence, in front of the dining-room, and Mr. Grey did not need much rousing for "*just another look, Grey.*" It was his lordship's boast that he had reformed his whole stock with Regent, when he was condemned to the butcher as useless. Nonpareil (370 guineas) did him no great good, and he was "never really successful till he got the Chiltons." Sweet William, Orontes, Wiseton, which figures in the picture of a "Quiet Day at Wiseton," and Ranunculus (the sire of Belinda) were all leading bulls, and so was Usurer, of which Lord Ducie said that he "could give shoulders to anything." Lord Ducie and Sir Charles Knightley were men of like passions, but in Plenipo's year they couldn't resist the Doncaster Cup Day, while Lord Althorp and Mr. Grey went off to look over Mr. Champion's herd at Blyth. Hunting was what Mr. Grey loved best, and he enjoyed it much in his youth with the hounds of Mr. Bailey of Mellerstein. We remember with what keen delight he quoted to us the remark of an old shepherd, upon the riding of one of his grandchildren:

"It's just yen of those Greys—it's in the bluid—they canna help it."

Lord Althorp came to Millfield to see the agriculture of the Tweed, and his keen shorthorn eye never failed to mark a Midas wherever he met one. He hired Duke from Mr. Donkin, and also sent down one of his huntsman's sons to learn how to farm, and turn the penny the right way. "Coke has two or three crack farms," he was wont to say, "where the tenant dare not have a weed; here there's uniformity, the land's farmed for farming's sake." One of Mr. Grey's stories about a bull delighted him. *"Aye! he's gone again,"* said the poor man, when he led his visitor to see his bull, and only found a mighty *débris* of bricks with earth and dead gorse; *"he often breaks out here; he's like Samson, he carries off the door-posts and a lump of the wall at once; all our place is so bad, we've not a house that will hold him; we call him Lord Brougham."* The Chancellor of the Exchequer might well say, "I'll tell that story to Brougham, when I get back to London."

Lord Althorp cared nothing for politics in comparison with his shorthorns. The Reform banner might

> "Float over Althorp, Russell, and Grey,
> And the manhood of Harry Brougham;"

but he loved rather to sit under one at an agricultural meeting, which told of "Hoof and Horn" and "Speed the Plough." When Mr. Grey called upon him at Downing-street, and saw "George" as a preliminary, the latter remembered him and gave a little dry laugh: *"You've come about cows, sir, so you'll not have to wait long."* Sure enough his Herd Book lay beside him on the desk when Mr. Grey was announced, and formed the text for the next half hour. Every Monday morning, his lordship received the most accurate budget of what cows had calved during the week, with the calf marks, and he did very little work

till it was all transcribed into his private herd book. This morning he handed Mr. Grey a letter. "*There's a letter*," he said, "*from Carnegie; he admires my political course, and he writes from the Lothians to say that I shall have the first refusal of his bull.*" Then he so characteristically added—"*I've written to thank him for his political confidence, but I've told him that there is a flaw in his bull's pedigree; he traces him back to Red Rose, but Red Rose never had a heifer calf.*" At Smithfield or the Royal he would work a whole day in his shirt-sleeves, and at Shrewsbury, the very year before his death, no one bore such an active part in putting the stock into their proper stalls. "*Once out of office*," he was wont to say, "*and they'll never catch me in again.*" Nothing but the strongest sense of duty bound him to the Exchequer. "*I find a little relief on a Saturday night: but on Monday morning I just know how a man feels who'll throw himself over London Bridge.*"*

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* For more than forty years John Grey of Dilston was a very prominent and a very honoured name in the North Country. He was born not far from Flodden Field, and both by his farming success on the Tweed and Tillside, as well as by his political energy on the hustings by the side of Mr. Lambton and Lord Howick, in "times enough to shake a man's soul" if he dared to be a Reformer, he soon took a place in the van. He was just in the prime of life at 47, when he was made Commissioner of the Greenwich Hospital Estates, and he built his future home at Dilston, not far from the spot where the last Earl of Radcliffe lies buried with his head under his arm, and his heart embalmed at his side.

No man had enjoyed a finer training, and Earl Grey, Sir John Sinclair, and Clarkson were among those whom he could call friend. His own deep and abiding sense of religion and regard for his widowed mother moulded him early for the important part which he had to play in life. He honoured John Culley for always asking him to rise early from the Wooller market-table, and to be the companion of his homeward ride; and his first public speech was for the Bible Society in the church of that town. In process of time he met with Hannah Annett. He resisted the feeling at first, till a gust of jealousy, on seeing her helped into the saddle by a rival, impelled him in his own decisive way to grasp her pony's bridle, and say some few words which both understood. A few months later, and she was riding as his bride from

We bid our old friend good-bye, little thinking we should never meet again, and sped on our way to Newcastle. The Tyne was running in a muddy, turbulent torrent beneath the Stocksfield bridge. It once over-

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church in a pale-blue embroidered habit. She was worthy of the husband of her choice; and so the years go on, till at last he learns abruptly from the lips of his groom that she is dead; and henceforward the days when she was by his side, and a merry freight of children in the carriage, during those happy woodland rides, seem to the old man like part and parcel of a dream.

Whatever he did he did with all his might, and he invariably did it well. No man had a finer eye to hounds, or better hands and nerve, whether on Rose of Raby or "the flyer which stands in the stall at the top." In the heat of his Lambton canvass he worked on all day with two fractured ribs. Sir John Sinclair entrusted him to revise the proof-sheets of his "Code of Agriculture;" and even in his 82nd year he delivered a lecture of nearly two hours' length on poetry, at Haydon Bridge. Bone manure, draining, subsoil ploughing, and the application of animal and vegetable chemistry to agricultural objects were his theme in days when to talk of such things was almost enough to stamp a man as a Jacobin and a visionary. He dared to denounce the corn laws as "the parent of scarcity, dearness, and uncertainty," when 99 people out of 100 thought him a man of profane lips for saying so, and Bright and Cobden were mere boys. When he was "up" for a speech, the audience always knew that they would hear some sturdy truths; but no one was more uncompromising, and yet more full of tact. His opponents might dislike what he said, but they could not object to the language in which it was clothed. Only a week before his death he mediated in an excellent speech between landlord and tenant, when an offensively couched resolution about game had been passed at the Hexham Farmers' Club. "The Black Prince of the North," as he had been called in his hot political youth, was never in better tune for speaking than at the Newcastle Royal Dinner of '46, and an after-dinner remark of the second Duke of Cleveland's, to the effect that agricultural improvement had reached its utmost limit, drew from him an indignant denial, and a stout argument on tenancies-at-will as against leases. It was in '59 that he spoke what he called his "Peace and Plenty" speech, in which Prince Albert delighted, and his last at a public dinner was made at the Highland Society's meeting of 1867, where he attended as judge.

As an agent he practised what he preached. Strong as his political predilections were, he never interfered, directly or indirectly, with a voter. The Greenwich estates, when they came into his hand, produced 29,000*l.* clear, and gradually rose, under the draining and other improvements which he planned and carried out, to 40,000*l.* With the labourers he had peculiar sympathy, and, "let the oppressed go free and break every yoke," was a saying that seemed ever present with him.

flowed the Bywell village to such an extent, that the Fenwick hunters had to be stabled in "The Black Church;" and it not only drowned a huntsman who

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He did not deem that even the poorest were "born just to be handled by those above them like 1*l.* notes." It was the feeling that "John Grey is a just man" which was the secret of his power. The desire to help every one to the utmost was another great feature in him. During the cattle plague no magistrate was more active; and although he was past eighty, he would attend every sale, however small, within reach of his home, so that he might spare the buyers the trouble of coming to him to get the papers signed. His powers and his bodily strength seemed unimpaired to the last, although, as he would say, his children and grandchildren, by their affectionate thought for his comforts, wher her at home or when he went to spend the Christmas at Millfield, would "try to make an old man of me." That task would have been above their hands, with such a tough, square-jawed borderer to deal with. The lecture on poetry the year before he died, beginning as it did with Chaucer and the 107th Psalm, and dealing largely in Sir Walter Scott, the poet of "Teviot's bard and hero land," near which his lot had been cast, was given almost entirely from memory. His bodily force had abated as little as his mental, and when his son would insist, overnight, on sending his luggage down to the railway for him, the sturdy octogenarian rose an hour earlier, packed his big portmanteau, and carried it on his shoulder half a mile to the station.

In him there was hardly even that "gentle decay" which precedes death. He had a slight ailment, and to his daughter's tender eye there might be an unusual solemnity of manner when he read family prayers on his last night on earth, but still nothing to cause alarm. She exchanged a few words with him in the morning. "My wants are few, very few," were the last he spoke; and when she next saw him he was dead, seated on the stairs with "his forefinger raised, as if to enjoin silence, or as if he heard some one calling him." And so every scene in his life, from dawn to sunset, from sunset to the close, is touched, in his daughter's memoir of him, with the same bold and yet tender hand. The last of all was on that wild Saturday before his funeral, when, as in Tennyson's "Dead Earl," "the wind was howling through turret and tree," the very window-panes broken with a crash, the glass shivered about the floor, and the white sheet which had been thrown over the corpse blown rudely away. Sunday came in calm and clear, and hardly stirred a leaf of the bright, shining evergreen with which daughters' hands then wreathed his coffin. "He looked so grand when he was dead," with that union of tenderness and strength in the whole outline of his head and face which was the key to his successful manhood and his honoured old age. He has gone to his rest, but the impress of his practical knowledge and broad aims will be seen and remembered for many a long year in the "Sweet Glendale" of his earlier days, and the rich vale of the Tyne.

tried to cross, but it carried him (so the villagers vow), by the force of its current, right across the German Ocean, and cast him up, with his horn still slung over his shoulder, on the beach at Ostend. A short cut over the Park—in which Matchem and The Duchess took their breathings, and won upwards of twenty thousand, both at the post and in the paddock, when Fenwick was Lord of Bywell—leads to Mr. Atkinson's farm, more commonly known as "Peepy." It belongs to Mr. Beaumont, the member for the southern division of the county, who lives at Bywell Hall, and it includes the Park in its seven hundred acres. Three-sevenths of it are in grass, and the Park, which, judging from the limits of the old course, was hardly thirty acres in Matchem's day, has now swelled to a hundred.

The brothers Atkinson are by no means the pioneers of Shorthorns in this particular spot. Styford High and Low Woods recall to a Herd Book ear the memory of "Jobling's old sort." A narrow strip between them shows the early haunt of Wellington (who was let for fifteen years at 100*l.* per year), and the firs rang at times with his bellowing, much less musically than they do now when The Tyndale are finding. Those were days when Tithe Commutation was undreamt of, and hence Wellington calves came in due course to Mr. Johnson the clergyman of the parish, and one found its way to Mr. Atkinson's at the old man's sale.

Mr. Atkinson senior knew Mr. Bates, but the prophet had no honour in his own country, and although he went over to see him, he did not care to buy. Archduke Charles was Mr. Atkinson's first bull. After him came Sir Harry, from Mr. Thomas Jobling, who bred direct from Mr. Colling's sort; and then his son Bangup, who was never in the Herd Book, and had fall after fall of red calves. Sir Harry was duly entered for the Ovingham prize of 20 guineas, which he won, and Mr. Jobling was so jealous of his looking

well, that Mr. Atkinson's earliest recollection was seeing him come, and "off horseback and at the bull with his scissors," to get his curly frontlet into perfect trim for the judges.*

It is many years since we saw Newcastle races, and our recollections are not with Underhand or Caller Ou —words hard for Northumbrian lips—nor yet with Dr. Syntax or Gallopade. They go back to an intermediate period, when "Slashing Harry collared Henriade," when Beeswing beat Black Diamond, when Harry Edwards by a mighty effort shoved "Lazy Lanercost's" head in front of the Hydra's, and when a Yorkshireman was so cleaned out by Naworth's defeat, that he put up his slippers for sale in the coffee-room at the Queen's Head that night. We remember, too, the grief which fell like a pall on the Moor when Lanercost, with Calypso handy, beat Beeswing on the post through the deep ground for the Cup, and how every tongue was loosened when she paid off him and his corns next year in the dry. We like to recall that time and all its actors—dark-eyed "Sim" in his heyday; Job Marson, a young fellow of five-and-twenty, just earning his spurs on Charles XII.; Mr. Ramsay at Lanercost's head, as Noble saddled him, and listening to the pale enthusiast from the Bush Inn, Carlisle, who was taking up his parable; and old Bob Johnson, in his long black coat, drab breeches, and gaiters among the glasses and decanters (like Baron Nathan among the eggs at Rosherville), retreating suddenly ere he stammered out a sentence before the coat-tail pull of the Squire of Nunnykirk, who

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* Of late years the Atkinsons have bred from Col. Towneley's stock, and had several of the Beauty tribe which the Colonel got from Mr. Bannerman, and he from Mr. John Booth. They used Abraham Parker and "Dick" (who did a great deal for them), and when they began to go in more for Booth, they had Prince Patrick, a pure Booth bull, from Mr. Grove Wood, of Ireland, and hired Manfred from Mr. Thomas Booth.

flings down his scarecrow hat, puts himself in "the teapot attitude" on the table, and pours out his Attic eloquence in old Beeswing's name.

It was at Newcastle that Sir Tatton Sykes (Scott) took part in a great sliding-match, which utterly ruined Fancy Boy. Four started for that Northern Derby, and the ground was so soaked with rain that Bill Scott, after many ups and downs, was finally left at the Newcastle turn with Little Jack Horner (Francis) to keep him company. The memory of the Derby which he had just lost "on the Surrey side" did not tend to tone down Bill's ire, and never was Mother Earth more emphatically denounced. Fancy Boy was also on his hind-quarters at that point; but Sim recovered him, and abjured Job on Dolo to "*Keep wide of me at the Coal Pit turn, for fear we slide up again.*" The presentiment was too true, as when they reached it Fancy Boy slipped, and slid some five-and-twenty yards, Sim sticking to him with his arms round his neck. Even in this fashion the pace was pretty good; but Dolo got so far ahead that he was never reached again, and the chapter of accidents put some 600 guineas into Lord Eglinton's pocket. Two hunters out of four came to grief in the next race; but a nice, drying night set things quite square for the morrow.

It was a favourite saying on Tyneside, when poor Bob Chambers was in his rowing prime, "*Bob isn't a man—he's a steam-engine; he was 'cast' at Hawks', and 'fitted' at Stephenson's,*" and we think of both man and "fitter" as we leave the coaly Tyne, and spy on our northward way the cottage and birthplace of George Stephenson amongst the anything but "sunny farms of Killingworth." All the great spots of interest at first lie to the left of the line, beginning with Cramlington, which sent a first-prize cow to the Newcastle Royal, and is familiar to another generation in connexion with Sir Matthew, Mr. Boag, and the hounds. Sir Walter and Lady Trevellyan's herd, which showed

a good Newcastle front against "the proud invader," browses west beyond Belsay. Nunnykirk is "some miles over yonder," and so is Belsay Castle, where the hatchment is just up for "the old baronet, with blue bandages on his fore-legs" (as a "memoir man," writing about him and Gamester observed), who died when he was upwards of 88, and won his maiden St. Leger at 80. His racing-tree had its tap-root in Twinkle by Orville, and it bore a crop of paying fruit in Cast Steel, Vanguard, Vindex, Gamester, Vanity, Gadabout, Hunca Munca, Hepatica, Prelude, and Galanthus. He was very fond of them, and very fidgety about them, and on one occasion he took the whim, and wrote his trainer specially, to counter-order Vanguard for Newcastle; but the letter miscarried, and the horse won. Still, he would always have preferred an afternoon with The Antiquary or the Iliad to a racing one, and he was still translating the latter when he died.

After Morpeth, the scene shifts to the other side of the line, and the portly form of Mr. Angus, of Whitfield, standing in a field of fog among his Border Leicester lambs, is to us quite a herald of the district. Beyond the fine coursing fields of Bothal,* where Jane Anne first won, and which the "Els" know well, is Woodhorn, whence Mr. Jacob Wilson brought his gay, aged bull, Duke of Tyne, by "Dick," to win the first

* The Bothal meeting is held over sixteen thousand acres of the Duke of Portland's property, near Morpeth. A large portion is permanent grass land in ridge and furrow. The fields are not generally above fifteen acres; but many hedges are being removed at the Club's expense. Hares are so plentiful that they recently ran off a 134-dog-and-bitch puppy stakes, and a 32-dog all-aged stake in five days, and yet only beat one-third of the ground. The present Club is a renewal of that which flourished twenty years ago, and the second founder and president is the Hon. Mr. Ellis, nephew to the Duke of Portland. In addition to the Spring and Autumn (open) Meetings, there are fortnightly ones, which are well attended. There is no truer type of a pleasant club to promote good sport and good feeling in a county.

Royal prize at Worcester. He was bred by Mr. Spraggon, of Nafferton, on the Tyne side; but his new owner marked him for his own as a calf, and but for Forth, he would have taken first Scottish honours as well. Since his day, a pair of Fowler's ten-horse engines have been at work, and "torn up" some four thousand acres, and Dream of Pretence and Golden Link and Lady York are fast laying the foundations of a second Carrhead hard by the Eastern seaboard.

Mr. Samuel Donkin is not "bending in adoration before the divinities of the sea-shore" to-day; but Felton is all alive at his bidding, and as secretary of its Agricultural Society, he "receives" both in a flower-show marquee among the Castle Woods, and also in the show-field. Thirteen gold cups won by Dr. Syntax, XYZ, and Gallopade are ranged among the flowers; and if "Doctor" had only won the Preston Cup at the last time of asking, four gold shoes would have been added to that store. The sun shone bright on a very animated show-field. Voyageur, the eternal, was there, to the deep grief of the exhibitors of hunters, for crab him as they may in private, judges always had him handy at the finish. There was a fine Colsterdale mare with first-prize ribbons on her head, and just then all the more looked at for Lecturer's sake. Littlecote, Gamester, and Canny Fellow foals, and some very good ones among them, were grouped with their dams all over the field, and there was many a good word spoken to Gamester's memory, though the Royal judges said that he "could neither walk nor trot" on the day when he and Laughing Stock and Cavendish were before them at Newcastle. Mr. Jacob Wilson had a four-year-old grey hunter and a chestnut "racing pony," and both won first prizes; and (with Golden Link and Lady York in aid) he and Mr. Annett achieved so many honours that, after dinner in the booth, one or the other seemed always on the tramp to the chairman for cups or bank-notes. There

was "the marvellous exposition of the fine arts of the dairy" in a tent, where butter temples were built to the sylvan gods, and rare skinned eggs were arranged in plates. Of course we drank to the fair designers of such architecture; and Mr. Donkin, who had recently told us, with his wonted wealth of expression, of a villa near Corbridge, "an embellished abode fit for Juno and her peacocks," and "the splendour of whose floral and arbiferous productions might tempt an angel down," eulogised the ladies generally to their faces as "the roses and the lilies" of the day.

There is gladness too at the board when Sir Matthew (the chairman) tells that the Privy Council have withdrawn their edict, and that the Irish ram buyers will be at Kelso that year. As we travel towards Chillingham next day, "the Barmshires" seem to be everywhere, save in Chevington Wood, that reclaimed fox cover, where the shaggy stots from Falkirk are up to their knees amid the young oaks and heather. We have them in the foreground, as we sweep past Chrisp's, of Hawkhill, whose bulls Manfred and Phœnix are not the least in the annals of the "Herd Book" and the show-yard. Mr. Bosanquet, of The Rock, has another century of rams coming forward for Kelso, with rare size and skins, on those fine undulating slopes not far from Howick Hall. The Coquet, so renowned for its fishing songs, flows over its rocky bed from the moors, and we connect to its name, not with trout merely, but with many a good coursing day, Dr. Richardson and King Death. A peep at Falloden as our train hurries past reveals Sir George Grey "slaking the thirst of battle" in St. Stephens, with a quiet book on his drive; and now we are bowling into the little town of Belford, to whose Old Bell, with those comfortable red curtains, Lord Wemyss comes thrice a season for a fortnight at a time. The way from there to Chillingham is over a fine, wild moor, of which Will Williamson might say

in truth, "Well, be thanked, the fox and the hounds have their liberty." Kyloe Crags, the Field of Flodden, Ford Castle, on whom old Cheviot himself looks down, Ross Castle with its heronry, and Hepburn Wood, dear to the woodcock, are all in that expanse of rock and ling, while Chillingham Park rises as it were terrace upon terrace, with the white dots not far below the sky-line, which tell of its famous "cattle." There

> "They are grazing, their heads never raising—
> There are forty feeding like one,"

and we have to discard at the first glance every wild-bull-thought for Wordsworth's milder rhymes. Our ideas change an hour after, as on the keeper's old horse we ride the hill, and cautiously keeping near a strongly-fenced plantation, so as to be able to abandon the horse on an emergency, and retreat over the rails, we get within a hundred yards of them. We might have got nearer; but a herd of startled bucks trotted past them, and as one rose they all rose, and moved off at a foot's pace, the old bull behind, and the king bull leading. The latter will find years tell on him in his turn, and when he is seven or eight, two younger ones will attack him fore and aft and he will walk moody and downcast like that deposed monarch in the rear. The herd is generally kept up to 11 bulls, 17 steers, and 32 females, or three score in all. They are made steers of even up to four years old, and it is found even at that stage to improve the beef. It was the practice to do so when they were dropped; but it was a very dangerous one, and spoilt the bull selection as well. They are tempted into a yard with hay, and there snared, and tied by the neck and horn during the process, and returned next day without any cautery. The steers always grow larger horns, and weigh from 40st. to 50st. of 14lbs. If it is fair weather they go up the hill, and if stormy they remain below. They eat very much at night, and mostly

in company, and often scour a good deal in warm weather. The bulls are of a more tawny shade than the cows, as they fling the dirt very much over their shoulders when they kneel to challenge. Both sexes have black nostrils, horns tipped with black, and a little red within the ears; and in their general look they partake of the Charolais and Highlander combined. Their offal is rather coarse, and they have sometimes a tendency to be high on the tail, as well as upright on the shoulder. Like Highland herds going along a road, they are subject to panics, and two gallops in the course of a week one season, owing perhaps to the rustling of deer near them, cost nearly every cow her calf. The calves are dropped in the fern, but they are sad little Tartars; and if they have been housed, it takes nearly two months to take off the tame smell.

A steer and cow were once tamed in a fashion; but their principal affections centred on hay and bean-meal, while turnips had no charm for them. In winter they follow the hay-cart like any other cattle, and sometimes they have been shot out of it. Their sense of smell is exceedingly acute, and a cow has been seen to run a man's foot like a sleuth-hound, when he had run for his life to a tree. While Sir Edwin Landseer was taking sketches for his celebrated pictures, the herd went into action, and he was glad to fly to the forest as they passed by. A study of a bull by Sir Edwin, along with several butterflies and birds on a screen, are among the choicest art treasures at the Castle, where he spends many a summer day, and so is a head of Sir Rowland Errington, once Master of the Quorn, which is merely dashed off on a door panel.

But we must turn from these "tameless beef" studies to the more prosaic sheep of the district—those Barmshires or Border Leicesters, which are peculiar to the Border counties of Roxburgh, Berwick

and Northumberland, or, as some phrase it, "the little kingdom of Kelso and Northumberland." The Dishley blood found its way to the Border in 1767, through Messrs. George and Matthew Culley, one of Crookham Eastfield, and the other of Wark, who went from the banks of the Tees to the Tweedside. One or both of the brothers had been pupils of Mr. Bakewell. They were in partnership to the end of their lives, but took up different lines—George undertaking the management of the flock, while Matthew was more devoted to agriculture, irrigation, and essays. In process of time Mr. Robert Thompson, who had also studied under Mr. Bakewell, established a Dishley flock first at Lilburn, and then at Chillingham Barns. The late Mr. Grey of Dilston confirms Mr. Wilson's pamphlet as to this point, and adds that there were two distinct Dishley families upon these Border farms. We meet with no notice of these two tribes of "blue caps" and "red legs" in any Bakewell records, but they have been described to us by Mr. Grey. The blue-headed Leicesters, which are now quite out of favour on the Border, were generally rather tender when lambed, and soft-woolled on the scalp, which made them very sensitive to fly-galls. They were handsomer and of greater length than the "red legs," very good feeders, but rather delicate and light in their wool. Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk and Mr. Thompson of Bogend (his tenant) bought "blue caps" from Mr. Stone, which came, three or four in a cart, from Leicestershire, and were met half-way. The "red legs" were nearer the ground, very compact, with less fat and more fibre, and were generally hardier, and had a more closely-planted fleece.

The Culleys and Robert Thompson, and the Kelso and Northumberland men, came to the Ladykirk lettings, as well as McDougall's of Cessford. At Chillingham Barns the fleeces were hung up and ticketed for the early show, which gradually merged

into the September one. A few small men had Cotswolds and Lincolns; but a great upstanding sheep was not then the fashion on or over the Border. Mr. Grey, who joined the ranks of the flockmasters soon after the beginning of the century, had his "large Gs" from Messrs. Culley and Mr. Thompson; but he liked the thick, short-legged Buckleys better, and stuck to the sort for wether breeding. About 1815-20 Lord Polwarth's agent bought some of his "large G" gimmers, and also went for rams to Mr. Jobson of Chillingham New Town. Luke Scott of Easington Grange, near Belford, was a great character in those days. He clung to his little flock of twenty Bakewells with desperate tenacity, even when his farm was gone, and he had to board them out. After Mr. Robert Thompson's retirement, he would use no rams but his own, and when a very favourite ewe broke bounds and was tupped by a "neighbour's mongrel" (as he called it), he slaughtered her without mercy.

They flourish on the banks of the Beaumont-Water, and all along the spurs of the Cheviot range, but more especially in the warm and sheltered barley and turnip soils round Kelso and Coldstream. Unless a hill-farm is annexed to the arable, the whole flock consists of Border Leicesters, and the South Country Leicester, or "blue head," is proudly eschewed. The leading flocks have rather marked peculiarities. Some excel both in size and fleece, while others have lighter fleeces and smaller scrags, but more quality and fashion. A very big head is the characteristic of one or two flocks, and another can generally be told by "the bridge in front of the hock." Still, of late years, there has been so much interchange of blood, that they are fast becoming of one type, especially in their wool, which has acquired much more staple and curl. The ewes, which are remarkably good milkers, should lamb about the middle of March, and when weaning time

is come, the farmer will often give you the choice of "yow or cow" when the cheese is put upon the table. The lambs are dipped a week after the ewes are clipped, so as to keep the ewes clean. Wether hoggs should be quick off the shears, and not be kept above fourteen months, when they generally reach from 18 to 19lbs. a quarter.* Their wool averages from 7 to 8lbs. all round, and a highly-fed

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* Since the introduction of so much artificial feeding, the size has been considerably increased, and the ewes are generally fatted off after three crops of lambs at from 26lbs. to 30lbs. a quarter. St. Ninian's, near Wooller, is the great fair, late in September, for the cast ewes, but some are sold at Cornhill, where they made as much as 63*s.* to 60*s.* three autumns since. Penrith dealers have been the principal ewe buyers at St. Ninian's for the last five-and-forty years, and take on nearly all the lots to the York and Harewood fairs. The best ewes are nearly always picked up by the dealers in the pastures, and the price is governed by St. Ninian's. Mid-ewe lambs are not sold, but are generally fed off as shearlings with the wether hoggs and the shot gimmers. Some of the best gimmers have fetched 20*l.* apiece to go to Ireland. Lord Polwarth's rams, as well as those of a few other flock-masters, were sold by auction at home for many years. In 1846 the Kelso public sales were established on the second Thursday in September, and 350 rams were entered, but 13*l.* was the highest price. Lord Polwarth's were first brought to Kelso in 1852. In 1820 his lordship's home-average had only been 3*l.* 15*s.* for 35; whereas in 1865 it was 37*l.* 18*s.* 10½*d.* at Kelso for the same number. His lordship's top sheep went for 95*l.* that year, and for 106*l.* in 1867. The supply of rams has become so large, that some breeders have preferred taking their lots into the Edinburgh sale-ring; but even with this slight take off, upwards of 2300 rams, the property of between fifty and sixty breeders, are sold annually in the four rings at Kelso. There are two or three grades of purchasers among the Irishmen, who come over in large numbers. Some go up to 15*l.*, but a great many cannot be tempted beyond 7*l.* The Caithness men bid with great spirit, and there is generally a commission from North Wales, at least every other year. Lord Penrhyn is in the habit of getting them to cross his pure Leicesters. The cross produces a hardier sheep, with wool as fine and a little longer in the staple. The order of sale in the four rings is decided by lot. Lord Polwarth's always make a very high average, however low down in the list they may be drawn; but it militates very severely against the great majority of the lots if they are put up after two o'clock. Still, a lot of 85 from a noted breeder has made as much as 11*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*, and 100 have also gone off pretty late in the afternoon at 10*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*—[For description of Kelso Ram Fair, see "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 150-56.]

tup-hogg will clip to 12lbs., according to the nature of the soil. Clay land is favourable for wool on the belly; but the finer bred they are the greater the difficulty in preventing it from peeling. The lambs are generally born with a top-knot, but it comes off, and if their whisker or their scrag wool is very plentiful, they are pretty certain to peel below. Rams which have this tendency are generally capital graziers, and get better fat lambs, and are therefore in good request for crossing. Their hocks should be rather away from them if they are to follow Cheviot ewes on the hill-side, and to travel on the undulating farms from the banks of the Tweed to the Beaumont. They should also have plenty of bone, and not be round in the shank, and, as with the Dartmoors, a wide tail is a great point. The heads should be long and thin, without any tendency to a blue shade, the ears broad and erect, the nose brown coloured or hazel, with an open nostril and a large expressive eye. The scrags are hard to keep up to the proper thickness, but still the leg of mutton or the gigót is the prime difficulty, and there is also a tendency to be too fat on the rib.

CHAPTER VII.

"We eat prodigiously—indeed, so great is our love of good cheer, that we name our children after our favourite dishes. If a person in good society is not called 'Sir Rosbif,' he will probably answer to the name of 'Lord Bifstek,' in honour of the two great national dishes, which we have spelt in that manner from time immemorial."—"FOREIGNERS' PORTRAITS."—*Household Words.*

Bakewell's Longhorns—The Holderness and Teeswater—Great Shorthorn Breeders—Mr. Bates—Mr. Fawcett's Recollections of him—Show of Terriers at Yarm—Shoeing Contest—Hound Show at Redcar—Photographing the Huntsmen—The Neasham Hall Stud—Sparkler of the Hurworth—Mr. Wetherell's Herds.

MODERN history has been much too sparing in its prose pictures of pastoral life. A great

general or statesman has never lacked the love of a biographer; but the thoughts and labours of men who lived "remote from cities," and silently built up an improved race of sheep or cattle, whose influence was to be felt in every market, have had no adequate record. One slight sketch in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is nearly all that remains to us. We can go back, through its guidance, to the days when Bakewell was a living name, and Dishley the head-quarters to which all the best breeders of farm stock made resort. The scene rises up through the dim vista of more than a hundred years. There are the willow clumps which were cut on a seven years' rotation; the water meadows, which grew four grass crops in the season; the mimic Dutch canal, which supplied the sluices and carried boats laden with produce and manure between different parts of the farm, and on whose sluggish stream turnips were floated down to the stock, and washed in the course of their sail! "Two Pounder" is brought out by the shepherd, with all the respect due to such a patriarch of the long-wools. Will Peet is on parade with the black cart stallion; and John Breeder and Will Arnold, hazel wand in hand, have gathered the herd into a corner of the Long Pasture, and listen eagerly for any word that may be dropped about their favourites. In the business room there are not only skeletons but pickled carcases of sheep, whose points were most after their breeder's heart; but he shows with no less relish some beef joints, the relics of his "Old Comely," which died at twenty-six, and the outside fat of a sirloin fully four inches thick.

The latter were his Longhorn trophies, and no man could boast of a herd with deeper flesh and lighter offal. In his eyes the breed was fated to represent the roast beef of Old England for ever and aye; and the thought that the very glory of their heads would be objected to as taking up too much room in the strawyards, and that a race with shorter horns and

earlier maturity from "the banks of the stately Tees" would ruthlessly push them from their place and reduce them to a mere fraction in the Midlands, never vexed his soul. Their hold of public favour had been long and sure, and their greatest triumph was to come. If "Two Pounder" had then the reputation of earning 800 guineas in one season and serving some picked home ewes as well, the Dishley bull, "Two Penny," was fated to make the herd of Fowler of Rollright, and swell its sale average to 81*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* for fifty-one!

Longhorns of some kind or another, and generally with good milk marks and the faculty of fattening at a great age, were at this period the farmers' friends. They excited the admiration of Dr. Johnson in Derbyshire, and led him to note that his host "whose talk is of bullocks," sold one of them for 100 guineas; and as good prices were obtained for the *armenta fronte latâ*—those blacks with white backs, which Sir A. Ramsay took to Scotland as a cross for the Aberdeenshire, and whose horn practice in Garstang market was duly felt and recorded by Pennant as he journeyed towards the Hebrides.

The Holderness, a fine, large-framed breed, with good backs, long quarters, remarkably clean, straight legs, and well-developed udders, grazed in the district north of the Humber. Many of them were white, with blue or bay flecks; but the largest number were dark mouse and white, and, as was natural from their proximity to Hull and their general appearance, they were thought to be of Dutch origin. Milk was their specialty, and Mr. Curwen was wont to value the dairy produce of his twenty at 25*l.* a year. Under the local name of "Teeswaters," the Shorthorns, to which the Holderness seemed to bear most affinity in character, had got a strong hold in Durham several years before the close of the century; but still it was not until "The Durham Ox" commenced his six years of

caravan life in 1801 that the doom of the Longhorns was virtually sealed.

The Teeswaters* were cattle of great substance, but somewhat ungainly in form, and were thought to give less but richer milk than the Holderness. The fragments of history on which their origin rests are somewhat shadowy and uncertain. Some contend therefrom that they must be of Dutch origin, and only another version of the Holderness; and others, with equal zeal, that their tap-root is to be found in the West Highlands, or that the earlier breeders always fell back on its bulls for a cross if they thought that their herd was losing constitution. There is certainly some confirmation of this opinion in the peculiarly sharp horns and ink-black noses which will appear at intervals. The admirers of the "Princesses" make good "the claims of long descent" as far back as 1739, on Stephenson's farm at Ketton; and it is also said that the ancestress of the "Duchesses" roamed in Stanwick Park two hundred years ago, and that none of the tribe had been out of the Northumberland family until Charles Colling bought them. Be this as it may, the Teeswaters' capability of development, which the St. Quintin, the Pennyman, and the Milbank families were among the first to recognise, had suggested itself to many a long-headed Durham farmer as well as the Brothers Colling; but private herd-books were hardly in vogue, and the patient pilgrimage of Coates, through sunshine and shower, with his grey pony and saddle-bags, has not had the

* An eminent living authority thus writes us of the Teeswater breed of sheep: "They were nearly as big as a jackass, and had nearly as large bone. Gradually they went out of use, and there is not a semblance of them left. They had raw lugs and no horns, long watery wool, of which you could count the strings, some of which seemed sixteen inches long. I have heard of fleeces weighing 22lbs. Some of them killed with ordinary keep to 40lbs. a quarter, but they were gradually crossed out by Leicester rams, which lessened the size, and improved the grazing qualities."

effect of tracing the breed further back than four crosses beyond "Hubback" (319), who was calved in '77.

If the red-and-white Studley bull (626), bred by Sharter of Chilton, and the founder of the Gwynne or "Princess" tribe, may claim to be the "Abraham of shorthorns," James Brown's red bull (97) and Jolly's bull (337) are very early names on the roll. Seventeen or eighteen crosses separate the Duchesses from the one, and the Maynard and Mason tribes are in direct descent from the other. Only 710 bulls were registered in the first volume of Coates' Herd-book, which was published in 1822; but the fifteenth showed, under Mr. Strafford's care, an accession of 1959 in two years, and the seventeenth brought up the numbers to Zemi (25,481).

The germ of this wonderful array must have been considered an "improved" county breed as far back as 1787. Hutchinson of Sockburn had then a cow good enough to be modelled for the cathedral vane, and had also beaten Robert Colling in a bull class. Other Durham breeders stood proudly on their family tribes. The "Lizzies" were with Charge of Newton, and Rose's and Fisher's stock can be traced to Cornforth of Barforth. Robert Colling had set his seal to Hill of Blackwell's herd, and nearly all the best men were dipping into the blood of Millbank of Barningham. It was from his sort that there sprang the "old yellow cow by 'Punch,'" which was grandam of "the white heifer that travelled." The Maynards*

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* Maynard's "Favourite" tribe was very early in repute, and Charles Colling (who had previously picked up his "Cherry" or "Peeress" tribe in Yarm Market) never rested till he had bought the cow and her calf, "Young Strawberry," by Charge's "Dalton Duke" (188). He then changed the cow's name to "Lady Maynard," and it was upon her tribe that he used the Galloway or "alloy blood" through "Grandson of Bolingbroke" (280), which made the highest average in its hour of trial at Ketton. Her descendants were also

were also in the front rank, and it became their sound family custom to pitch eight bullocks and as many heifers in Darlington market, on the first Monday of March, as a sample of the Eryholme pastures. The bullocks were from four to five years old, with fine, wide horns, good bone, and very deep flesh; and they were keenly looked out for, year after year, on the pavement opposite the King's Head.

The aim of the Brothers Colling was to reduce the size and improve the general symmetry and flesh-points of their beasts. "Beauty," sister to "Punch" (531), had spread their fame beyond the county; and in 1799 "the Durham Ox," by "Favourite" (252) came out first at Darlington with his half-sister of the "Duchess" tribe. The latter was quite as great a wonder in her way, and confirmed Mr. Bates's fancy for the sort which was hereafter to be linked with his name. The subsequent travels of the Ox brought a large bull trade to Ketton and Barmpton. It would have been strange if they had not, as his live weight was 216 stones of 14lbs., and that not got by unwieldly bulk, but by the ripeness of all his points. He ultimately dislocated his hip and was slaughtered, and, curiously enough, his show career ended at Oxford, where, nearly a third of a century later, that of the Royal Agricultural Society began.

Even at the Ketton sale in 1810, the taste for shorthorns was confined within a narrow compass, as Durham, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Northumberland, and Westmoreland were the only counties which purchased. Some of the few survivors of the assembly

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crossed most successfully with "Foljambe" (263), the sire of "Phœnix," the dam of the bull "Favourite" (252), who was in his turn the sire of the thousand-guinea "Comet" (155). "Hubback" (319) has always been considered the great regenerator of shorthorns; but he did not do Charles Colling so much good as "Foljambe," who was from a "Hubback" cow, and he was parted with at the end of two seasons.

on that day still speak of "Comet" as the most symmetrical bull they have ever seen. He was not very large, but with that infallible sign of constitution, a good wide scorp or frontlet, a fine placid eye, a well-filled twist, and an undeniable back. His price caused breeders everywhere to prick up their ears. They had already heard of Fowler refusing 1000 guineas for a longhorn bull and three cows, as well as for a cow and her produce of eight seasons; but never of one bull achieving that sum. The spirit south of the Humber was fairly roused at last, and when, eight years after, the Barmpton herd came to the hammer, the representatives of four or five more counties were found at the ring-side. The Rev. Thomas Harrison and Mr. Edmonds of Boughton had often talked to Lord Althorp, Sir Charles Knightley, and Mr. Arbuthnot, in the Pytchley Club or woodlands, of the great day at Ketton, and his lordship sent a commission to Barmpton, when Robert Colling parted with everything but his heifer calves, for three heifers and a bull; while a Nottinghamshire and a Leicestershire man joined in the highest-priced lot, "Lancaster" (621 guineas), which had some five crosses of "Favourite" (252) in his veins.

For many years previous to this sale Mr. Bates had been breeding shorthorns by the Tyne side, and bringing his beasts, as Sir Hugh Smythson had done before him, to periodical scale tests. Still, he does not seem to have struck out any especial herd-line for himself till he took up his fancy for the Duchess tribe. Charles Colling assured him that the cow which he bought in 1784 out of Stanwick Park was the best he ever had or ever saw, and sold him her great-granddaughter "Duchess," by "Daisy Bull" (186). She was the prelude to Mr. Bates's purchase of "Duchess 1st" by "Comet" (155), the only "Duchess" at the Ketton sale, and a very cheap lot at 186 guineas, as, independently of her produce, her new owner left it on

record that she gave 14lbs. of butter (21 oz. to the lb.) per week for six weeks after calving.

"Belvedere" (1706), of the "Princess" tribe, was the bull which Mr. Bates selected to "bring out the Duchesses." He was small and plain, and with rather rough shoulders, but as soft as a mole in his touch. The Brothers Colling had a most faithful disciple in the Kirklevington philosopher, as his celebrated show-bull "Duke of Northumberland" (1940) was by "Belvedere," dam by "Belvedere;" and was thus bred on precisely the same principle as four of their leading animals, "Comet" and "The Ox," "Punch" and "Broken Horn"—rather an instructive comment on the popular timidity which eschews even an approach to in-breeding. Mr. Bates led the shorthorn ranks of the Royal Agricultural Society both at Oxford and Cambridge, and it was his lot to breed the second one thousand guinea bull, and to fashion the model of the moulds in which such cows as "Second Grand Duchess," "Oxford 15th," and "Duchess 77th," were duly cast and quickened. Still no one contributed more towards shorthorn progress than Mason of Chilton, who got rid of the open shoulders and improved the fore-quarters generally. His sale in 1829 was to breeders quite a season of refreshing after a long and dreary drought. Earl Spencer took heart of grace, and bought a bull and sixteen cows and heifers; and Captain Barclay (who began in 1822) laid a still more solid foundation with, "Lot 20, 'Lady Sarah.'" Such a splendid lot of cows as those at Chilton were seldom seen together, and the one from which Earl Spencer bred most was No. 25 (36 guineas), or Wiseton's dam.

Whitaker of Burley held his first sale soon after. He had always gone for milking tribes in his quiet Yorkshire valley, and laid much stress upon the purchase of "Magdalena," by "Comet" (155), the only cow which was kept out of the Ketton sale catalogue.

The Americans, and more especially Colonel Powell and the Ohio Company, had heard of her and her 32 quarts a day in their repeated visits to Burley. They generally left Yorkshire with the belief that "a man might ride four hacks to death in the North, and not find twenty such cows as Mr. Whitaker's;" and they were among his best customers for a series of years.

Sir Charles Knightley gradually became quite a Whitaker to the Midlands, when he gave up hounds about 1818, and laid himself in with the "Rosy" and "Ruby" tribes, and his friend Arbuthnot's bulls. He always said that it was "quite an acquired taste," but he took to it with singular heartiness. He strove to put shoulders on his cattle as perfect as those of his own hunters, "Benvolio" and "Sir Marinel." Beautiful fore-quarters, gay carriage, general elegance, and a strong family likeness distinguished his tribes, and their fine milking powers placed them (like "Cold Cream" and "Alix," of the Royal Home Farm) at the head of many a dairy. "A Fawsley fill-pail" soon passed into a herd proverb; and a dip into the blood of the "Earl of Dublin" (10,178) and the "Friars"—White or Grey—was pretty sure to make one.

The "Old Cherry," by "Pirate" (2430) tribe, which came originally from William Colling of Stapleton, was in high force when "Gainford steers" were told at a glance, and valued at a good pound more, and when Mr. Crofton had taken such rare prize heifers by him and "The Provost" (4846) to the Highland Society and other shows. Colonel Cradock liked the sort for their size and milk, and they "nicked" well both with the Booth and the Bates blood. Crossed with "Grand Duke" (10,284), they founded the "Cherry Dukes" and "Duchesses;" and it was to "Mussulman" (4525) that John Booth sent his celebrated "Bracelet," and had "Buckingham" (3239) for his reward.

The Booth family began at Studley about 1790,

with Teeswaters and "Twin Brother to Ben" (660); and lengthening the hind-quarters, filling up the fore-flank, and breeding with a view to that fine deep flesh and constitution which bears any amount of forcing, have been their especial aim. It was the late Mr. Richard Booth's opinion that no bull had done his herd so much good as "Albion" (14), of "the alloy blood," and Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Wetherell were quite with him on the point. It may be said that shorthorns generally have grown smaller in frame, and that there is perhaps not that rich coat and uniformity of character which marked some of the earlier herds; but still those who can make the comparison from memory are fain to allow that, in their flesh-points and general weights, the breed knows no decay. What the Brothers Colling were in earlier days, the Brothers Booth have been in later. If the elder could boast of "Necklace" with the wondrous crops, and "Bracelet," in whom none could find a fault, save a trifling deficiency in the fore-rib, it was left to the younger to keep up the type with the beautiful "Charity," whose twist and hind-legs might have been modelled from, and to follow it up with "Plum Blossom," "Nectarine Blossom," "Queen of the Ocean," and "Queen of the May." Richard Booth and Crofton might be said to have initiated the modern plan of keeping beasts far more in the house, and preparing them specially with a view to shows. No blood has been more widely spread than that of "Warlaby" and "Killerby" throughout the United Kingdom, or commanded a finer bull-hiring trade; and it was from "Buttercup," a daughter of "Barmpton Rose," and crossed with Booth's "Jeweller" (10,354) that "Butterfly" sprang, the chief foundress, with "Frederick," (11,489) of the Towneley herd, whose victories in the store and fat shows combined are wholly without parallel.

A very painful chord was struck at the Yorkshire Agricultural Meeting of '49, when hundreds of friends

who expected once more to grasp him by the hand, and to enjoy the half-sportive, half-sarcastic lecture on each prize beast of "the old man eloquent" of Kirklevington, learnt for the first time that Mr. Bates had gone to his rest, and that their shorthorn festival was on his funeral day. His heart was with horn and hoof to the last, and there was no "cruel Phyllis" to cross him in *that* love. Those who have strolled with him in his pastures, can recall how the cows and even the young heifers would lick his hand, and seem to listen to every gentle word and keen comment, as if they penetrated its import; and even when the last struggle was nigh, and he could wander amongst them no more, he reclined on some straw in the cow-house, that his eye might not lack its solace.

We had never been in the neighbourhood before a meeting of the Cleveland Society tempted us to Yarm, on one of whose inn signs the bull "Duke" still flourishes. When the hound prizes were decided, we strolled out to Kirklevington. Hard by the churchyard is the calf-house, in which Fourth Duke of Northumberland and the Duchesses and Oxfords were reared, but the great philosopher* of shorthorns lay

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* Mr. James Fawcett, who often stayed with him at Halton Castle, in Northumberland, some two-and-fifty years ago, thus writes us: "I have endeavoured to recall from the depths of memory some of the byegone days spent with my old friend and tutor, Mr. Bates. Having studied at the Edinburgh University, he was well up to the chemical and scientific part of his business, and far beyond his neighbours in that respect. The chief enjoyment, however, of his life was in his cow pastures, which were generally visited once or twice a day, and the history and points of each animal made known to any visitor as it came up to have its head rubbed. On these occasions he was in the habit of manipulating the animals all over, pressing them gently with his fingers, thereby to detect any unevenness or want of quality in any particular part, and guard against the patchy appearance that so many shorthorns exhibit, being overloaded in one place and bare in another. I well remember the interest and pains he took to initiate me into the mysteries of 'handling.'

"What he termed quality, he considered the most essential point in cattle, and under this designation he included aptitude to fatten,

in the churchyard just over the wall, without a stone to mark his resting-place.*

early maturity, symmetry, fineness of bone, and, above all, the covering of the frame evenly with flesh of a delicate fibre and well intermixed with fat, and to his steady perseverance towards this end his breed undoubtedly owe their fame. In those days he had very few pure Duchesses and Kettons, but a number of beautiful cows by Ketton and Ketton 2nd from choice Argyleshire heifers, which he had selected with the view of rearing an original herd like Charles Colling's, whose success he attributed to the judicious blending of that blood obtained through Grandson of Bolingbroke with the best shorthorns of the day.

"From some cause or other he lost the Argyleshire tribes after leaving Northumberland, and steadily cultivated the Duchesses, and one or two other tribes, among the best of which were Red Rose and Fairy, two splendid cows from Mr. Hustler. From the former he bred Second Hubback by The Earl, which he considered the best bull he ever had, and destined to become quite a regenerator of shorthorns. He was a light red bull, with a lemon muzzle, and as perfect in his points as could be desired, at the same time evenly and smoothly covered with flesh of the best possible quality. Mr. Bates considered Mr. Charles Colling to have been the most thorough judge of cattle of his day, and, in fact, the originator of the improved shorthorn, having imbibed his knowledge from Mr. Bakewell of Dishley, with whom he lived some time *in statu pupillari*. He thought that his brother Robert's fame as a breeder was entirely due to the superior judgment of Charles, whose bull Favourite was the undoubted fountain-head of pedigrees and the source of their distinction, being the sire of Comet, Ketton, &c., &c., as well as of the famous old cow Princess and of her daughter, the Favourite cow, the dam of the first Duchess. Princess and her daughter were purchased by Mr. Bates from Mr. Charles Colling, and were the foundation of his herd.

"Mr. Bates used to describe Favourite as a very rich roan, robust, and massive animal, with a very fine, long, and downy coat and superb handling, but by no means so pointy a bull as his son Comet, although a much better sire. He thought him so much better than the other that he did not scruple to breed in-and-in with him several times, and with success. He was an advocate for that mode of breeding, and at last preferred it to having recourse to impure blood, as there was apparently (in that day at least) no bad result from it in his cattle, which were distinguished by their vigour and healthy appearance. To dairy properties, a thing too often overlooked, he paid great attention, and very few of his cows were deficient in this respect. He was a man of warm feelings, and either a strong friend or a bitter enemy. Though most acute and observing, he was liable to prejudice, and a splendid dogmatizer, but none have left a more decided mark on our shorthorn history."

* Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Housman and a few other lovers of shorthorns, a tombstone has been erected since then.

Now, that perhaps less prejudiced but not more clear-cutting brains are left to work their way up that channel of science which he buoyed out, each year confirms the belief that he was not so very far wrong when, in speaking of one of his best Duchesses, he said to Lord Althorp, "The destiny of shorthorns depends on this calf—this slender thread of a calf."*

In the following year Mr. Bates saw the merits of the Princess or St. Albans tribe (which had recovered the quality that Jupiter lost) so keenly at Mason's sale, that he determined, if possible, to get his new cross from it. At that time St. Albans, who went back direct to Favourite and Hubback, missing the dreaded Punch, was about fifteen years old, and he had been let for three years into Northumberland. Mason had got him in a sly way at first for 20*l.*, through a butcher, whom he sent as his agent; and when Mr. Wood was at Chilton three years after, and only caught a glimpse of his head, he exclaimed, "*Why, there's my old Prince; he was bought to kill.*" And sure enough it was Prince, but canonized in life as "St. Albans!"

How to bring about his long-cherished combination

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* Although he had got as far as (63), he had made but little figure with the Duchesses, when he moved from the Tyneside to Kirklevington, whither Red Rose, who had been bought from Mr. Hustler, accompanied him. She was three removes from Favourite on one side and two on the other, and from the union of her and the Earl (646) came Second Hubback (1423). His idolatry for this bull did his herd no small harm; and it was only when he found that he had lost 28 calves in one year, solely through lack of constitution, that he began to cast about, and in vain applied to Mr. Whitaker for his famous Frederick. Perhaps on no occasion was Mr. Bates so offended with any one as he was with poor old Coates, when, in 1828, he met him with Mr. Whitaker and Colonel Powell, of Pennsylvania, in the yard at Greenholme. His aim was to get him, as a great authority, to go and lay his hand, in the presence of that pioneer of our shorthorns in America, solemnly on the bull, and speaking from the hoary depths of experience, to proclaim him quite equal to the First Hubback; but the author of the "Herd-Book" was not the man to speak against his convictions.

of the Princess of Barmpton and the Duchess of Ketton blood was now the problem which puzzled the lord of Kirklevington, and which Belvedere so happily solved. Oddly enough, this bull had been living only ten miles off him, and for two long years his friend, Mr. Atkinson Greenwell, had urged him to go and have a look. One day he did condescend to drive over, and strange as the coincidence may seem, the moment he in his turn merely glanced at the bull's head through a square hole, he knew that it was the blood he was seeking; and he said to himself, "*Thou art mine, if money 'll buy thee.*" And buy him he did, then and there, for 50*l.*, which he drew in notes from his pocket, and permission to "send cows to the bull while he lives." The man demurred when the money was paid, and said rather sorrowfully to a friend afterwards, "*I might as well have had a hundred from Tommy Bates—he was so varra keen of him.*"*

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* The Waterloo and Wild Eyes were fresh additions about the era of Belvedere, from whose cross with Red Rose 9th came Cambridge Rose 1st; and so well did it nick, that Belvedere was put on her in turn. At the sale, however, this tribe was reduced to Cambridge Rose 5th, and her two calves by Third Duke of York. The great triumph of Belvedere was still to come from another cross with his own daughter, Duchess 34th, who beat Necklace at York. She had broken her foreleg, and Mr. Bates was within an ace of selling her to the Americans, but luckily Mr. Whitaker got him off it, and she lived to produce the Duke of Northumberland a few months after. With the exception of this famous roan, she never bred any but red and whites, and Mr. Bates was determined to try the effect of a third Belvedere cross with his prize yearling at Oxford (which was own sister to the Fourth Duke of Northumberland) if she had not been prematurely choked with a turnip. To the eye of a well-known authority on these matters, "Duke" looked a very delicate calf at five months; but his owner, strong in the faith of the double Favourite cross in Comet, which he had here striven to emulate, drew himself proudly up, and said, "*Well! sir, I have the greatest hopes of him.*" After all his honours, "Duke" came to no very glorious end, as he had been kept low for the purpose of being put on Cleveland Lad's stock, and he died fairly maw-bound from the effects of some mouldy hay, leaving the 2nd Duke of Oxford as the inheritor of his honours. It was with "Duke" and the Oxford Cow, and his two Duchess heifers, that Mr. Bates set forth and won every prize he showed for at the first Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1839.

Mr. Bates had two very favourite maxims—one that he "could find forty men fit to be a Premier, for one fit to judge shorthorns;" and the other that there was "no place for shorthorns, like the Valley of the Wharfe." The late Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Fawkes of Farnley have proved this to the full; but it was left

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They came in a steamboat to London, and walked to Oxford, and it was said at the time that nothing but the presence of Mr. Bates, and the soothing effect of his pat and his "*poor Duke!*" prevented the bull from slipping off the stage into the water when he turned awkward, and declined to re-embark. With the victory of his Cambridge cow, and eight months' bull-calf at Cambridge next year, and his bull Cleveland Lad at Liverpool, the Royal prize winning era of Mr. Bates virtually ceased (in fact, he hardly ever showed again), and that of the Booths began.

The Oxford tribe sprang from a cow by Matchem, supposed by St. Albans, whom Mr. Bates accidentally bought after Mason's sale. He did not admire his choice, and when she had bred a calf to Duke of Cleveland, who ripened into the Oxford premium cow, she was packed off to Darlington. Mr. Bate's lucky star was in the ascendant that market-day, as no one would bid within 2*l.* of the 11*l.* which he had set on her, and she afterwards calved Cleveland Lad, Cleveland 2nd (the sire of Grand Duke), and Oxford 2nd, all to Shorttail by Belvedere. Her Oxford premium cow was deficient in girth and gaudy behind, and in fact her owner was so ashamed of her in that point, that when she was beaten by Bracelet at Berwick, he hung not a "calf-skin" but a horse-rug "on those recreant limbs," and vowed he would show her no more. Failure as she might be, there was no mistake as to the cross between the Duke of Northumberland and her half-sister Oxford 2nd, resulting as it did in that fine bull, 2nd Duke of Oxford, who was put on the Duchess tribe, and got five out of the eight plums on the Kirklevington day.

At Mr. Bates's sale Lord Ducie was as undaunted as ever, and it was nothing but being, in racing phrase, "a good beginner" which secured him the 4th Duke of York so cheap. He had "determined to buy him, or make him dear for some one;" and he put him in so promptly at 200 guineas, that although one gentleman at least wished to have him at two hundred more, a sort of stagnation supervened, amid which Mr. Stafford's glass ran down. If the first bid had only been a hundred, three at least would have gone on. It was this sale which first opened that Duchess tribe to the world, which had been increasing, and then dwindling at Kirklevington, during the forty years since "T. Bates, Esq.," had been written opposite "38. *Young Duchess, 2 years old, by Comet, dam by Favourite,* 183 *guineas,*" in Mr. Kingston's catalogue on the Ketton day. She was bulled by Comet at the time, and Mr. Bates had never once deserted the blood except for one cross with Stephenson's Belvedere.

to Major Gunter to found a second Kirklevington on its banks, and to vow that eternal allegiance to the Duchesses and the Oxfords which their great founder had done. His Wetherby Grange estate is well adapted for its new colony, which moved there in the August of 1857, from Earl's Court, near Kensington. It consists of 600 acres on both sides of the river, 400 of which are kept in grass. The house once belonged to "Kit Wilson," the owner of Comus, and the father of the Turf, and some of his horses were trained in the Park.

It was at Tortworth that the Major's steward, Mr. Knowles, confirmed the rich experience he had gained under Mr. Thomas Mason at Broughton, and gathered the germs of that herd which he has so ably helped to found for his new master. Tortworth, on August 24th, 1853, was a veritable Bunker's Hill removed. England was pitted against America once more—the guineas of the old country against the "almighty dollars" of the new. Messrs. Morris and Becar bid by their agent; but Mr. Thorne did his own business, in a cool Quaker-like style, with which it was almost hopeless to cope. His first English purchase for Thorndale was a 14-guinea bull-calf at Captain Pelham's sale, which he afterwards sold for upwards of 300 guineas to the West of America. It is calculated that he laid out at least fifteen thousand in five years on shorthorns; and he bought up fifty-two lots when the Morris and Becar confederacy was dissolved by the latter's untimely death, at prices which had hitherto only been read of by his countrymen in the English prints. But for Major Gunter and Mr. Tanqueray, who upset all the wise counsels which had been taken at the Gloucester caucus over-night, the Duchess tribe would have departed bodily across the Atlantic.*

* Previous to the Tortworth sale, Major Gunter had only a few Alderneys and ordinary Shorthorns, and he had not made up his mind as

The specialty of the Cleveland Show, when it was held at Yarm, proved to be the fox terriers. On our way down we tried in vain to impress upon a man, whose Twitch and Viper and Myrtle were as fat as guinea pigs, that the small and smooth whites were the only orthodox sort, and that he must banish hope. Of course he wouldn't have it. His dogs had Lambton and Fitzwilliam blood in them, and the former "wur always hairy." That didn't convince us, so he urged that "the Hurworth have been glad enough, time upon times, to send for yon dog's grandfather to get a fox out for them," and "as for his dam, she's been painted ten times over." However, the owner of the trio and sundry other vagrant professors of fox drawing took nothing by their journey. One Peeping

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to whether he should buy on that day ; but the bitter complaints of some Gloucestershire farmers, who shared his waggon, as to the Americans getting Duchess 59th fired him into action at last. He accordingly bid 200 guineas for the twentieth lot, Duchess 64th, but it was hardly taken, and his 400 guineas was soon left in the rear by the Transatlantic rivals. He did not touch the 700-guinea Duchess 66th, but Duchess 67th, the fifteen-months' heifer by Usurer out of Duchess 59th (the highest-priced female at the Kirklevington sale), fell to his nod for 350 guineas, and then Duchess 70th by Duke of Glo'ster (11,382), out of Duchess 66th, followed suit for 310 gs. She was only a trifle over six weeks, and the Americans had no idea of leaving her ; but as one of them said afterwards, it was "the way in which that other bidder said '*and* ten guineas' almost before my bidding was out of my mouth, that made me falter and give in." It was with these two and Duchess 69th by 4th Duke of York, whom he afterwards bought privately at nine months for 500 guineas from Mr. Tanqueray, that Major Gunter commenced his herd. Duchess 67th was sent at a 25-guinea fee to 4th Duke of Oxford, and Duchess 69th to Mr. Tanqueray's Duke of Cambridge, who was afterwards so famed at Fawsley, and Duchess 72nd and Archduke were the respective results. His next purchase was the 6th Duke of Oxford at Hendon, for 200 guineas, and his dam Oxford 11th for 500 guineas more, when she was just four years old. He originally intended to have bought the Duke of Cambridge ; but Mr. Strafford's glass ran out in favour of the Fawsley baronet, who, strange to say, had *his* eye rather on the 6th Duke of Oxford. Lord Feversham had shown his opinion of 5th Duke of Oxford by giving 300 guineas for him as a five months' calf at Tortworth, and he won at Chester and Northallerton.

Tom, who had found a friendly rent in the canvas of the terrier tent soon told a cluster of owners their fate. "*Ah! man,*" says he to his next friend, "*that lang chap i't trean's reet eneugh; they're leuking at nowt but the slape coats and the white uns.*" And so it was, for Captain Williams, a true lover of the sort, for Venom and Rage of the Rufford's sake, had selected three out of the sixteen whites for the prizes. Ben Morgan's fourth son, little Joe, was lying on the top platform, caressing Nettle vigorously in honour of her being second. She was seven years old, and had done Ben a world of honest service both in drawing and breeding. Once she was land locked in an East Riding earth with four badgers in front of her and two behind, and Ben said it was like discovering a subterranean Zoological Gardens. Martin Care of the Morpeth was first with his two-year-old, Pincher, which had only been three times in an earth, but as foxes take to rocks, pit drifts, sandhills, and conduits pretty freely in that country, he was in for a very rich and varied experience. Charles Treadwell was third, with Wasp or Tickler, but he hung rather more to Gyp, a broad-breasted black-and-tan whose grandfather Jack had been with him at Quorn and Coldstream. The sixteen in the rough interest were of all colours, blue, white, yellow, black-and-tan, and brown-and-white. Their owners, of course, said that they wouldn't exchange theirs for the winners "*no, not for two of 'em,*" and also drew much comfort from the fact that a solitary white "slape coat" had a wall eye. Mr. Hill's Bonny Bell was the "sensation" foxhound of the day, and the greatest character among the huntsmen was Robert Bruce of the Haydon. He was a tall, lean, hard-bitten sort of old fellow, clad in a velvet cap and well stained scarlet swallow tails. He brought two couple, but they were of a coarse, queer stamp, no doubt "*beggars to gan*" among their native heather and Scotch fir plantings, and ready, in the words of

their guide, to "*teer doon a fox lang afore these grand bred uns they mak soe much talk of have fun him.*"

After this we paid our tribute to the district's taste for iron, and went for a little change among the competing blacksmiths. Each of them had to forge a fore and hind foot shoe out of scrap iron, to dress the fore foot, and to fix the fore shoe only; and a striker was allowed in forging the shoes. A few village adherents had got round some of the men, and gradually worked them up into steam arm pace. One aspiring Tubal Cain strung up his nerves to "do or die" in fifteen minutes, and when the last nail was rivetted, he flung himself, with grimy beads of perspiration starting from his brow, quite melodramatically among a knot of his supporters, with the ejaculation: "*He'll be a queer 'un who licks me.*" We felt quite an interest in him after such a Pogram defiance, and eventually discovered him with the second prize ticket in his button-hole. Still he did not conceal his chagrin that "a slow 28-minute fellow" should have beaten him. The ruck were much more demonstrative. One of them, who said that he was "highly commended," shook his fist quite savagely at his fellow, and said, "*Dang! I'll have you for a fi'-pun note ony day*," and desired to strip then and there, and show his muscle gratis.

Two years glide by and we are once more passing Yarm, its high-level bridge and its orchards, on a fine August morning on our way to another Cleveland Show at Redcar. Mr. Booth's Beechwood, after winning at Grantham the day before, has been scratched for the hunter prize and has left the train at Northallerton, and his owner elects to stand on the Van Galen gelding. There was no Preston Junction hitch this year, but still sixteen miles an hour seems our average rate of progression. On our right is the new Stockton racecourse, commanding that "view of the mineral hills," which the committee impressed so much on race-horse owners in their *Weatherby Book*

Calendar description of the ground. A few worn posters of the previous October which tell that Mr. Gladstone is underlined for a speech at Middlesboro', and that those desirous to hear him can do so for "one fare, there and back," prophesy of that dreary-looking meadow where Voltigeur, The Cure, Fandango, and Lord Fauconberg were first, second, and highly commended for the "Cleveland Hundred Pounds." On the left is the great estuary of the Tees, studded with beacons looking like pigeon-houses to mark its original channel, and a few gulls and a recumbent donkey are the only tenants of the broad acres of ooze. To the right is the Cleveland vale, above the grey remains of Guisboro' Abbey; then the sand-hills thicken, and grow most appropriately yellow with dog standards, and the Redcar field, gay with tents and union-jacks, and bits of scarlet bunting, and with its hunters—through which Lord Combermere and Sir Watkin are just taking a run—all in a row; to say nothing of Mr. Booth's Queen of the Vale and Lord Zetland's white bull Savile, is safely reached at last.

Captain Percy Williams was the Cresswell of the hound bench, and we never saw him work harder and balance the points more carefully in the course of his enormous judicial practice, both sitting as judge at *Nisi Prius* at Brocklesby and *In Banco* in the West and North Ridings. Mr. Anstruther Thomson, who, like his man "Fred," looked from the first as if he was mentally laying two to one on his chance, sat about the centre of the front row, with his arm in a sling, the result of a chop in the woodlands—not with his hounds, but an axe. There, too, were Sir David Baird and Mr. Kinloch, with their entries from the Lothians, the present Lord Feversham, and, though last not least, Mr. Tom Andrews, who was all anxiety to see "*Our Old Sultan*" brought out. The old dog was rather bashful in such high company, and went to

ground under the flooring of the temporary kennel. In vain did the whip lie on his stomach for minutes, and practise every endearing wile: "*Come Sultan! poor auld fellow, come here man! Poor auld dog!—there's naebody sal hot thou!*" as he had finally to be drawn for inspection like a badger.

When the Cheshire and Lord Wemyss's had come and gone back, Turpin, who had been making himself generally useful as first whip on the flags, opened the Fife kennel. Out came the three couple looking all life and freshness, as well they might, seeing that Mr. Thomson and "Fred" had given them a long scamper over the sand and among the breakers like a troop of mermaids, that morning. Father Neptune owed them a good turn, as the year before he made such a dreadful rough night of it on the Frith of Forth that they could not be got across, so they were all left behind save Syren. That beauty of Guisboro' had been kicked and killed since then, and her daughter Sympathy was one of these three couple. Dairymaid was also put in for Rector, but though she let them down a bit, Captain Williams declared that, save and except the Belvoir Dryden bitches, he had never seen finer.

The Cheshire were out again, and again Sir Watkin was sweet on the yellow pyes; then the Yarborough, and lastly Earl Wemyss's and the final discussion began in earnest. Captain Williams whipped out his tape-line once more; and had a few last words with Major Fletcher. Mr. Milbanke took one of his long quiet surveys, pencil in hand; and Sir Watkin drew his hand anxiously across his face, as if he was in judicial difficulties, as indeed they all were. The Cheshire could not win on the strength of one couple, and they had too much flesh; while the Yarborough lots were not well put together, and seemed uneven, "when it came to a squeeze." It was clearly reduced to a Scottish contest—Fife *v.* Coldstream. The Bench

directed Turpin "to show cause" once more. Then there was another hitch, but the issue was narrowed to two and a half couple, by settling that Dairymaid should be set off against Rubicon (the very weak point of the Coldstream lot); and then the Fife had it unanimously. When the stallion hounds were brought out, it was a grand sight to see Jack Parker, of the Sinnington, once more in his red waistcoat, bring up Clinker, and discuss his points with the judges in the slender intervals he could spare from the more pleasing discussion of that gigantic sandwich which he grasped in his sturdy left. However, Clinker soon came to grief like the sandwich.

Then the photographing of the huntsmen began, and Mr. Thomson sat on the reserve benches as a sort of committee of taste. Jack Parker had now immense difficulty as to the disposal of his hands for posterity. He got them out of sight at last, while Ben Morgan placed his right on his shoulder. William Smith looked injured at the decisions, but still the very picture of calm resignation. Turpin's air, on the contrary, was decidedly jubilant; he folded his arms like a Canning, and put his right foot forward. Will Chaning's neat lissom figure needed no posé but the natural one. Either a busy, big man with a stick or the photographer-in-chief objected to his holding his hands behind his back; but Mr. Thomson was down upon him in an instant: "*No! no!—that's the way he always stands. As you were, Will.*" Then there was a difficulty about Mr. Tom Parrington, but three chairs were brought, and "Tom" was seated on one of them next the table, which was radiant with silver prizes, and two huntsmen were grouped on each side of him. So far so good. The offside sitter was told to nurse his leg, and the other to direct his gaze more at Mr. Parrington, who held a hunting-whip. Then the operator adjured them all to "*look as pleasant as possible*," and Jack Parker (with an expression bor-

dering on the seraphic) straightway inquired, "*Are we to leuk right forard at that thing? proceed!*" and the operator did proceed, and hit them off the first time, and several visitors ordered a copy on the spot.

Croft, at whose inn Thormanby, Lord of the Isles, Oxford, Costa, Scottish Chief, and Loiterer have all stood under Tom Winteringham's charge, and in whose paddock the weary bones of old Alice Hawthorne are at rest, is about three miles from Neasham Hall. We pass the well-remembered kennels of the Hurworth, where Will Danby held rule so long, and the paddocks of the old mare Shot. Of late years a totally new set of boxes have been built at Neasham Hall. The old ones did their duty, as Kettledrum, Dundee, Regalia, and Mincemeat were reared there, and the new have made their mark early with Formosa—a Two Thousand, One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger winner combined—as well as "the trim Brigantine." Mr. Cookson has bred four Oaks winners in sixteen years, three of them in the last four years, the first and second for the Derby in 1861, and the first and second for the St. Leger in 1868. Until he purchased Sweetmeat in 1847 for 300 guineas at Mr. A. W. Hill's sale, he only kept two brood mares. His first sire Sweetmeat stayed at Neasham for three seasons, and was succeeded by Cossack, Fandango, and Buccaneer for two seasons each, and by Caterer and Macaroni for one each, and now Lord Lyon and The Earl are in residence. The air is fine and bracing, and in the far distance the sheeted strings may be seen, through a glass, at exercise near the Richmond "Grey Stone In." There is every kind of ground in the paddocks, and it is Mr. Cookson's principle never to let the foals and yearlings be out longer than three hours at a time. They are then taken in for two hours, and, weather permitting, turned out again in the course of the afternoon, and always taken in at

night. The rest at noon for two hours is particularly advantageous, as the mares are tied up and the foals have the chance of eating their corn and lying down when they have done so. They are thus refreshed and able to enjoy the afternoon's turn-out.

Mr. Cookson began with an old mare, Gadfly, by Irish Mayfly, which once belonged to Colonel Westenera. Then came the one-eyed Hybla by The Provost, and the dam of Kettledrum, which was given him by his uncle, Mr. John Cookson, as a four-year-old. Marmalade (the dam of Dundee) was bred by Mr. Wood of Aycliffe, and only cost 40*l.* The late John Gill had her and trained her for two months, but could not "report progress," and hence her price. Fandango, Sweet Pea, The Gem, and Lady Macdonald—all of them by Touchstone, after whose blood Mr. Cookson has sought most eagerly—were gradually added to the Neasham store, as well as four mares at the Sledmere Sale, three of them by Daniel O'Rourke. The grey Eller came from Lord Londesborough's sale, and Secret and Miss Julia became component parts of the dozen, which has generally been the full strength of the company. Miss Julia has been very unlucky, and lost her three first foals.

The Gem only cost 120 guineas at a York auction, and was sold by Mr. Cookson to the Austrians. After Regalia had won the Oaks, he sold Buccaneer to them, and got The Gem in part payment with a two-year-old Sister to Regalia, a whole-coloured brown mare. He had always a great fancy for Buccaneer, but the horse did not take with the public, and it was only by skilful management that he secured his thirty mares, the very least that a young sire should have for a real chance of early success. Only half the foals on an average come to the post, and the dams of many of those may not "nick" with the horse in blood. Some hold that half-a-dozen of good mares are more likely to make a horse than twenty bad ones; but numeri-

cally a horse must be served, if he is ever to make a name, and some of the best racers have sprung from the most unlikely dams. His yearlings held the yard when we were last there, and we could not help remarking that a great many of them were like Fandango in their type. Boucan (own brother to Brigantine) most especially, bore a strong resemblance to that horse, and curiously enough Brigantine is in shape precisely the sort of filly Fandango got. Formosa was the queen of the lot that year, and Mr. Cookson could hardly make up his mind not to train her. He bought her in at Doncaster for 700 guineas, and slept upon it, and next morning he sought Mr. Graham, who had bid 690 guineas out of respect to Regalia. That lucky gentleman was seated at breakfast, and when he heard Mr. Cookson's mission, he signed a cheque for 700 guineas without more ado, and then resumed his egg. The bargain did not take up two minutes, and the mare won him 20,380*l.* in her first two seasons. So much for prompt decision and "following the blood."

The now-deserted kennels at Neasham Abbey remind the hunting man of many a good day, when the late Mr. Wilkinson had the Hurworth. His last day in the field was on December 17th, 1861, when the hounds met at Croft, and found a fox in Forty Acres, which was killed at Warmire, near Halnaby, after a clipper of 1¼ hours. The chestnut brood mare Shot survived her master by five years, and then she ended her days honourably in the copper of the Hurworth. Will Danby is now at his old home near Askham Bogs. The last time we saw him he was paying his annual visit to York Races, and he and Captain Percy Williams, whom he claims to have entered to hounds, were talking of old days in Holderness by the side of the cords, instead of attending to Lady Allcash and the Members' Plate. It was there Will told us the story of Sparkler (by Badsworth Dashwood from York

and Ainsty Susan), one of a litter of three couple, all at work in their third season, and all good. This dog's attachment to Mr. Tom Parrington when he hunted the pack was marvellous; and when he broke his arm, and sat down on a bank by a gate-post, waiting for a chaise to take him home, George who had got the rest of the pack away with great difficulty, was obliged to leave Sparkler sitting beside him, and looking up quite sorrowfully into his huntsman's face. He followed the chaise on the road as far as the kennels, and when it did not turn in there, but drove right on to Hurworth, poor Sparkler could not make it out at all. His argument was curt enough: my huntsman always turns in there when we come back from hunting; he hasn't done so; therefore, he cannot be in that chaise which I have been following. Hence, to the astonishment of Will Danby, Sparkler felt for the line for a few minutes in the kennel field, and then galloped back a mile to the place of the accident once more. George found him there that night; and the poor dog's joy when his huntsman spoke to him next day through the peep-hole into the kennel, and more especially when he was admitted to an interview in the feeding-house, was quite overwhelming. Sparkler clave to Mr. Parrington when he ceased to hunt the Hurworth, and he now lies buried under the large Portugal laurel in his garden at Normanby.

But we must hie across the country to Aldborough, to have a word with the "Nestor of Shorthorns." It is more than half a century since Mr. Wetherell commenced with shorthorns on the farm near Pierce Bridge, where he was born. The shorthorn fame of his native county had been about coeval with his own birth in 1792, and long before he commenced his maiden herd at Holm House in 1816, "the haughty southrons" had learnt to regard Durham as a very Goshen of cream and beef, and as holding a sort of charmed existence, under such proverbially cold and weeping skies. Those

spirited biddings which he heard as a lad beneath the lime-trees at Ketton were not lost upon him; and hence, eight years afterwards, he set out on the Barmpton day with a determination to go in merrily on his own account. Thirty-four of the cows, and four of the heifers under twelve months old, had been knocked down before he caught Mr. Robinson's eye; and then lots 41 and 43—Lady Anne and Cleopatra, both of them full of George and Favourite blood—became his for 100 and 133 guineas, and wended their way to Holm House that night.*

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* Their luck was rather chequered, as Lady Anne died in calving twins, and Cleopatra followed up a heifer which never bred, with the very first-class bull Belzoni (1709) by North Star (459). As he had hired this bull from Robert Colling, and used him for two seasons before the sale, Mr. Wetherell did not care to bid for him: but, although he was eleven years old, the "by Favourite, dam by Punch" strain induced that rare judge, Mr. Lax, to give 72 guineas for him. Time, however, proved him to have been the real lode-star of the Holm House fortunes, as he got not only the famous Rosanna during his stay, but two rare bulls, Magnet (2240) and St. Leger (1414), the latter of which Mr. Wetherell sold to Mr. John Rennie, of Haddingtonshire, for 250 guineas. Young St. Leger was also no small favourite.

In 1828 Mr. Wetherell sold off all his Shorthorns, and left Holm House; and in 1833 we find him living "beneath the Gothic shade" of Durham Cathedral, and commencing a new herd at Newton Hall, some three miles distant. His spirit and fine judgment had still greater scope in this second essay. He bred the Duke of Clarence (9040) and King Dick (9269), and sold the latter at fourteen months old to Lord Hill for 120 guineas. He also gave 250 guineas for the Earl of Durham (5965) to Mr. Miller, of Ballumby, Perthshire, but "The Earl" died in less than six months, leaving only three of his get behind him, which, by way of set-off to such ill luck, averaged 106 guineas at the hammer, when under twelve months old. Duke of Cornwall cost him a hundred guineas, but he used him and then let him for that sum, and sold him for 200 guineas to Earl Ducie in 1842. The estimation in which the herd was held speaks best through the fact that at the sale in 1847 four animals realised 500 guineas.

It had been strengthened from time to time by very spirited purchases. Emperor (1839), with his dam Blossom, and his grandam Spring Flower, passed into it at Mr. Hutton of Gate-Burton's sale for 250 guineas, 100 guineas, and 70 guineas each; and in 1846 Emperor justified his price by upholding the honour of the district, as first prize-man in the second class, at the Royal Show at Newcastle, against two dozen rivals. Mr. Banks Stanhope's prize heifer also met sixteen at the

His last or fourth herd numbered about fifty head, fifteen of them bulls, and was located at the High Grange, near Melsonby, where Mr. Wetherell took quarters for them in consequence of not meeting with a suitable farm. A drive of three miles from Aldborough brings you to the spot, which is nearly the

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same show, and Lord Feversham's, Mr. Booth's, Mr. Trotter's, and Mr. Wetherell's were all highly commended. Barmpton Rose was also an illustrious unit in the Newton Hall herd; but after Mr. Wetherell had bred Princess Royal from her, he sold her in calf with Buttercup to Mr. Henry Watson, of Walkeringham, at her prime cost, 53 guineas; and at that gentleman's sale she and her nine descendants made 1033 guineas. Mr. Wetherell had originally purchased the mare Morsel for about the same sum, sent her to Physician, and sold her when she was in foal of The Cure; and so, in this instance, the embryo calf Buttercup became the dam of Butterfly, who, when crossed with the once-neglected Frederick, produced not only the unbeaten, but the highest-priced bull that the world ever saw. This is not Mr. Wetherell's only connexion with the Towneley herd, as Mr. Eastwood purchased Blanche 5th, by Bates's renowned Duke of Northumberland, out of Blanche 2nd, from him, and bore off Roan Duchess, by Whittington, out of Red Duchess, by Cleveland Lad 2nd, as well. Red Duchess and Blanche 5th were both bought by Mr. Wetherell from Mr. Mawe, who had in his turn bought Blanche 5th from Mr. Bates. Mr. Eastwood's pair kept each other company, not only in the journey to Lancashire, but through their daughters in after years, in the yard at the Chelmsford Royal, where, after passing into Colonel Towneley's hands, Roan Duchess 2nd was first in the cow class, and the red-and-white Blanche 6th next to her.

It was with Blanche 5th and Red Duchess that Mr. Wetherell commenced his third herd at Kirkbridge in 1848; and three years after The Earl of Scarborough (by Roan Duke, a pure Bates bull) who was bred by Mr. Mawe, and bought along with his dam at the Tetley sale, carried off the head prize at Windsor, for the best bull in Class I. Still, his success had many serious drawbacks, as twenty-four of his cows died of pleuro-pneumonia, and thirty-three cast their calves; but the herd was gradually rising into note once more, when, in consequence of circumstances well known, Mr. Wetherell gave up his Kirkbridge farm, where he had once hoped to end his days, and went to reside about a mile off at Aldborough. He did not, however, relinquish breeding entirely; and, faithful to the blood of The Earl of Scarborough, he brought his daughters, Lady Scarborough and The Duchess of Northumberland (who goes back with two crosses of Belvedere to "Sockburn Sall," by John Coates's bull) along with him; and these, with Moss Rose, Cosy, and a few others, formed the germ of the fourth herd.

most elevated in the neighbourhood. Diddersley Hill, with its sparse covering of whin and heather, stands bleak and brown on the south, partially intercepting the view towards Richmond, which is seven miles away. There was once a castle on it, and as you pass through a half-crumbling turreted archway, you fancy that, even if it be only tenanted by the owls and the bats, there must of a surety be one still; but not one stone is left upon another. You soon find that your castle is in the air, and that you have just passed through the mere portal to a moor. Mr. Wetherell's holding was up two or three fields to the left. The farm-buildings look desolate enough, and exposed to all the fury of the west wind, but there was a snugness and comfort in all the arrangements, down to the canvas curtains and the whin bushes on the gates, which proved, without even seeing the result in the beautiful condition of the cattle, that Mr. Wetherell and his trusty herdsman, John Ward, had not battled with the elements in vain.

Lady Scarboro', an old dame of stately presence, broad back, and prominent breast, and the roan Cosy were the leading dowagers of those sheds, and the roan Moss Rose, whose public life had been one series of brilliant seconds to Nectarine Blossom, was grouped in a Ward bouquet with her daughters Ayrshire and the buxom Stanley Rose. John's lot was cast with her in troubled times hereafter, in the "fatal walk she took through Holyhead;" but now she had only to lift her gay little head, and come marching straight towards us with that massive Bride Elect bosom, as if the Durham County wreath were already her own. Next came the curly, white head of that handsome bull Statesman, with those rare lengthy quarters, and a 26-inch measurement from the tail to the huggins. Much as Mr. Wetherell liked this bull, he considers that his best was one by Young Albion, from the dam of Rosanna, for which he would

not have taken 500 guineas, and yet he had to shoot him for fear of manslaughter.

The sale day was one to be much remembered, and the Moor looked all life as the shorthorn men, who had been entertained royally at the King's Head over-night, poured into it, and found their host in his white waistcoat on a pony, acting as field-marshal, while the 48 lots, bar infants, were being marched round in tribes. A blue bullock-van, with "The Cumberland Ox" in six-inch letters on its side, did duty as catalogue and counting-house. The Union Jack floated above the Durham Horticultural tent, and the voice of the revellers was pitched in its highest key, when Mr. Wetherell said a few feeling words to neighbours and "auld acquentance" (as Billy Pierce always phrased it), and poor Jackson, then just midway in his race career "at lusty one-and-thirty," returned thanks for the Turf, coupled with himself and Saunterer. Mr. Sam Wiley and Mr. Charge were both there, and the latter called to mind, as he stood bowed and feeble with years, and leaning on the arm of a friend, how nearly nine-and-forty years before, he had joined to buy "a leg of Comet," and how none of his three partners remained to tell the tale. Mr. Jacques, a great winner and breeder when Clementi was in the land, looked on, and so did Mr. Nesham, the owner of old Usurer, who lasted until his fourteenth year. Mr. Richard Booth stood by with a quiet chuckle, and Mr. John Booth was the Branches Commissioner. Her ladyship listened anxiously in her brougham, till the relentless "and ten" upon "ten" stopped at "300 for Lady Pigot" (loud cheering), and Stanley Rose was proclaimed the prima donna of the day. Mr. Drewry was not to be denied for Cosy and Comfort, nor Mr. Doig for Moss Rose and Ayrshire Rose. About 73 guineas for 48 lots was the final return from the waggon, and a roan heifer-calf by King Arthur, from Duchess of North-

umberland, was the only memento left. After that, Mr. Wetherell formed no more herds, and wound up by breeding two or three thoroughbred foals from a Flying Dutchman mare. The neighbourhood was not drained of prize shorthorns when the forty-eight had gone. Mr. Wood of Stanwick, a close neighbour of Mr. Wetherell's, won the first aged prize with Lord Adolphus, against both Lord of the Harem and Prince Frederick at Battersea in '62. Four years after, his beautiful cow Corinne stood first at the Plymouth Royal and the Yorkshire, and it was from heifers of his breeding that Mr. Mitchell of Alloa bred some Highland Society prize winners.

"Nestor's" little home at Aldborough has many a herd memento on its walls. There is the cow bred by Mr. Thomas Booth, which he sold at two years old to Mr. Carter of Theakstone, and then bought back at beef price and put to Comus (1861). She had three heifers, and Mr. Rennie, senior, of Phantassie, bid him 500 guineas for them, and ended by buying the oldest out of the pasture for 250 guineas. The second went to Mr. Whitaker. Three roans are there from Herring's hand, and painted in Memnon's year, when he was a struggling coachman artist in Spring Gardens, Doncaster. Comet (155) is said to be the only one by Weaver in existence. Mr. Wetherell always thought Comet too long, but still a more elegant bull than Duke of Northumberland, who had also to struggle against rather upright shoulders. Comet's kith and kin are there in St. John and Gaudy by Favourite, bred by Mason, who always loved good hair. Still, perhaps one of the greatest triumphs is the old sow of the Elemore, or rather the Bakewell breed. She was one of a litter of eight sows and two boars, and the former won the first prize in eight successive years at Cordilleras, near Richmond.

"Bid me discourse" is an invitation Mr. Wetherell never shrank from; and, with the Brothers Colling,

Mr. Thomas Booth, Sir Tatton Sykes, Captain Barclay, and Mr. Wiley on his walls, it would be strange if he did not sit by the hour in his easy chair, and tell of old times and shorthorn doings when they were all in the flesh. At times the gig comes for the Chief Baron to go over and spend a few days at Killerby and Warlaby. He presides there in great state at those "high private trials" of shorthorns under the trees in the home garth, and cites the Charity precedents. Mr. John Outhwaite frequently assists, and adopting a mode of practice quite unknown to the Westminster law courts, that learned baron generally backs his opinion from the bench for one, if not two, new hats. On the knotty subject of the Leicester yearling heifers, the Court, which never objects to "liquor up" during the most weighty discussion, divided two and two.

"Great constitution" is Mr. Wetherell's leading tenet, but "great size" never was; and if he does illustrate it, he goes to Colonel Cradock, who gloried in it, and whose "Magnum Bonum was like the Great Eastern." He always considers that Earl Spencer began the bull trade, and made shorthorns, so to speak, fashionable with the landlords. It was the thing to go to Wiseton, more especially about the St. Leger time, and if visitors liked a cow, they bargained to give 50*l.* for the produce. The Earl crossed in till he sacrificed constitution—they had thin fore-quarters and no breasts; and it was then that Mason, a very clever first-rate judge, a hater of "fool's fat" and open shoulders, and most decided about fore-quarters and a good neck-vein, came to the Earl's aid. Whitaker was a great keeper, and all for the milk-bag, and Bates' mellow, light-fleshed sort grew less and less robust—they would get fat, but they would not swell and thicken like the Booths, which will stand any amount of high pressure. Such is a mere fragment of his confession of shorthorn faith.

Prices may at times have been wild and fanciful, and 250 guineas may seem an extravagant bull-hire, but still buying good beasts and holding to approved tribes, even at a large outlay, is the most profitable policy in the long run. There is some method in the "madness" which would give 125 guineas for "Oxford 11th" as a calf, 250 guineas for her as a three-year-old, and 500 guineas for her as a cow, on the only three occasions that this dam of "Fifth Duke of Oxford"—the first prize aged bull at Chester, and a 300-guinea purchase at six months old—was brought into the sale-ring. When we look back to the calm foresight of the Brothers Colling; the courageous confidence of Mason, the Rev. Henry Berry, and Whitaker; "Tommy Bates," and all his animated lectures on touch and form in his pastures, or on the show-ground; "A quiet day at Wiseton;" the dashing cow and heifer contests between Towneley, Booth, and Douglas; the victories of "Duchess 77th" and "The Twins;" the dispersion of the late Jonas Webb's herd at the steady, paying average of 55*l.* 10*s.* for 145; the brilliant gathering which appraised the "Butterflies;" the 8180*l.* at Willis's Rooms for seventeen Grand Dukes and Duchesses; and the two May Meetings of '67 in Kent and Essex, and then scan the result in so many fairs and pastures, we may well feel that shorthorns have repaid all the money, thought, and labour which have been expended upon them. Still, in one way only can their supremacy be made permanent—by always keeping in mind the rule by which our first breeders have been guided, that "a good beast must be a good beast, however it has come; but that it is to pedigrees alone that we can trust for succession."*

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* A great portion of this chapter is extracted from a Prize Essay on Shorthorns (H. H. D.) in the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal* for 1865.

CHAPTER VIII.

"If civilized people were ever to lapse into the worship of animals, the cow would certainly be their chief goddess. What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoe-horns, hair-combs, and upper leathers. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her children, that we may rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated."

Household Words.

Eccentric Sporting Characters—Mr. Bruere's Herd—His Booth Tree—John Osborne—Mr. Anthony Maynard—Killerby and Warlaby Recollections—Mr. John Jackson—Lord Feversham's Herd—"Old Anna"—Mr. Samuel Wiley—Mr. Borton's Leicesters.

YORKSHIRE is so essentially the county of sportsmen, orthodox or eccentric, that it may not be out of place to say a word about the latter in every part of England before we deal with its Sykes, its Gully, and its Tom Hodgson, &c. The records of them are very slight, in fact often nothing more than a mere passing mention in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Of Miss Ann Richards of the Ashdown Club, we have spoken.* Miss Mary Breeze of Lynn had also good greyhounds, and took out a shooting licence, and when she died she left special Suttee sort of orders, that her mare and her dogs should be shot, and all buried with her. Among eccentric-clerico characters, we find Cotton, a clergyman of Kew, whose snare was his dog and gun, and who had them generally waiting for him at his vestry door as soon as service was over. It was, we believe, said of him, that he put on his surplice in order to get a better shot at snipes in snow time. Robinson of Kendal had a horse, but he never got on to it. In fact, he always led it on

* "Scott and Sebright," p. 244.

its journeys, and if any friend asked the loan of it, there was the stereotyped excuse, "*I cannot go to lead for thee.*" He invariably took out a game licence, and kept several setters, but he never fired a gun, although he was always going to become a British sportsman "next season," up to his death, at 84. The nastiest part about him was, that if he knew that a man coveted a dog or a gun at a sale, or elsewhere, he would buy it at any price, purely to deprive him of it.

Mr. Vernon, one of the "fathers of the turf," was great as a wall-fruit amateur, and he astonished the Newmarket gardeners by his new mode of forcing peaches. "Count" O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, divided his attentions between the mighty chestnut and a parrot, for which he gave 50 guineas, besides paying the woman's expenses with it from Southampton. It was a wonderful musician, and they do say that it would go back to the erring bar if it made a mistake in whistling a tune. The Count, however, recited no parrot formula to his nephew about betting, but left pretty plain instructions in his will that he was to forfeit 500*l.* for every bet he made. When Mr. Trinket died, it was written of him that he was a "perfumer without Temple Bar, and well known at Newmarket;" and Edward Pennyman, the saddler of Holborn, earned a posthumous chaplet, to the effect that he "first invented the hogskin saddle, and rode a match over the Beacon." Bartley, the boot-maker, must have been jealous of his fame, when he rode Pegasus in Phosphorus's year. Mark Cobden's prowess was confined to "making the largest arm" of any man breathing at Goodwood, as he threw a $5\frac{1}{2}$-ounce cricket-ball there 119 yards, and beat Earl Winchilsea by 3.

The very odd racing characters seem to have lived chiefly in the North and Midlands. One died not so many years since, so let him rest; his peculiarities are embalmed in the records of a great trial;

but why not a word for Mr. Matthew Briggs, who respected the turf so much that he only condescended to wear a shirt when he went to Derby and Lichfield races! The life of Hurst of Rawcliffe is, we are told, the only light reading in which the water-drinkers at Askern Spa, near Doncaster, indulge. About 1830, he was quite a hero in that district. A fox, a bull, and an otter were his chosen pets, and his coffin did chest duty. When he went out shooting he rode the bull, and taught the pigs and the dogs to do the quartering and retrieving. His waistcoat was composed of drakes' necks, and when he drove his asses or dogs in his own home-made carriage to the St. Leger, he distributed notes for 5½*d.*, "payable to John Bull on the Bank of Rawcliffe." Lumley Kettlewell was of a far higher caste, and horses, dogs (which kept up a roving commission among the shambles to save their lives), a fox, a Maltese ass, ducks, and a monkey were the solace of his existence, and resided under his roof. He got in at his window by a ladder, and packed himself at nights into a crate of straw for heat. While his bank notes were lying about his drawers, and were on one occasion devoured by rats, he was eating cocks' heads and rabbits' feet, and any offal he could light on. Looking up racehorse pedigrees was his delight, and if he went to a friend's, he would seat himself right in front of the fire, plant his elbows between his knees, and study the *Calendar* in silence from morning till night.

Fox and hare-hunting have had some very queer votaries. An American writer remarks that we must be a cheerful-hearted people, as we clip our garden hedges into fantastic shapes—here an urn, and there a crowing cock. A turnpike man beguiled his weariness in somewhat the same way, but he would not rest short of a horse and rider, and during the hunting-season he put the man into a scarlet coat. Other enthusiasts have been even more practical and per-

severing in their homage. Stephen Wood, who was blind, followed the hounds at 84 without a guide. Those who do not "dread to speak of '98" may remember how well the Rev. E. Stokes of Blaby rode, and how a little bell was rung by his attendant whenever there was a fence. A blind officer performed still more boldly with The Duke's, but a friend's voice was sufficient for him. George Kirton attended "the unkennelling of the fox" ("Sylvanus Urban" is rather funny among terms of art) till he was turned a hundred. Geordie Robinson's enthusiasm carried him through many a hard day on foot with the Sherborne, and under the belief that he was a duke, he bedecked himself with ribbons and laurel. He was, however, as nothing to Tom Roberts, who hunted harriers at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire. Calves he had none, and he was equally ill off below the elbow. Still he had a voice of great volume, and a little excrescence like the joint of a thumb on one elbow, which seemed to answer for hands, and everything else. Ned of the West was an excellent master of harriers; and glasses, engraved with horses and dogs, were his household specialty. Bridges divided his allegiance between harriers and silk-handkerchiefs; but there was nothing of the man milliner about him for all that, as he once rode down the Brighton Devil's Dyke at full gallop, for a bet of 500*l.* Even in their last hours the peculiar tastes of these worthies did not leave them. John Hornby was buried in 1739, near Newmarket, wearing his jockey cap "by express desire," and with a whip in his hand; and far more recently one Thomas Phillips, a brewer, was carried to his grave by all the huntsmen and whips of Berkshire. The passion of his life had been to amass pads, and if any resurrectionist could dig down to him at the churchyard of Speen, near Newbury, they would find his gristly fingers still grasping that relic of a Craven "Charley."

There is no need to speak of the scenery through

which we passed on the branch line from Northallerton to Leyburn. It was done to hand in a Richmond paper by the Robins of the district. "You can stand," he says, "and see almost to Sedberg north-west, with a valley bursting forth with living beauty and grandeur; and the river moving in its serpentine form, and in all its silvery brightness. You can then turn round and you will be able to see on a clear day eastward the Cathedral at York, and a landscape of living beauty that becomes overwhelming with grandeur to the intelligent admirers of greatness and beauty. I look forward to the time when the railway shall pass through the valley to every part of England; and when the princely manufacturers shall be drawn by the beauties of the Dale, to come and reside here, and fill the Dale with their splendid mansions, so that it should become like Sharon, Carmel, or Lebanon for splendour and grandeur."

Parson's Barn is soon in sight, that once great trysting-place of the Edie Ochiltrees of every age and degree, and for which Yorkshiremen say that they have heard summer appointments made by vagrants when they have been strolling in Hyde Park. A little to the right is Spennithorne, in whose "Throstle's Nest" poor Job Marson, the jockey, made his last investment, not long before he was carried to its churchyard. Middleham, with its castle on the hill, we leave to the right, and wind round by East Witton, where the grass is hardly grown on the grave of Tommy Lye, through lanes, into which two carts cannot pass without considerable generalship, up the sycamore avenue, and so to Mr. Bruere's hermitage at Braithwaite. It stands in the midst of a rose tree prairie, among which white Dorkings, which proved hardier than Spanish, lead a merry sort of life. The three gables, which look like ivy bushes, were said to have been built by three sisters, and they bear the date of 1672. Everything is in keeping with the wide en-

trance-hall and massive stairs, and the low black oak wainscoted parlour, with no emblazonment but "the Booth bull tree on its walls." Modern taste has crept in with a small dairy, in whose midst a fountain, of iron and painted glass, plays for shorthorn men. China of many patterns, with yellow, blue, green, and claret as the ground work, is on the shelves, and the new milk is held in dishes of iron coated with pot.

The Coverdale valley, down which so many jocks have "wasted" in their day, lies in front, with the river Cover winding through its deep dingle of ash and sycamore. In the distance is the ridge of the Low Moor, with occasional sheeted strings of racers glancing along its skyline, like the scenes in the magic lantern, and stretching away to the High Moor, which has the frowning Penhill to back it. The old church at Coverham is hard by the Cover stream, and many a racing celebrity lies under its shadow. There sleep old Bob Johnson, the steersman of Beeswing and Dr. Syntax; Ben Smith, as green as a young turkey on his mother earth, but a very Talleyrand in the saddle and the winner of six St. Legers; Harry Grimshaw, of Gladiateur fame; and there too, old John Osborne now rests his dreamless head. Ashgill, in whose quiet little parlour he used to sit like a wizard, not consulting the stars or perusing the prophets, but weighing handicaps in his good brain balance, is perched high on the hill-side. Below is Tupgill, from which Tomboy and Caccia Piatti used to go forth to clear their pipes in good air; and beyond is Brecon Gill, which is also associated with some of Tom Dawson's best triumphs of the tartan, and the dark blue, the Johnstone crimson, the Jardine "blue with silver braid," and the "Jamie Meiklam" stripes.

Mr. Bruere farms about 300 acres under General Wood, and two hundred of muirland. Of the rest, which has been gradually enclosed from the slopes of

Braithwaite Fell, only 38 acres are arable, and 12 of them turnip. The blackcocks club within three hundred yards of the house, and, when the wind is in the west, the hill sides are full of grouse, but an easterly blast drives them further over to Dally Gill Moors or Masham Moor Head. About 150 black-faced ewes are kept for the heather, and crossed with a blue-faced Leicester. The produce are sold off as lambs and shearling wethers, the latter of them generally weighing from 20lbs. to 22lbs. per quarter, and averaging 6lbs. per fleece; while the best of the shearling gimmers are kept to make up the ranks of a half-bred flock to 50. The cross invariably knocks the horn out of the gimmers; and those of the wethers which retain their horns are coarser, but make bigger sheep. The white-faced Leicester has never suited the half-bred ewes so well, and his stock never seemed to travel so well through the ling. Mr. Bruere considers that he owes most to a black Leicester, who gave plenty of "japan" to the face and legs, and yet only got four black sheep in the course of his four seasons.*

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* The Lincolns have been introduced on the Yorkshire Wolds, but they did not answer, and required higher keeping. Many farmers both in this and other counties have tried one cross of the Lincoln on their Leicester ewes, and gained wool and size without a sacrifice of that aptitude to feed which is the Leicester's great characteristic; but the second cross does not answer, as the mutton has a tendency to be coarse. A few Lincolns are still sent annually to the Masham districts of Yorkshire, which have what they call a "Mug" tup, or Leicester of their own. He is not a relic of the Teeswater; and a "New Leicester" man will not look at him. He stands well on his legs, and can travel through the heather after the active speckled-faced ewes better than the short-legged Leicester, who would "weary to nothing" in such ground. The rams are hardy, and clip from 8lbs. to 10lbs. of wool, and in very rare instances 12lbs.; while the ewes average 6lbs. to 7lbs. of wool, and are very prolific. The wethers will make up with good keep from 20lbs. to 24lbs. in eighteen months; but several of them are not cut, and dealers carry on a large trade by taking them to Scotland. Many of the best ones find a ready sale at Masham, Kettlewell, and Skipton, where the farmers won't look at a pure Leicester, and 15*l.* has been made for a "regular topper." They seem to spring from a union of the

Mr. Bruere came to Braithwaite about nineteen years ago, after spending fourteen years at Aggle-thorpe in Coverdale. His Booth devotion dates back

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Leicester and Teeswater, but there has been no "crossing out" for many years. A tendency to feather down below the hocks is avoided as much as possible in the rams, and so is too much wool on the head. The heaviest woolled sheep are not chosen for the moor, but rather those with a light ringlet staple.

Almost every farmer in Wensleydale who has a little lowland keeps a few "good-breed ewes" of the sort, which they put to rams with the biggest fleece they can find. Many of them are also bought about Askrigg Midsummer Fair, but the best are kept back until later in the year. This "Blue-cap" sort, as many term them, came into special notice some seven-and-twenty years ago, when one of them by a pure Leicester from a half-Leicester and Teeswater was shown at the Liverpool Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society. In shape and make he was a pure Leicester, but he was thought rather too big.

The ewes which the "Mug Leicester" follows on the moors are principally brought as gimmers to Askrigg Market, from Lanarkshire, and have fetched as much as 45*s.* each. Such is the eagerness of the farmers in the district, that they go the day before to meet the droves, and buy them up before they see "the hill." The Craven farmers have the longest purses, and hence the small dalesman have to be content with their leavings. The "shot ewes" do not come from Scotland until the autumn, and are bought for making fat lambs in the lowlands.

"Masham lambs," or the half-bred produce of the "Mug Leicester" and the Scotch ewes on the moor, are generally bought by dealers and resold at York Market for Derbyshire and the Midland Counties, as well as for many districts of the East and West Ridings. They are first put on the stubbles after harvest, and these, if late, always affect their price, which has ranged from 18*s.* to 35*s.* for the best. The Moor ewes generally run there for four or five years, and if a ram suits them, no money will tempt his owner, and he is kept till he is almost a skeleton. Sometimes these half-bred or "mule" gimmers are crossed again with the "Mug Leicester" for fat lambs or stores, and in weight of wool and carcase they run the Leicester hard if well done to throughout. The half-bred ewe generally breeds and nurses well, but she is seldom kept more than two years on the moor; and after one crop of lambs on the lowlands she goes off fat to the butcher. "The Swaledale lambs" are another and a very hardy sort, between the "Mug Leicester" and the native horned sheep, which abound in Swaledale, Colsterdale, Dallowgill, and Akengarth, &c., and have close short coats and a hard touch. They go to the wildest parts of Derbyshire at very much lower prices than the lambs from the Scotch ewes, and are not nearly such good feeders as shearlings.—Prize Essay (H. H. D.), *Royal Agricultural Journal*, 1868.

to 1824, when he was a school-lad at Ripon. Mr. Richard Booth used to invite him and his two brothers over to Studley, where those buxom matrons, the red Anna and roan Isabella, stole his youthful heart. A fine white bull, Young Albion (15), also held him in a spell, and so completely deadened an early longing for Australia, that he settled quietly down to farming at Agglethorpe. He began a herd with Lily and Damsel, half-sisters by Cleveland (3404), and Lily's dam and Leaf both by Burton (3250), a son of Comet (155), and bred by Mr. Wyville, of Burton Hall. He has gradually formed six tribes from Kate, Damsel, Leaf, Lily, Vesper, and Garnet, and distinguishes them respectively in his nomenclature as "Sweets," "Roses," "Leafs," "Flowers," "Stars," and "Precious Stones."

Chance, the first bull who came to Agglethorpe, was succeeded by Shipton, from Mr. Edwards', of Market Weighton. Shipton only got one thing (Strawberry) that has left any descendants in the female line, and he went back to Lady Sarah, own sister to Isabella by Pilot. He had also pretty nearly made an end of Mr. Bruere, as he flung him on to some lime-heaps in a lane; and if his cloak had not become unclasped and wound itself round his horns for a few seconds, his victim could not have crept through the hedge. This was our Braithwaite friend's first and "positively last appearance" in the Spanish matador line of business.*

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* After Rouge, Silky Laddie (which claimed descent from Mr. John Colling's Rachel, eighteen of which averaged 92*l.* 6*s.* at his sale in '39), and Sylvan King (half-brother to Silky Laddie), the pure Booth period set in with King Arthur, half-brother to Venus de Medicis, who was hired from the late Mr. John Booth for 100 guineas a year. Thirty-two calves, a moiety of them heifers, were the produce of the visit; and, as he had gone home three months before his time, Prince George arrived to finish out the two years, and never left Braithwaite except for the block. Windsor was also kindly lent to Mr. Bruere by Mr. Richard Booth, from May, '60, to February, '61, on his return from Mr. Carr's. Thirteen cows and heifers held to the Royal white, who looked the

Our evening was chiefly spent over the Booth Chart 1790, or "Warlaby, Killerby, and Studley Bradshaw." We had all the more pleasure in helping to prop it on the table, and exciting Mr. Bruere into a lecture thereon, as, according to him, we had the honour of being its sponsor. During a visit to Braithwaite in the Christmas of 'Sixty, we found Mr. Bruere armed with numberless rolls of pedigree papers, which he unfolded upon us to a sea-serpent length. The prospect was appalling, and our spirits sank when we heard that Bates and the Duchesses, on the same principle, would be the programme of the following evening. "Why not pull yourself together," we said, "and combine all this into one chart, on the fashion of the Temperance Allegory, or the Morrison's Pills tree?" So he set to work that very winter. Here was "the self-supporting herd," drawn out, after many a weary night's labour, with pencil and brush, into one vast sheet, bristling with names and dates, and resplendent with the banners of its ten great tribes. The ten flags were each painted into their place, and also grouped at the top, five and five, with the Booth crest—three boars' heads, and three drops of blood on them. Under the dedication is the record of the Anna-tribe, going back through eight generations. Mr. Richard Booth always loved to tell how Anna walked to a Manchester show, and bore a calf afterwards, and how she was such a high grazier, that he had nicked fat with his penknife out of lumps on her side, and preserved it as a curiosity. As between her and Isabella, he always said,

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mere outline of his once great self; and two of the thirteen cast twins; but three bulls and seven heifers were the produce of the rest. Prince George was rather yellow-red in his colour, and infused a good deal of red with white legs into the stock, as well as his round Booth rib and soft, well-covered huggins. Baron Booth, from Vesper, was his son, and was used for a time, before his sale for 200 guineas to Mr. Barclay, and "won a silver mug, between hours," at Bedale, as the best beast in the yard. His calves were first and second at the Highland Society's Show in 1869.

"Let both divide the crown." If you praised the one, he turned on to you with the other.

The top is quite a pedigreed Bashan—bulls bred by Booth to the right, and bulls introduced into the herd to the left. Easby of the *Blossom*, and Agamemnon of the *Anna* tribes with Isaac, Julius Cæsar, Red Rover, and Young Alexander are among the "Ayes to the right," as they say in the House of Commons. So is Raspberry, the first Warlaby bull, and perhaps the biggest that ever stood in its stalls, where he unhappily got hung. On the left, there are mighty heroes in Albion, a purchase at Charles Colling's sale in 1810; Pilot, a rather small bull, from Robert Colling's sale in 1818, who was once let and recovered again; and Mason's Matchem who did so much for Killerby. Mr. Booth sent Young Carnation to him, and having thus put the blood through his own filter, he used Young Matchem to the Broughton family with remarkable effect. There too are Raine's Lord Lieutenant, "a short-legged, thick and lusty dog, but rather lacking in hair," the sire of Leonard, whose daughters, Bliss and Bianca to wit, ran more to milk, as Buckingham's did to beef; Mussulman, of Cradock's Cherry blood, who got Buckingham; and Lord Stanley, who brought back the family blood from Castle Howard, and was the sire of Birthday.

John Osborne seemed quite an Old Parr in our minds, and yet he had hardly been known on the turf much before Charles the Twelfth's year. He was at one time head lad under Skaife, when the Duke of Leeds kept race-horses at Hornby Castle, with "Sim" Templeman as his jockey. "Chocolate and black cap" were the Leeds colours, and he adopted them when His Grace died. Our first remembrance of him on the turf is in connexion with Mr. Loy's Ararat, one of the colts which, in conjunction with The Commodore, Malvolio, and Lanercost, made Mr. Ramshay's Liverpool so popular. The bay was a pretty good

one in his time; and once he went so far as to get Beeswing's head for the Stockton Cup, and it was all Cartwright could do to prevent him from getting "bang up." Old Bob Johnson was never so astonished in his life; and, "in course," he had some reason for them at Tupgill when they at last ventured to mention it.

John Osborne was known in connexion with many other horses besides Ararat, but they were generally rank bad ones. In later years he was quite as great a pillar to the northern racing as "B. Green" had been in his time; and labourers in the fields used to say, "*Likely enough, some of John Osborne's,*" if they saw a long string journeying towards a northern town the day before the races. About 1840-41, the same expression was used in a different sense; and if a horse was beat off below the distance, the betting-men had that phrase almost stereotyped for reply, when any Grand Stand neighbours asked them whose was the unfortunate.

With 1842 came a new order of things, and John had the Marquis of Westminster's string—Sleight-of-Hand, Maria Day, Auckland, and a lot of others—in his keeping. Auckland by Touchstone was a colt upon which the late Marquis was wondrously sweet, and, from his foalhood, he set a monstrous figure on him. He was reared at the Moor Park paddocks, and was coming north in the early days of the London and North-Western with a black filly, when an engine burst, and nearly boiled the filly, and took some skin off the colt. They were taken to the Eagle Inn at Rugby, where the filly soon died, and the Marquis went in for something like 3000*l.* compensation for the two, and we believe he got it. Auckland was very little the worse, and, as it proved, "The London and North-Western Boiling Stakes" were the best he ever won. The millionaire Marquis fondly hoped on for the Derby; but, although the illustrious patient did

not win that race, in the process of years it fell with Caractacus to the young Rugby V.S. (Mr. Snewing), who attended him.

Such was poor John's Eaton episode with the Derby, and he did not care for another season as guardian of the yellow jacket, which was enough to give him the jaundice. Maria Day, a very sweet little animal, and Job Marson very nearly put things right at Doncaster; but "The Yeoman" was in the way, and John was not sorry to have his crust of bread and liberty, and begin at the bottom ring of the ladder of fame once more. The Heir by Inheritor was one of his horses, but it was a sad weary time, although with George Abdale, his future son-in-law, to ride, he did a little for his employers, and on his own account, till his son and heir, the redoubtable "Johnny" appeared in the saddle. We remember the old man quite opening out (for him) in the train one day about his lad, and his delight that Sir Joseph had engaged him to ride at 5st. 6lbs. on Van Diemen in the Goodwood Stakes. The next year (1850) brought the great turn in his family fortunes with Black Doctor. The little horse ran four times, and did nothing, then he began to "come," and lost his maidenhood in that grand Eglinton Stakes finish, which he won by a neck from Beehunter and Nancy, and had Neasham, Payment, Pitsford, and Mildew behind him as well. The black went in the course of the week to Mr. Saxon for 800 guineas, and henceforth the star of Osborne and Ashgill steadily rose. John was marked dangerous for his two-year-olds, and his great axiom of "if they are to be sweated, let them sweat" (not on Middleham Moor* for love, but all over England) "for the brass," stood him in fine stead. As an early tryer and bringer out of ripe two-year-

* For a description of Middleham Moor, see "Silk and Scarlet," p. 136.

olds, and as an artist for keeping them on their legs when they were brought out, he had no superior. During the '52 season, Exact and Lambton were like the man and woman in the clock—when one wasn't out, the other was. Exact ran sixteen times, and won nine; and Lambton was out once less, and won once more. Very often they were in the same stake, and John had some little difficulty in deciding which was to go. At the York August of that year, his London commissioner backed the wrong one for a race, and John had to follow the "wires," and change his tactics forthwith. They drew about 1000*l.* between them in stakes that meeting, which John thought a great thing, as he had not then dealt in Little Stag, or Prince Arthur, King Arthur, Wild Agnes, and the rest of that lucky Agnes family, of which he sold two, "Little" and "Miss," to the present Sir Tatton Sykes. It might be the bargain was better, and therefore he liked to send his best mares *en masse* to a horse if the blood suited, and Birdcatcher, Weatherbit, and The Cure were all his particulars. For Colsterdale, which he purchased for 300*l.* at the Sledmere sale, he had some fancy, and his brood mares had gradually increased and multiplied till there were forty of them. No one did more with The Cures, and he had a strong attachment to Wild Dayrell, though he did not use him in the same wholesale way. He also left a good word behind him for Piccador.

Brown Brandy and Cherry Brandy and Lord Alfred were ready to appear at the footlights, when Exact and Lambton (for no one knew the exact moment to sell better) had departed south. The grey was a son of Chanticleer and Agnes, and for soundness a wonder. He began on March 29th, and had run 24 races, and won 9 of them on Oct. 28th, the day after his companion Lady Tatton had won the Nursery Stakes. Next year, Manganese, giving 2st. 4lbs. to Shelah, was second for the Nursery

Stakes, and the year after that old John nailed one of the classes again with Mongrel, under no very flattering weight, so that the Newmarket Houghton Friday had nothing but good omens for him. Great weight-for-age races were not his forte, although he did drop on to Blair Athol at York with The Miner. Lady Tatton was third for him in the St. Leger, but he never got so near for a Derby or Oaks. Honeywood's friends made a braying of trumpets about the black, which not a little disturbed the repose of the backers of "The West," but John was wrong that time. He looked very downcast, following Saunterer in the paddock on the Derby day, and threw up his hands and told his friends he "knew nothing about him;" but the public watched the money, and knew as much as he could tell them as to the "pencil fever," which was slowly consuming the colt in the interior.

In his day he trained for a number of good men—Lord Zetland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Charles Monck, and others; but he was very independent, and he had every right to be so. What was better still, prosperity never puffed him up. He was really and truly "Plain John" to the last. "Little fish" in the way of stakes and little meetings were what he loved. Handicap studies were his *forte;* and go past who might, he hardly looked up from the desk at the office-window, which looked into the yard at Ashgill. The calculations he had in his head about forms were as clear and well arranged as a senior wrangler's differentials and integrals, and we never heard of but one man who could thoroughly tackle him over weights, and make him ring hurriedly for his slippers at the inn, and say, "*I think I'll be off to bed.*"

The last time we saw him was at the Doncaster meeting. He came in that long trainers' train, in which Blair Athol's box was placed before General Peel's, and so many accepted the omen. There was the crush hat and the salmon-coloured handkerchief

looking out of the train, and then old John descended and walked up the line, but took no part, as Johnny "unshipped" The Miner. There seemed a worm at the root then, and we felt sure he would never see another St. Leger. He came to the town once more for the spring meeting, whose first Hopeful stakes he had won with Saunterer; but he was hardly seen out again, and he was on his deathbed ere Stockbridge came round, and henceforth all the entries were made in John Osborne junior's name. That confirmed in words what the racing world had long known too well by report, that the old man's days were numbered. His was a homely style, and a homely school, but it was a most efficient one, and few, if any, can boast of having reared up such jockeys as John Osborne, Challoner, and Harry Grimshaw, who all begun their saddle-life in his colours.

If there is ever a gallery devoted to the heroes of "field and fold," the late Mr. Anthony Maynard will infallibly have a place. He came from quite a short-horn and horse-loving family. "Maynard's bull" is a name of note in the "Herd-book," and "t'auld yellow cow," to which he so often reverted, made her peculiar mark. Crusade (7898), by Cotherstone, by Bates's Cleveland Lad, from a granddaughter of John Colling's celebrated cow Rachel, was his most famous show beast; but he had done nothing in that way for some time past. He leant decidedly to the Bates' blood, but bullocks were his secret pride. He delighted to recount what toppers (the best of which was nearly lost in the snow) he and his father before him had pitched at Yarm; and how both of them would take "to boot and horse, lad," and ride thirty miles across country by daylight to be at market betimes. He was always a very active man, a keen sportsman, and rode well to hounds; and it was, we believe, a hard-riding accident which caused that peculiar crick about one shoulder which, with his keen, intelligent

face, made him "so good to know." For twenty years he kept the Boro' Bridge harriers, and showed excellent sport. The Raby country then extended as far as Boro' Bridge, and the Duke always charged him, "*If you find an outlying fox do your best to handle him before he reaches a cover.*" He hunted both with the Bedale and the Raby, and when either of the masters appealed to him at a check: "*Which way, Anthony?*" the general reply was, "*Overridden by those young officers—cast behind them.*" On hunting days he was up at five, and rode over his six hundred acres before breakfast, and then fifteen or sixteen miles to cover; and no man told better Yorkshire hunting tales over a bottle of '20 port. He was one of the oldest shorthorn breeders in the kingdom, and we heard that his herd numbered about 120 head at his death. To the "Herd-book" he had been a contributor since its commencement, and his numerous entries traced to good and ancient families.

Marton-le-Moor, a few miles from Ripon, was his pleasant, old bachelor home. The handsome Crusade, with a portrait of his owner and his herdsman, formed a leading feature of the snuggery, and a large painting of "the best side of Comet" (as he did not fail to tell you), held the place of honour in the dining-room. A Yorkshire show-ring hardly looked itself without "old Anthony" or Crofton inside it, and he was quite regarded as a "chief justice" in shorthorn matters. A more upright judge did not exist, but he had very strong dislikes and "crotchets," and did not scruple to express them when he was not on the bench. To the Butterfly tribe he was never reconciled. The Royal had his services as judge at Chester, in 1858, and again at Leeds, in 1861; and he liked the business so much, that, when he was verging on seventy, he crossed the Channel to officiate at the Dublin Spring, and proved himself in the possession of wonderful "sea legs." In judging he generally gave more

points for mellow handling than for gaiety of form. He went not so much for size as for neatness and quality, and at Dublin he was in the minority when Rosette was drawn against Sweetheart for the first cow prize, and he took good care to let his opinions be known. He couldn't see it at all, and led many a breeder up to the pair in the course of the day, and with that odd jerk of his stick, proceeded to argue out the point on which "Mr. Stratton had been so stiff." Very few, if any, had finer taste, but he was not free from that peculiar cynicism in describing a beast which is the vice of so many good judges. Part is spoken of as though it were the whole, and there is no balance of points. Thus, if he spoke of Belleville, he would say, "If you backed his hind-quarters into a hedge he was good enough," and left it; and unless you pressed him hard you heard nothing of his beautiful head and forequarters, and "soft, molelike skin." We believe that he had been at very few shows since the Leeds Royal, and that for many months back he had been in a very failing state—so much so, that it was hardly thought that he would see the New Year in. He was one of the last of those "grave and potent seniors" whose fine experience we can so ill afford to lose.

His brother, Mr. J. C. Maynard, was known as the owner of the bull Match'em and the cow Portia, but his fame principally rested on his horses. Mr. Dyson called him "the Yorkshire judge," and he had generally ten to twenty carriage horses for the London dealers at Northallerton Candlemas Fair. His son Anthony of Skinningrove inherits his tastes, and frequently judges in the Northern rings. For five-and-twenty years, while Mr. Maynard lived at his Harlsey estate, he kept harriers in the Northallerton country. He dearly loved Old President and Sir Harry Dinsdale horses. It was on Example by the former, when he was riding 16st., that he had the best

of it in a great 40-minutes' run, with a brush at the end of it, from Streatham Whin to Harlsey; and it was in something nearly as good, with the Hurworth from Dinsdale to Windlestone, that he jumped the Skerne near Aycliffe on Miss Marske by Sir Harry, and sold her soon after for 200 guineas. Cock Robin and The Peacock were his best Woldsman horses.

We have always had a peculiar feeling for Catterick Bridge and its race-course, from their association with the old coaching and posting days. The Stand is "quite a primitive little shop," with cottages under it opening out into the road. The big meadow, which is entered through those iron gates in front of the Bridge Inn, is generally mown for hay, and some years since the T.Y.C. course was extended, and now runs at the edge of an arable farm. The course is 1 mile 246 yards round, and is the scene of the post colloquy* between the gentleman-rider and the starter, which the pencil of a lady in the neighbourhood duly immortalized in *Punch*. The snow never lies as it does on the Richmond hills, and often in stress of weather the strings are sent over from there to gallop each morning. Lord Zetland's horses have been mostly tried in Catterick, and it is still more memorable for the "sensation gallops" of Plaudit, when he went puffing along, led by Strathconan and Lozenge, and yet found some to believe in him and his Two Thousand fortunes to the last. Touts generally come on these occasions, and hang about the Bridge all day till they "get tight," and are well up to correspondence pitch. Inheritress hated the course, but was quite devoted to the ups and downs of Richmond. Never was mare more sensitive; and if the course or the day

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* He was asked by the starter why he didn't go, and replied that as he had orders to make a waiting race of it, he might as well wait there as anywhere else.

didn't just please her, her head and tail were never at rest. Old Jacky Ferguson haunted the spot for many a long day, or loitered down towards Bainesse and Killerby to have a turn with the partridge-shooters or a cast with his fly. This lean old man was an odd link with a byegone day, when his brother's

> "Big coach-horse, Antonio,
> Went rumbling to the fore"

in the St. Leger; but the sixth Duke of Leeds and Skaife and Sim Templeman have played a far more important part in the history of this little race-course. Hornby Castle seldom failed to win the Cup, and on one occasion His Grace was first and second with Zohrab and Longinus. "Sim"* always fancied the former most of the two, and elected to ride him; but he felt more proud of his victory on Lot against old Bob Johnson on Tomboy. In these latter days a cloud of two-year-olds go to the post, and writers rejoice in "the tulip garden" of jackets. Give us old times—the pink and black stripes of old Raby, the geranium

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* Templeman's first mount was for Doctor Bell, of Pocklington, in 1818, on Unity, at Malton, and his last was on Eller for the Oaks in '59. He "walked" for Lord Zetland's Derby colt Lanchester the next year; but his foot gave way on the well-known stretch between Leatherhead and Box Hill, where he and Bill Scott had toiled along so often for Whitewall. He could then have scaled 8st. 11lb., but 8st. 7lb. was the weight in those days. The first race he ever won was at Northallerton. Up to that point he had ridden two dozen times; but when the ice was once broken, he began and won right away, principally for old Tommy Sykes's stable. In one of his early races he had three heats in one day, and a fourth on the next, and he pulled it off. He was on Octavius, and in the third heat John Jackson, "a dark-looking little fellow," crossed him, and "Sim" immediately collared and shook "the old 'un," youngster as he was, and on his complaining to the stewards, Jackson was distanced, and hardly ever rode again. Ben Smith was a great man in those days, but too quiet and gentle a spirit to try on a cross or jostle. Ben never failed to give good advice in his waste walks, and "*always tak care and be a good boy, and walk regular, and you're sure to get on*" was his mild form of adjuration to any youthful hero in a strong perspiration at his side.

red of Bell, the black and white stripes of Sir James Boswell, the crimson and white of Lord Glasgow, the green and yellow of Ramsay, the blue and white stripes of Meiklam, with men to wear them, and we have starters enow.

The late Mr. John Booth ran a few horses at Catterick, and Sir Tatton came specially to don his "pink body, black sleeves and cap" on Honesty. This horse was one of Octavian's get during his sojourn at Oran, and could compass four miles well. Sir Tatton always "liked to have those four white legs under me," and he also rode Joker for Mr. Booth at Northallerton. He pulled up after winning as he thought, when there was really another round to go. It was the year of his marriage, and her ladyship was in the stand as a bride. "*I'm very sorry, sir, but you must blame Lady Sykes, not me, for the mistake,*" he said, when he met Mr. Booth after the race, "*I was thinking more of her than my work.*"

Mr. Booth was a very fine-looking man, upwards of six feet and fifteen stone, and with rare hands and a fine eye to hounds. This was the sport he loved best, and when he was on Jack o' Lantern or Rob Roy few men could cross the Bedale country with him. The former was purchased from "Chief" Plews—a parochial constable and farmer, and the sponsor of "Plews's Garden, or Fleetham Whin,"—in a rather peculiar fashion. Mr. Booth went to see the horse late at night, and his owner, not content with showing him, added in a confidential way: "*You hang about a bit, nobbut let my old woman and her clatter get to bed, and I'll let you see him loup.*" Accordingly he employed the midnight hour in getting a couple of lanterns, and tying them to the gate-posts, and put the horse twice or thrice over the gate, cleverly. It was his delight to teach them those tricks, and Mr. Booth was so pleased that he gave 200*l.* for the horse, and named him then and there. Rob Roy was an entire horse, and as well

known as Jack o' Lantern with Lord Darlington's hounds, when the Duke's country extended from Borough Bridge to Sunderland Bridge, and took in the Badsworth as well. Mr. Booth was never more in his element than at the Catterick horse show, which was held on the town green each October, until an unhappy lawsuit divided the committee. There were about 30 classes and sometimes 300 entries from foals upwards. Ratan, The Cure, Bay President, and Young Priam were generally well represented, and four three-year-olds by the last-named horse once fetched 200*l.* apiece shortly after the show. The Killerby-bred one went South and made 500*l.* the next year. This colt's own brother, Saltfish, a favourite mount of Mr. Cradock's for eight seasons, won twice on the town green.

By land Mr. Booth had quite the best of his brother Richard, who was never given to active pursuits, and was only a quiet gig man from very early days. It was very different in water, where Richard was a wonder. In fact, from the time he was a round, rosy boy at Tate's there was no sinking him; he could swim over the low deeps at Richmond with a lad on his back; at Redcar he once floated two miles out to sea, and a boat was sent after him by the lookers on; and he could sit and wash his feet in twelve feet of water and support himself by a slight rocking motion. Mr. Booth was no singer, but full of joviality and good stories as well as the neatest practical jokes. Among his best stories was "Forbidding the Banns," which he told of a woman with an impediment in her speech, who always said "*Gin-a-gin*" by way of preliminary, and not only forbid the wrong banns, but stuttered out before all the congregation that she did it on the authority of "Squire Booth of Killerby." His friend Wetherell generally had his guard up, but when he received a letter, apparently from Earl Tankerville, saying that he was to lot and sell the wild cattle of

Chillingham, he puzzled for minutes as to how on earth his lordship ever intended him to catch them and bring them into ring, before he guessed the joke and its author. These two, with Torr, Philip Skipworth, and Hugh Watson judged a great deal in Ireland together, and had a very memorable trip to Athlone. At every town they came to, Mr. Booth put it about, and the post-boys aided him, that Mr. Wetherell, who occupied the box-seat in portly state, was O'Connell. Thousands of the Irish had never looked on the great agitator's face and quite believed it; and then in his turn Mr. Booth found that he was believed to be Tom Steel. As for poor old Philip, they primed a gipsy woman and set her on him, and she told his fortune and many little Aylesbury matters with such marvellous accuracy, that he was very glad to give her half-a-crown to get rid of her. Mr. Booth judged a great deal in England, and never went for great size either in a bull or a cow. As a man of fine, steady judgment in a cattle ring, he has perhaps never had an equal. Gem, which died calving as a two-year-old heifer, was his model for compactness, beautiful hair, and fine, even quality of flesh; Hope was his type of a thick loin and heavy flesh; and he thought Hamlet the best bull he ever bred. He died in 1857, after a weary twelvemonths' illness, in his seventieth year, at Killerby, and a memorial window at Catterick, where he rests, was put up by his friends and neighbours and the Shorthorn world as well.*

Bainesse, one of the grandest farms in the North Riding, lies between that little town and Killerby, and on the left is that 101-acre field, out of which, when it was all in swedes, the late Duke of Leeds, a friend,

* At his sale (Sept. 21, 1852), the 44 lots averaged 48*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* Bloom (110 guineas, Mr. Ambler), Birthright (105 guineas, Mr. Douglas), Pearly (105 guineas, Mr. Eastwood), and Hamlet (66 guineas, Mr. E. Bate), were amongst them. Wide Awake and Farewell (Mr. Emmerson) averaged 15½ guineas.

and his grace's head-keeper, killed 126 brace of partridges in two days. The Hornby coursing meeting generally began hard by Killerby park gate, and Larriston won his first course for the Cup in the 33-acre "Jack Close." Mr. Booth was very fond of the sport, and had a capital dog "Nips," which won the Wensleydale Cup at Leyburn.

There are two roads across the park, in which thorns and wild cherry trees—dear to starlings and thrushes as well as cherry brandy lovers—abound; and walnut trees and pink chestnuts from Holderness flank the road on the Catterick side. One of the thorns recalls the fate of Bracelet, whose thigh was broken by a cow jumping on her as she sheltered beneath it. She bred again, but became so hopelessly lame that she was slaughtered. Necklace was made up and won the gold medal at Smithfield. She had only one heifer, Jewel, the dam of the famous Jeweller, who, crossed with the Barmpton Rose tribe, built up the Towneley herd. The present Mr. John Booth's tastes take the same double-barrelled range as his father; and Jeweller, Beechwood, Vaulter, Ballet Girl, Brigadier, Brian Borue, Bannagah, Bird of Passage, and British Queen all attest his showyard prowess, with more than threescore of first hunter prizes alone. The raw material, Sister to Bird of Passage, own sister to British Queen, a Cavendish two-year-old, and a Young Dutchman foal were all in the Park, and there too was Becky Sharpe in foal to The Drake again. In the stable were Beacon, the grey which has carried his present owner for ten seasons, and only once come to grief, Brilliant, and four other useful adjutants of the Bedale Hunt, of which Mr. Booth has been for three seasons master.*

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* Foxes became so scarce in the best part of the Bedale country that it was some time before a successor could be found to the present Earl Feversham, when his lordship ceased to be master in 1867. It was not

Necklace, Bracelet, Birthday, Pearl, Gem, Mantalina, Venus. Victrix, and Soldier's Nurse were once calves in the lambing paddock, and Dickey Leyfield presided over their fortunes. Hecuba was the matron of the herd at the time of our visit, and Forest Queen and four more daughters roamed the Park with her, while Brigade Major, by Valasco from Soldier's Nurse; Knight Errant, by Sir Samuel from Vivandière; Lord Albert, by Lord of the Valley from Dora, by Windsor; and Merry Monarch, by Lord of the Valley, from Lady Mirth, made up the bulls at hire.

When the Brothers Colling retired from Shorthorn life, the Booth family gradually filled their place. Charles Colling lived quietly at Croft after his sale, but he was a slovenly farmer by all accounts. He was wont to think rather mournfully of his old triumphs and to say, "*If I had only my eyesight perfect and the use of my fingers, I should not despair of a new herd.*"

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until every effort had been made in vain to get a master that Mr. J. B. Booth consented to undertake that office, with Mr. H. F. C. Vyner, Mr. J. Hutton, Col. Straubenzee, and Mr. Bruere as his co-guarantors. Mr. Booth thereupon bought 33 couple of the old pack for the country, and sufficient funds were raised, in reply to a circular announcing that fact, to pay for the hounds and some drafts from other kennels, as well as to lay down some new gorses. Foxes have of late years been short, more especially in the Hutton Moor and Hornby Castle covers; but the Master and his huntsman Carr have shown a great deal of good sport under circumstances of considerable difficulty. There is no finer scenting ground in England than that part of the Bedale North of the Swale, from Catterick Bridge to Morton Bridge, with Uckerby, Pepper Hall, Kiplin, and Cowton Whin as its favourite covers, and although some people complain of its being "all plough," still those who rode from Kiplin to Middleton Tyas Quarries on Jan. 20th, 1868, thought that "the Bedale ladies" were quite fast enough for any country. The south or Ripon side of the country is more open and easier to ride over, but does not hold so good a scent as a rule; whilst the west side, Hipswell, Hauxwell, Leyburn, &c., has more grass and frequently affords some good runs, though the country is very rough and hilly. The runs of Nov. 6th, 1867, from Hunton Moor (Thornhill's Whin) to Bolton Hall and back to Leyburn (where they killed); and of April 18th, 1868, from Scotton with a kill at the Richmond Paper Mills—both of them over 2½ hours—will long be memorable ones.

His brother Robert, who went more into Leicesters, often said that there was nothing much better than another in Charles's herd unless it might be the Phœnix tribe. Mr. Thomas Booth, whose Shorthorn career dates from his residence at Studley, A.D. 1790, hired Ben and Twin Brother to Ben, and he bought Albion at Charles Colling's sale, and Pilot at Robert's. Pilot was rather small, and old breeders tell us that the sight of the Young Albion cows at Studley in Mr. Richard Booth's day is one of which they have never seen the equal.*

Warlaby does not rank very high in the British census, and a few cottages, which hardly rise into the dignity of a street, and three farm houses besides Mr. Booth's, compose "the tottle" of a village the sound of whose name has passed into every beef and mutton land, with Babraham and Holmpierrepont. Mr. Booth's farm flanks the road to Borough-bridge on each side, arable on the right, and nurse cows and bullocks, some of them with two or three Warlaby crosses, on the left, and extends for nearly a mile up the grass vale of the Wiske. On a clear day you can see the "Minster;" but so they say in almost every part of Yorkshire we have been in yet. Still there is no doubt, when you are in the High Field, that you can command the whole range of the Hambleton Hills, so suggestive of Mameluke, Kingston and Velocipede; of the distant range of Cleveland; of the White Mare of Whissencliffe; and of Roseberry Topping, which is

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* Leonard was a nice little bull with great loins and well-sprung ribs, but rather strong in the horn. Buckingham was a fair-sized bull, a little forward in the shoulders, and with a great inclination to lay on flesh. In shape Baron Warlaby excelled him, but he was rather too long, and Mr. Wetherell was wont to say that he should like to put him into a lemon-squeezer and reduce him a size. Vanguard was a bull of great size with a rare loin and back; Hopewell with his curly scorp was not so good-looking; and Harbinger was a short-legged, thrifty fellow, with an almost unrivalled power of getting his stock all alike.

as proud a beacon to the Yorkshireman as "Belvoir's wooded height is to the Leicestershire Nimrod, or the Æginetan Oros to the Grecian mariner."

"*October 31st, Richard Booth, of Warlaby, aged 76.*" Such was the trite and fitting line in which the *Times* announced (A.D. 1864) the death of this premier of shorthorn breeders. It was grand in its simplicity, as it so exactly typified the conscious power and sturdy self-reliance of the man whose name embodies a family career, with its tap-root in the days when Comet's great grandam was still a calf, and when Sam Wiley had not abandoned his marbles and his satchel. Richard Booth was in truth a very Pope among breeders, and dispensed his thirty bulls with a high and lordly hand. Still there was the great fact which none could gainsay, that go where they might they left a good and lasting impress on a herd and an average, and that they had wrought a peaceful revolution in Ireland. Hence all Shorthorn breeders found it politic to stand well with the master of Warlaby; and even then the difficulty of getting a bull was somewhat analogous at times to election at The Athenæum. The demand was invariably in excess of the supply, and therefore prices might well keep up, and 300 guineas (as in Crown Prince's case) be once more bid in vain for one year's hire, when Prince of Battersea from Queen of the Ocean was destined to be "in residence." Few men had the courage to talk to him in praise of any other sort. He stood on the deep flesh, the compact frame, the rare foreflank, the unmistakeable family likeness, &c.; and when he made a suspected cynic point him out one or two of the most robust of the lot, he would tell him that Lady Grace, for instance, was about the closest bred, and leave him to think out for himself the marvellous constitution of a herd which could stand hard forcing and in-breeding so well. He began at Studley when he was twenty-nine, and when he sold off in 1834, many of the lots were, as an eye-

witness expressed it, "fine strapping lasses of the Anna tribe," in direct descent from Twin Brother to Ben. The only one he retained was "a large patchy cow," Isabella, whose first calf after she came to Warlaby was a roan bull by Young Matchem. She then produced one of his great Royal and Yorkshire winners, Isabella Buckingham.

He was "a king out of business" for a year, which he might well describe as the weariest he ever spent; but he had not long to wait for his sceptre, and in the prime of his life he sat down under his roof tree at Warlaby and began to build up another and a more enduring herd. Nine years more, and the era of Royal Shows had fairly set in. In 1844 he broke ground with Bud, as second yearling heifer to his brother's Modish at Richmond; and gathering strength as he went on, he made his first great stand at the Northampton Royal, and swept the first cow, two-year-old, and yearling heifer prizes with Cherry Blossom, Isabella Buckingham, and Charity, own sisters to Baron Warlaby, Vanguard, and Hopewell respectively. The new century had dawned on the Brothers Colling as the champion breeders of the Durhams, and when it reached its meridian it found the Brothers Booth with nineteen Royal, thirty Yorkshire, and three Highland Society firsts, besides divers seconds (to their own beasts), the rich harvest of a dozen summers. Many of his friends pressed him to retire from the show-yards in the flush of his Chester victories with Nectarine Blossom and Queen of the Isles, but he would not hear of it. His line of Queens was not half exhausted with Queen of the Vale as a calf in his stalls, and Queen of the Ocean in perspective; and why was the old general to sound a retreat? With his Nectarine Blossom and his Queen Mab he charged that very summer right into the Royal North Lancashire district to confront the Towneley cows, and the pair were first and second in the cow class. He

always placed his candidates well; and in due season he cried quits with Duchesses 77th and 78th when he met them at the Durham County. His Queen of the Ocean, as the Buttersea judges said, was "all that a cow should be," and earned that very rare privilege, and generally accorded to none but dead statesmen, a note of admiration from Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli—who both had their hands on her—on one and the selfsame day. He very seldom showed bulls, and Hopewell, Windsor, Bullion, Prince Alfred, Sir James, Lord of the Valley (who was kept latterly to cross the whites, and brought him a fine fall of heifer calves), and British Crown were the only others that ever won anything for him; and three of them only one prize apiece. His show luck burnt brightly to the close, and in his very last Yorkshire, the young ones not only went well to the front; but old Prince Alfred, after making a perfect Ulysses of himself in the home farms of princes, emperors, and baronets, came out and was first in the bull class in the eleventh year of his age.

A more remarkable contrast than these two celebrated brothers, both in form and temperament, is seldom met with in practice. John, the elder, was, like Robert Colling, perhaps the more original thinker of the two, but not the same steady worker. He was more the man of the world, fond of a gallop with the Bedale, and always ripe and ready for a little fun; while Richard was much more of the dignified recluse, and thought "no place like home." John delighted to go off on judging expeditions; while Richard never donned the ermine, and only cared for a good lodging or his "ease at mine inn" during a great show, that he might see a few select standard-bearers, who would share his winning pleasure, or sympathize with him if he was beaten. John was an apt and ready speaker, and never sat down without some quaint racy sentiment, which set the table in a roar; Richard merely

rose, and bowed to the chairman and vice in turn, and let himself down again, with a simple word of thanks to the company. One was more off-handed, and hardly valued his herd enough; the other was the man of business, who appraised it to a nicety. The one was more catholic in his cattle tastes, and had boldly sought and found, with infinite judgment, among the pastures round Richmond, a fresh cross for Bliss in Lord Lieutenant, and for Bracelet in Mussulman; while the other, though no one knew better the worth of Leonard and Buckingham, determined, after Exquisite's warning, to leave well alone, and solved the fearfully difficult problem of crossing his closely-related families with all that tact which Jonas Webb displayed in another department of stock science. The public did not know what was doing at Babraham, but still they felt sure it would succeed. They knew the bulls of the season at Warlaby, and predicted that the herd must go down for lack of a cross. The old sage only smiled at their fears; and left Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant behind him to confound the prophets.

He attended the Cobham and the Aldborough sales in 1859, and after the summer of that year, the Royal and the Yorkshire knew him no more. Absence did not weaken his ancient love, and when he was confined to his bed or chair, he watched as keenly as ever for "a wire" from his nephews on the afternoon of a great show. He broke down with rheumatic gout on his return from the Warwick Royal, and for the last two years of his life he was almost bedridden. The "quiet days at Warlaby," when he would walk or go round the stock in his gig, were over at least in his generation, but still old friends would come as usual, and tell him how everything was looking, and go through all the heifer chronicle of herds in general, and those in particular which had (or were thought to have) "a flyer" or two for the Royal. There was

quite a Warlaby gathering on the occasion of a neighbouring sale; all the medals and prize cups were set out in array, and not a few shorthorn men were admitted for a hand shake to his inner room. Still no hope was ever held out of his recovery; and when, two or three weeks before his death, he was obliged to deny himself to all but his immediate relatives, the word went through Yorkshire that that great change was near for which his whole life had been one long and earnest preparation.

He was buried at Ainderby, within a short distance of his home; and was followed to his grave by upwards of four hundred gentlemen, and farmers, and others who had known him in life. Owing to so few at a distance being aware of his death, the attendance of shorthorn breeders was almost entirely confined to those of Yorkshire and Durham. Like the late Lord Delamere and Turner the artist (whom he somewhat resembled in figure), he had an especial dislike to being painted, and how and when the little lithographed sketch was taken, which some friends used to show you by stealth, in his lifetime, we could never exactly learn. His herd was left to his nephews and nieces, and Mr. Thomas Booth took it at a valuation.

Our remembrance of Warlaby and Killerby are only of eleven years date. The two places are about seven miles apart, and the route lies through Ainderby, where Velocipede adjourned from Whitewall and "commanded" the country for some seasons. The late Sir Maxwell Wallace had a word with our companion as we passed his garden hedge, and, of course, they got on to Bedale Hunt matters. A gamer man than the old baronet never put on scarlet for the battle or the bulfinch, and he was "blazing away" till he had turned eighty and got a severe fall. Still even to the last, he did not take to an old man's hack, but steered Rathconan, which had won the Howden Steeplechase the year before.

Warlaby, which is on a stronger soil than Killerby, lies somewhat in a hollow beneath Ainderby steeple, and consists of 310 acres, over which Sir Samuel, in his anti-gate-opening head gear, then seemed to act as advanced guard. The late Mr. Booth did not care for pictures of his winners. There was the big bull Navigator in oil colours, but the rest were merely little engravings on stone, such as might have been cut out of the "Herd Book," and framed, and they were hardly in harmony with the massive challenge cup on the sideboard. Cuddy in his brown jerkin and a checked handkerchief, twisted like a hay-wisp round his neck, and an aged hunting-whip in his hand, was on Banniston Hill, where old Satin, Vivandière, and Princess Elizabeth and Red Rose were grazing. Satin, the dam of General Havelock, was a white with a roan neck, and rather upright horns. She milked well enough to keep a show calf, and help the dairy as well, and Mr. Booth had been in vain solicited to show her in the milch-cow class. Vivandière had a much pleasanter head and horn; Princess Elizabeth, dam of Queen of the Isles, was a little on leg; and the neat-breasted but somewhat ragged-hipped Red Rose by Harbinger, had only the year before added Queen of the Ocean, to Queen of the May, Queen Mab, and Queen of the Vale. The future gold medallist and Soldier's Nurse were calves together. Crown Prince stood by the gate leading into the straw-yard, and old Hopewell, then sadly crippled, behind him. "The Prince" was not a prize bull, but what was better, the sire of prize winners, and at one time, the late Mr. Booth had sixteen bulls out on hire by him. He had capital fore-quarters, and was rather of a fawn roan, and his horns were slightly curved, owing to the constant use of the board which he carried for safety. Then we passed on to that glorious group of Bride Elect, with a bosom which seemed to require a second pair of forelegs to support it; "the Greek beauty"

Queen Mab, and that slashing and rather masculine-headed cow Nectarine Blossom, which had bloomed five months before at Chester and Northallerton. She was the biggest cow that ever left Warlaby for the show-yard; rather more square in her make than Plum Blossom, and with a capital udder. After the sight of such a trio, Queen of the Vale, good as she was, had hardly class enough. Poor Queen of the May had been brought on to her knees with training and railway trucks, and had eaten quite a bare space round her as she knelt to graze. In the house she "favoured" herself the same way, so that you could hardly judge of those magnificent shoulders. Queen of the Isles was a marvel for wealth, but her calf bed was imperfect, and she went to the butcher.

Eight years later and hardly one of them, save Queen of the Ocean and Soldier's Bride and Lord of the Valley were left, but the young Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant were in their glory, and there too in her blooming heiferdom was the beautiful 1000-guinea Bride of the Vale, which was sold with Merry Peal (500 guineas) and Royal Briton (500 guineas) to go to Canada. Sir James is going out again on hire in the thirteenth year of his age.*

Yorkshire has had two John Jacksons of no small turf renown. One rode seven St. Leger winners, and counted Beningbrough and Altisidora among them; and the other, who was only a lad of eleven when the old jockey died nearly blind, at Northallerton, became

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* The Warlaby herd was in great peril during the cattle-plague, which raged for six months within 1½ miles of the homestead, and nearly 300 beasts went down by disease or poleaxe. The final outbreak was not more than a quarter of a mile off, and the fate of this great herd seemed to tremble in the balance. Vaccination and M'Dougall's disinfectant were freely used, but Mr. Booth's main reliance was on burning tar in braziers at several points of the farmyard. The fires were carefully looked to first thing in the morning and last at night, and might be smelt down wind for a couple of miles. No case of any kind occurred.

the noted "Jock o' Fairfield," breeder and owner of racehorses, a leviathan bettor at "the Corner," on a carriage top, or in "any place set apart for that purpose," a mighty Nimrod with the Bedale and Sir Charles's, and an "all-round" man as far as any sport was concerned. It was by the side of the Catterick cords that Jackson, who then "whistled at the plough," first learnt to love races, and to risk half-crowns on his fancy. That life, with all its curious and often misdirected activities, was closed early. Nature had given him a fine farmer's-lad constitution to begin with; but he had been too prodigal of it, and she had her revenge at last, when he was only forty-one. Well might he say (when he knew his doom) that he had seen more life in his time than most men of eighty. His temperament was, in fact, far too excitable for the stirring scenes in which his lot had been cast for nearly twenty years.

His connexion with the Turf dates from The Flying Dutchman's year, and it was with the money he then won upon the tartan that he gradually became a leading member and a very Stentor of the Ring. He did not, like a living hero of Earl Winchilsea's lyre, simply take his stand at Newmarket,

> "Supreme upon the pump,
> Clear his fine voice, and give a warning thump;"

but he was ever on the move, a very locomotive Turf exchange. Davis was restless in his day; but as regards powers of speech, he was a "dumb man of Manchester" in comparison. Be the din ever so loud, Jackson's voice was heard above it, booming forth in quarter-minute guns, shotted to the muzzle with the unshackled Doric of the North Riding, his offers to lay or take. There he strode about, with his betting-book in one hand, and his favourite short stick in the other, and if there was a row or a scrimmage of any kind, he was sure to project himself violently into the

midst of it as bottle-holder or commentator. He always displayed great partiality for Lord Glasgow's horses, and would field strongly when anything of the old Earl's was running at Newmarket or elsewhere; and his jubilant shout, "*Lord Glasger wins!*" will be remembered by all racegoers at that time. Fortune was generally on his side. He was said to have won nearly 40,000*l.* on Ellington, and those who saw him after Blair Athol's Derby needed no telling that he could have been happy with either the chestnut or the Glasgow bay as the winner. In his way he was a Ring institution, and was as much behind the scenes in the North as "Lord Frederick" in the South.

He was emphatically a man of action everywhere. The pounding-match, for a thousand a side, from Crick, with Sir Frederick Johnstone, would have been quite in his way; but there was a desperate hardihood about the affair which made Mr. Payne, the umpire, and the friends of both parties, feel not a little relieved when it fell through, as they were sure that one of such a never-say-die pair would have been carried off the ground on a stretcher. Sir Frederick had recently jumped a mill dam in the Burton country on a bay horse with a white stripe down his face, which was afterwards in Mr. Clowes's stable at Quorn, and his other deeds of daring were legion. Mr. Jackson had six hunters up at the time —Tippler and Highwayman, which he bought at Mr. Hall's sale; Barney, by Barnton, the horse on which he jumped a flight of double posts and rails (16 feet, measured inside) with the Bedale; Ross (by Hospodar), Redcar, and Duke. Highwayman won a four-year-old prize at the Yorkshire Show, and Tippler the Cup at Driffield in '64. He would have ridden the latter at 14 stone if the match had come off, and given more than two stone away. Greyhounds were not much in his line; but if he was at Altcar, he went striding over the ditches, betting-

book in hand, and shouting, "*Live hare!*" "*Well done, black!*" &c., during the courses, with a glee that was quite infectious and irrepressible; and he was certain to be never far off if there was "a cheerful fight" on the field. Again, when his constant friend to the last, Mr. Tom Parrington, became secretary to the Yorkshire Agricultural Society in '65, he determined to give him a good "cheer from the shore" at Doncaster, and sent Blair Athol as a special entry, who was located in a stall-box lined with green and yellow calico, and attracted not a few visitors. Cricket had no faster friend. The "three Cambridge men" were constantly his guests during the winter at Oran, and Newmarket was witness to the quaint single-wicket match ("Bat *v.* Broomstick") between him and Diver. It was played on the Bury side of the town, and the Heath was the scene of his catch-weight match on Neptunus against Fordham on Levity, when he gave away some five stone, and got beaten by twenty lengths.

Racing was, after all, his sport of sports, as was certain to be the case with a man born at Catterick, where his brother still farms the paternal acres, and the "blue, white sleeves, red cap," often caught the judge's eye. Saunterer and Tim Whiffler are the horses by which he will be best remembered, and the Chester Cup with the latter, and the Great Metropolitan with Haddington, were his most important handicap victories. "Tim," as he strode along shaking one ear, was a wonder, and the style in which, after his sale to the late Duke of Cleveland, he fairly broke the heart of Asteroid (when he forced the pace from the Rifle Butts in Lord Derby's Plate at Doncaster) and won both Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, left no doubt upon that head. Two such horses as "Tim" and "Mat's black" rarely fell to the share of one man. Another "honest nigger," Haddington, who eventually went to China, was a good second for the Chester

Cup in '63, and ranked high in the second class both as a racer and a stayer of the great Blacklock line. When Mr. Jackson last visited the Root stud, he took an immense fancy to Buttercup, then a two-year-old, and offered Mr. Eastwood in vain every racehorse he had in exchange for her.

No one grudged less a good price for a yearling, and the moment he was seen with that jaunty step and open-mouthed laugh at the side of the ring, bidders had to waken up to some purpose, as they knew he would "follow the blood" if it had given him a good turn before. He gave some high yearling prices in his time—to wit, Elland, 300 guineas; Precious Stone 500 guineas; Jupiter, 620 guineas; Repulse, 750 guineas; and so on; and when he removed from Oran to Fairfield, and began as a regular breeder of blood-stock in that model stud-farm, 700 guineas for Woodbine and 7500*l.* for Blair Athol did not stand in his way for an instant. Was "Jock o' Fairfield" to bow his head to "old Newminster and the Rawcliffe shop?"—a likely thing, indeed!

There were few horses he delighted in more than the handsome little Neptunus, who was fourth for the Derby, and, although he and Jupiter disappointed him, he never seemed to falter in his fancy for the Weatherbit blood. He also hired Carnival for three seasons, but unfortunately paid forfeit to be off his bargain after the first one.

Cost what it might, like the late Mr. Theobald, he would have the best of everything, and play the Napoleon, if possible, in whatever he undertook. He would have a stud of first-class brood-mares, and a stud-farm inferior in its arrangements to none in the kingdom, and Palmitine, Flower Girl, The Swift, and Witchcraft were amongst the winners he bred and sold. In 1868, two dozen yearlings were sold at his sale on the Tuesday before York Meeting, and they

averaged 215 guineas. A Knowsley-Violet colt (870 guineas) and a St. Albans-Hecate colt (700 guineas) were the best prices. Although he only weighed six stone, and his countenance was almost that of a corpse, he was out in his Bath chair throughout that August afternoon. As he sat there, in his pith hat and his drab great coat—which might have folded twice round him—there was a painful fixedness in his eye which told too truly that all hope was gone. Still he was very cheerful, and had a smile and a shake of the hand for every friend, and occasionally joined in as "the loving cup" went round. He also sent up a catalogue correction to Mr. Tattersall, and even mounted for a few minutes, when the Knowsley colt was selling, into a barouche, along with Mr. Morris and Mr. Hodgman. It was strange to see one who was so soon to pass away standing like a pale spectre amongst his fellow men, and quietly gazing for the last time at a scene, the marrow of those in which he had so often pushed his way to the front at Doncaster and Eltham in the days of his lusty manhood. No one ever expected to see him again, and it was announced that he had determined to sell everything in a month. During the York week he made a great point of old friends riding up to see him that he might say "good-bye." On the sale-night he was so worn out that his attendants thought he was dying as they bore him upstairs, but once there, and after he had taken some grouse and port wine, his indomitable spirit revived. Throughout the whole of the next month, the little excitement of speculating in his own mind on what his blood-stock would fetch, seemed to do him good, and when the ring was once more formed in his yard on the Saturday after Doncaster races, he seemed much better and quite gay among his friends in a barouche.

It was a remarkable sale. Effie made 1100 guineas and Tunstall Maid 1000 guineas, and these two, with

Terrific, Lady Louisa, Nutbush, Hecate, Woodbine, and Violet, averaged 696 guineas. After a good contest between Mr. Blenkiron and Count Renard, Blair Athol, of whom we believe that Mr. I'Anson had still a leg, went to Eltham at 5000 guineas; and six of his foals, many of them quite little gems, averaged 246 guineas. The highest price was 310 guineas for a filly from Effie, and the same was made for a Thormanby filly from Woodbine. It is rather remarkable that while the foals were making these prices, the three two-year-olds by Blair Athol only averaged 237 guineas. The sum-total of the 119 lots at the two sales was about 28,500*l.* It was, we believe, some 5000*l.* more than Mr. Jackson had laid them at, and his mind seemed much easier when they were gone. The bodily improvement was, however, quite fallacious, and he began to droop again, and finally passed away within a few days of his forty-first birthday. With all his curious ways, we could ill spare him, and through many a rolling year "poor Jock of Fairfield" will be remembered at Yorkshire firesides for his daring pluck and open-handed kindness.

From the pleasant parts about Northallerton, we make our way into the East Riding by the line from Thirsk to Malton. Mr. Samuel Wiley,* who has sur-

* Mr. Samuel Wiley, who was born on January 20th, 1777, came to Brandsby as a boy of ten, and in 1803 he was a tup-letter. He might be said to have begun on his own account by giving Mr. Mason of Chilton 50 guineas for the use of Butter Lump for the season, and then for fourteen years in succession he hired tups from Robert Colling. Shoulders, Carcase, Brother to Carcase, Ditto, a son of Symmetry, and Blossom (sire of the ram Ajax, for whom Sir Tatton bid up to 156 guineas, against Mr. George Baker of Elemore) were the upshot of his hiring journeys; but Mr. Wiley valued none of them more than a 60-guinea two-shear, for which he drew cuts with Major Rudd. When the Barmpton flock was dispersed, he used his own tups for three or four seasons. He was then faithful for twenty or more to the Burgess blood at Cotgrave Place and Holmpierrepont. Then a three-shear, which he bought at Mr. John Stone's sale, did him immense good for

passed by two years the days of Sir Tatton, and is as brisk as ever at a Leicester, pig, or shorthorn bargain, lives at Brandsby about five miles to the right; and a ride of a few miles farther brings us to Helmsley Station. The scenery of the country is a striking combination of wildness and fertility. Few foxes would care to be at home in Grange Whin or Waterloo Plantation or among the laurels of the Ter-

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five seasons in succession. He was the top price, and Mr. Stone always said that he should not have left Quorndon if he could have gone on with his flock. Since then Mr. Wiley has relied on his own flock for tups, with occasional dips by sale or hire into the Burgess and the Buckley blood from head-quarters, as long as the Cotgrave Place and Normanton flocks were kept up. With such antecedents, he may well pride himself on a flock of really "Pure Bakewells." He lets on an average about sixty tups a year by private bargain, and he has always shown sheep with great success at the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Yorkshire Society, and taken prizes, more especially with his gimmers, which also won him a second at the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester. He was first with them at the Newcastle Royal in 1864, and beat Colonel Inge, after a sharp contest, with quite a model pen. At the Manchester Royal in 1869 he was second to Mr. Borton.

His long, low-pitched house, with the dark green Cotoniastus creeping over it, and peeping with its red flowerets in at every lattice, is quite the realization of a snug Yorkshire home. Young Painter (a son of the sheep in Mr. Wiley's picture), Young Fatback, Landseer, and others, were nibbling close up to the garden wicket; and one of Chester Symmetry's daughters was roving along the hedge-side, and seasoning her bacon by anticipation with a dainty meal beneath the "cock-pits," which have been specially chosen from among apple trees, on account of their peculiarly thin and open wood, to engraft upon crab-stocks in the neat hedge-rows of the farm.

Mr. Wiley's holding consists of 500 acres, and seems to take in three sides of a square. The ewes are kept principally on seeds, at his Warren House Farm, which is higher and lighter land, near the Wigan-thorpe moors, while the tups are brought down during the summer to the Brandsby pastures. Sixty acres of the latter is glebe, and the remainder, a great portion of which is park, belongs to the Cholmeley family at the Hall.

Long and steady success as a breeder of Shorthorns, Leicesters, and pigs has not one whit weakened the belief in Mr. Wiley's mind that the plough is the first great creditor of a nation, and he has followed rigidly in the track of his father, who began with thorns and stones upon the Mosswood Farm in Craike parish, in 1763 (twenty-four years prior to his taking the Brandsby farms in addition), and then became one of the

race walk, if they could know when Jack Parker and the Sinnington intend to call; and although the hounds are merely collected the night before, and drop off one by one after hunting to their farm settlements, till Jack is a mounted general without an army, they can account for twenty brace a season.

The Trafalgar Column, which the first lord reared to the hero of immortal memory, towers above the

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pioneers of hollow draining in Yorkshire. On his father's death in 1805, Mosswood was handed over to a half-brother, and Mr. Wiley entered on Brandsby. With his shorthorns, which number about forty head, he has adopted the safe old rule of never refusing a likely offer when he can get it; and hence, except when he had something very much out of the common, he has never held for the mere chances of the show-yard.

The blood of Comet was at fever-heat in the market when he hired his first bull in 1814, and Mr. Wright of Cleasby (one of the joint purchasers of the thousand-guinea wonder) found a youthful Lubin (388) exactly to suit him. Adonis, another son of Comet, from Beauty, and bred by Charles Colling, did him such good service the two next seasons, that he followed him up with his own brother, Jupiter (343), and the succession was kept alive by North Star (459) and Harold (291), which were sent home when Robert had his sale in 1818. Two years before that, Mr. Wiley had bought Mida from the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, of Houghton, near Darlington, and the strain pleased him so much that he bore off her sire Midas (435) in his tenth year in the Barmpton ring, after a tough rally with Sir William Cooke, for 270 guineas, and a yearling heifer from Trinket as well. The money which was laid out on this tribe has never been a source of regret, as Grazier (1085), by Midas, more than brought it back. Old Anna's, of Helmsley, is not the only tongue which has waxed eloquent in the ancient red's behalf. Sir John Johnstone, of Hackness, used him for three seasons, and when Lord Feversham, Mr. Smith of West Razen, Mr. Slater of North Carlton, and Mr. Wiley himself had all dipped pretty deeply into him, he ended his days at fourteen at Byram Hall. Ganthorpe (2049), of the Castle Howard herd, in which he was used, was one of his principal sons, and he was in his turn the sire of Malibran, for whom her breeder, Mr. Henry Edwards, got 300 guineas. Mr. Whitaker of Greenholme's blood was also introduced at Brandsby, both through His Highness (2125), own brother to the 210-guinea Highflyer of the Chilton sale, and Abernethy (1602). Sultan (1485), for whose ancestress, Mary, General Simpson gave 300 guineas to Charles Colling, was purchased from Mr. William Johnson, after he had been extensively engaged in Northumberland in circulating what the borderers still fondly style "the good old Jobson sort." The principal result of the one year's service which he had out of him was Sultana; and from her union with Belshazzar

park, which extends along a richly-wooded plateau; while at your feet there seems to be a vast plain in every stage of the four-crop rotation for miles, and then fading away in the far distance into some heather forelands, which almost shut out the view of the German Ocean. This Kirby Moor was at once the hunting ground and the death scene of the Duke of Buckingham, in days when the rafters of Helmsley Castle rang again with his revels, after he

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(1704), whom he hired from Castle Howard, there came a bull-calf, which had good looks enough to be honoured at once with Mr. Wiley's favourite cognomen of Carcase, and was sold as a yearling for 200 guineas.

Belshazzar, who got his stock very large and good-looking, was the sire of Victoria, which was sold from the Brandsby herd for 160 guineas; but Carcase (3825) was the greatest hit. The latter won the yearling bull prize in 1838 both at Thirsk and at York, where he divided the winner Hecatomb and the great two-year-old Duke of Northumberland in the classes for all ages; but still Mr. Bates was enabled to say that his crack was never beaten by a bull of his own age. His Van Dunck (10,992) was a second Carcase in the show-yard. He not only took the first 25*l.* prize at the Yorkshire Society's Meeting at Thirsk as the best bull of any age, but carried off the prize for the best two-year-old bull at the Highland Society, and after being placed second to Mr. Anthony Maynard's Crusade in the Sweepstakes, passed for 125 guineas into the hands of Mr. Whitehead of Little Methlie, near Aberdeen. Since then Mr. Wiley has not cared much to show store stock; but he has not unfrequently had a prize bullock at the York fat show. Still, the leading honour of the show-year was in store for him, and in 1869 he took the first prize (40*l.*) for the best aged bull at the Manchester Royal with Earl of Derby against 23 bulls, and was second at the Yorkshire to Mr. Booth's Commander-in-Chief, the first-prize Royal winner at Leicester.

Till within the last few years he showed small white pigs with good success at the Birmingham fat show, and also at the Royal Agricultural and Yorkshire, at whose Chester and Northallerton shows in 1858 a pen of young sows by Useful from Symmetry took first prizes. One of the Chester trio was sold to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P., but there was another quite as good at home to complete the county prize-lot, which fetched 12 guineas apiece, thus making up 50 guineas for the four. The breed is the small Yorkshire white. This rare line of winners owes its origin to Mr. Colling; but it has been carefully crossed with boars from Castle Howard, Mr. Hall's of Kiveton, and Mr. Cook's of Owston. There are now few leading pig breeders who have not set themselves up with a "Wiley" at some period of their existence; and Carcase, Young Carcase, Optimus, Dumfries, Dreadnought, Priam, and Stanley (Young and Old) have all upheld the Brandsby bacon dynasty, which has gone on at the rate of about half a dozen litters a year.

had retired from the court and cabinet of Charles the Second. The old castle lies just within the Duncombe Park gates, in the midst of the little primitive market town of Helmsley; but the wild music of the cannon which was once levelled against it for six weeks by the Ironsides under Fairfax, is exchanged in these happier times for the caw of the rooks, which sail solemnly in circles round its ramparts. The only room left in it is used on rent days, and few farmers on all that vast property, which stretches away fifteen miles to Cleveland bank, and seventeen to the East Moors, once passed through the lodge at those *levées*, whether they loved shorthorns or whether they did not, without exchanging a word with "Old Anna."

It is many years since she resigned office as head cow-woman, and her Herd Book memory seemed to have stopped short at that point. She had caught no reflected glory from the Fifth Duke of Oxford and Symphony, and professed, we grieve to say, quite a fashionable unconsciousness of their very existence. Her love was irretrievably lost some thirty years before to a "Young Grazier," and her love had known no change. As for Bates and Booth, she "might have heard their names;" but Mr. Colling and Mr. Wiley, they were the men for her. Grazier would be by one of Mr. Wiley's bulls, and he was always buying from Mr. Colling. No wonder there was such a sympathetic chord! What were modern breeders, and their Bates grandeur, and Booth substance, and Fawsley neatness to her? Give her the cows of her buxom womanhood —"*big roomy yans.*" Then, warming with her subject, after this general sentiment, she ticked her ancient favourites off on her fingers. "*There would be Emperor,*" she said, "*and Baron, and Baroness, all oot of one coo—Wildair;* THEM WERE *just the shorthorns! I could tell my lord, when the gentlemen came, every one of their yages for fifteen years back, and all aboot*

them." When we saw that fond and yet triumphant leer, we did not wonder (though in stature she was not the woman to wrestle with a bull) at the recital of that mysterious fascination on which she next dwelt, when the mention of Young Grazier touched another and a still tenderer key. Away she went at score, leaving our pencil and note-book staggering hopelessly behind. "*Aye! Young Grazier—you've got that right enough; —he was a savage one, but I could just handle him as I liked. None could lead him out to please my lord, like old Anna.*" Waxing bolder, we then cross-examined her as to their parting scene. "*Took him away when he was sold? Now who's been telling you that? Of course I did. No one else dar come nigh him. I walked seven miles on end with him, that I did. I had clogs on in those walks, and I could use 'em quick too.*" To a last inquiry as to whether she had not extended her walks in another direction, and driven True Blue's dam to the butcher at Stillington, she gave us to understand that she had a slight weakness for that "coo" as well, and was determined to "*see the far end of her.*" And on we strolled from this old marvel to see the modern herd. We had received a parting assurance that "*they can give a good pedigree of me at the farm up yonder—a five-and-forty year yan,*" which would place the commencement of her premiership back to about 1818. Before that date, the first Lord Feversham, then Mr. Charles Duncombe, had nothing but Devons, and found them too delicate for the climate, and the Barmpton sale was the beginning of his shorthorn herd.

Duncombe Park is bounded on the west by the valley of the Rye. The broken ground across the river, which terminates in one point in the dark green of the Waterloo plantation, which was planted as a wood of victory by the late lordly father, is singularly rugged and beautiful; and a distant peep of the hills of Hambleton may atone, to "a stable mind," for

getting none of the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, a little further down the valley. The Griff Farm, the scene of Old Anna's glories, to which we were bound, lies about a quarter of a mile from the park, along a field route, lined at intervals with those dark green holly trees peculiar to this Riding, and which catch a stranger's eye at once from their enormous size. Ear however, came into play before eye, when we at last neared the box of the Fifth Duke of Oxford, and were saluted with a roar quite worthy, in its depth and tone, of a Libyan King of Beasts. He looked the character to the life, with that shaggy lion-like old head and mane, as he was at last led forth, snorting, in blinkers. The fine length, beautiful touch, and rare union of hip, loin, and rump take the eye as much as ever; but although he had been reduced some twenty stone since he wore the Chester and Northallerton prize ribbons, his day of usefulness, like his temper, was gone. Feeding for show had done its fatal work. The 5*l.* prize at the Cleveland Show was his maiden one at two years old. In 1856 he took the bronze medal, which is equivalent to an H. C. at Paris; and at Rotherham that year he only bowed to Grand Turk. His son Skyrocket, from Swift, who faced Prince Imperial in the next place, did not serve till he was banished for penance to some poor land at Cockayne, adjoining the moors; and it was his fate to stand at the head of that splendid class of old bulls, at the Leeds Royal, with Royal Turk as his second. In the winter of that year he was presented to the poor of that town, and finished his career in the soup caldron.

Lord Feversham was not exactly a sportsman, although he lent a solid support to the Bedale and Sinnington packs. We never remember meeting his lordship on any race-course but Doncaster, and then he would generally see the St. Leger from about the centre of the "Badsworth Gallery." He was not

demonstrative on such occasions, but no one seemed to take more interest in Johnny Osborne's and Lord Clifden's memorable "game of patience." Still, after all, "shorthorn racing" suited him best, and it was at Doncaster, two years later, that he won the head prize in the milch cow class with Pride of Southwicke, which never looked more blooming. His lordship gave 100 guineas for her at Lady Pigot's sale, where he arrived after the good old fashion from Newmarket in a chaise-and-four—a sight which created quite a healthy stir. When he came back to Duncombe Park after the session he would as often as not step off to the stedding to see the new calf arrivals before he entered the house. A good hack was also one of his fancies, and he generally ran his eye over Mr. Milward's lot and sometimes made a purchase. Be it where it might, he always liked to bid for himself. In his manner his lordship was reserved, but always courteous and chatty upon shorthorns, especially when he was in his favourite bidding spot, a little behind Mr. Strafford's waggon with his umbrella under his arm. On the Willis's Rooms day he took the chair at the sale luncheon and declared his Kirklevington faith in such an unwavering fashion, that the Booth men said with justice that he rather ignored Bridecake's share in the Grand Duchesses. Whether in Hanover-square or at the Smithfield Club (where he was second with a good heifer the year before his death) he was alike zealous and pleasant to work with, and he was sorely missed from his accustomed spot on those May mornings in '67, when Kent and Essex raised the standard of Bates.*

* After his lordship's death in 1867, a draft sale of shorthorns took place, and an average of 33*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* was made for 38. Two of the females of each tribe were retained by the present Earl, and Orestes (22,443) of the Knightley blood was used. At the Milcote sale in 1869, Hospitality, who combines Princess and Bates blood with that of the old Fawsley Cyrilla or Cold Cream, was bought for 50 guineas.

A ride of twelve miles further up the fertile Vale of Rydal lands us at the station for Barton-le-Street, the home of the Yorkshire champion of the Leicesters, Mr. John Borton. He learnt his lesson as flockmaster in a good school under his grandfather, Mr. William Key, at Northolme and Musley Bank near Malton. The old gentlemen, who died in 1832, and whose portrait is preserved to us on the canvas of Jackson, with his hand on the head of one of his greyhounds, was along with Mr. Marshall of East Newton, Mr. Dowker of Salton, Mr. Kendall of Ness, and Mr. Richardson of Lund Cote, a leading Leicester breeder in the Malton district. On his grandfather's death, Mr. Borton's uncle, who succeeded to the property, presented him with ten ewes out of the hundred which composed the ram breeding portion of the flock. These he took to Habton, where he commenced in 1833 to "paddle his own canoe," and eventually settled at Barton-le-Street, five miles from Malton.*

* In 1834 Mr. Borton bought a score of ewes at Mr. Dowker's sale, and began as a ram-breeder at once, while his father pursued the same business at Kirby Misperton. His fourth year of farm life found our young flockmaster in the show-field ; and the two firsts and a second for shearling rams at Hackness and Thirsk were the best proof that he had not reckoned prematurely on his strength. When the Yorkshire Agricultural Show met at York in 1839, the hero of these two firsts was beaten by a sheep which Mr. Wetherell bought at Mr. Edwardes's sale ; but the much-coveted head prize for shearlings was won at Leeds the following year. In 1842-46 he showed very little, but brought up his reserves in full strength when the Royal came to York, and he had 75*l.* of cash to receive from the secretary, as first with the shearlings and aged sheep, and first for the local prize. Since then his entries have seldom been lacking at the Royal or the Yorkshire ; and with Sanday, Creswell, Inge, Wiley, Jordan, Turner, Pawlett (whose Chester ram he bought), and "all the swells" in the field, he has never shrunk from battle, and has seen the winning rosettes over his pen nearly two hundred times. At Doncaster, in 1865, he had two firsts and two seconds for rams, and a first for gimmers, and his winnings in one year reached 170*l.*

As time went on he kept reinforcing his ewe flock from Mr. Allen's of Malton, and bought a score of gimmers from Sir Tatton and Mr. Sanday. For five seasons old Sledmere was his mainstay, and before he purchased him (for 25 guineas) he had sent ewes to him. The blood was partly his own, as he gave 28 guineas for his grandsire, then

The present farm, which belongs to Mr. Meynell Ingram, consists of 460 acres of limestone rock. It is mostly arable, and there is very little old grass. It suits swedes, greystone, and whitestone turnips very

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a shearling, at the sale of Mr. Owston's of Thorpe Bassett, who not unfrequently accompanied Sir Tatton on his rides to Leicestershire. The old baronet attended the sale of his dead friend, and liked this shearling so much that he sent ten ewes to him. There were only two tup lambs among the produce, and Sir Tatton never parted with one, which was the sire of Sledmere. Mr. Borton bid 60 guineas for it when the Sledmere flock was sold, but Mr. Hall, who has (as might have been expected of so keen a judge) been very often after the same numbers, got him for half a guinea more. Hence, Mr. Borton had to be content with the son, instead of the sire, and "by Sledmere" is in the pedigree of Blair Athol, Sir Tatton Sykes, and in fact, most of his best prize sheep for four or five years back. The old ram only died this year, and was honourably buried in his skin. His son Sir Tatton Sykes, from an Eddlethorpe ewe, won at Worcester Royal in '63, and upwards of thirty times as well. He formed part of a trio which won Lord Londesborough's Cup, at Market Weighton, which Mr. Borton has carried off twice; in fact, on the only occasions that he tried for it. Mr. Jordan took this ram twice at 30 guineas and 40 guineas, then he stayed two seasons in Cornwall with Mr. Tremayne, at 40*l.*, and Mr. Hendy at 35 guineas, and has been used at home for two seasons. His own brother, Blair Athol, began well by beating forty-two shearlings at Plymouth Royal, and since then he has been principally let, and won his prizes in Mr. Hutchinson of Catterick's hands. Mr. Borton may well say, that the fusion of Sledmere and Owston blood on Dowker, has been his mainstay. His Sir Tatton by Sledmere, from Eddlethorpe ewe, and bred by the late Sir Tatton Sykes, was also a good sheep, and won at the Yorkshire Show at York in '66; and Black Eye by Ebor (another York winner), from a Sanday ewe was his champion at the Newcastle Royal. So far Mr. Borton has sold and let rams as high as 40 guineas, and given Mr. Sanday 60 guineas for a hire. The ewe flock generally ranges from 150 to 170 in number, and upwards of 50 rams are let annually, at an average of 12 to 15 guineas. In some years it has been as high as 16*l.* Customers come principally from Yorkshire, Notts, Devonshire, and Ireland. Mr. Foljambe hired rams from him in 1866-67, and the first Yorkshire shearling was to have gone to Osberton in 1868, but he unfortunately died when he was being prepared for the Scarborough Show, and Mr. Borton stood first and second in the class without him. His death was quite unaccountable, except it was from high feeding, as he was found to weigh 42lbs. per quarter. Mr. Borton has also a good selling trade, and sent four rams in 1868 to Prussia. At the Manchester Royal meeting in 1869, he won a first, second and third for rams, and a third for gimmers; and at the Yorkshire (Beverley) two firsts, two seconds, and a third for rams, and a first for gimmers.

well, but no mangel is grown, as Mr. Borton does not admire it for sheep food. The little show meadow is just behind the house, but it looked dreary to what it did when we visited it the year before and found the hirers round the pens, the union jack flying on the refreshment-booth, and Mr. I'Anson in his green and yellow cravat, and with "a correct card" of the sheep to be let in his hand, gravely examining Blair Athol. The old ram, however, was here again by the side of Sir Tatton Sykes, and so were the Royal and the Yorkshire sheep, with the twins Blue Cap and Blue Face, the first and second at Scarboro', while Bridlington was on the broken-down list. The fifteen-year-old ewe, which we had seen such a perfect skeleton, and taking her grass on her knees, had joined old Sledmere in the Happy Pastures, and the capital second pen of Royal gimmers will be lucky if they can earn such a character as this "Belgravian mother of the flock."

CHAPTER IX.

"I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country Squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation, men of good heads and sound bodies, and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention foxhunters with so little respect."—*Spectator.*

The late Sir Tatton Sykes—Life at Sledmere—Old Bob Ramsden—Market Weighton Trotters—A visit to Givendale—The late Mr. Etty, R.A.—A Morning on Langton Wold—Blair Athol.

"TWO hands across the breast, and labour is done," was a thought which Yorkshire seemed to put far from it in connexion with Sir Tatton. "Grandfather Whitehead" vowed that his heart was as young and his step as firm as when he was twenty-five; and when a third generation beheld his vigorous old age,

they were half tempted to believe that his rapier had done good service for the cavaliers at Marston Moor, and that the oak tree for his coffin was a sapling yet. The reverence felt for him in Yorkshire was akin to idolatry. To see him riding out of the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, which then numbered with its rider 108 years, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, and returning the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half-whispered "*God bless him! how hearty he is—he'll put in for a hundred,*" read to us like a chapter out of the *Spectator*.

"*How's Sir Tatton looking?*" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting came round. Strangers might well descend from the Grand Stand as soon as he had been pointed out to them at his wonted place by the rails, and make a series of mysterious gyrations round him, in order to do full justice to the assurance, "*You'll never see such a man again.*" Then they would hear the regular string of anecdotes which have long been told of him by the woldsmen's firesides—how he had seen every St. Leger but Charles XII.'s since he was fourteen—how he nearly missed Blacklock's by riding 720 miles to "cannie Aberdeen" for a mount on Kutusoff, with only a clean shirt and a razor for his baggage—how he rose with the lark and slashed his own hedges, and how bluff Jack Shirley, the huntsman, complimented him upon the excellence of his work, near the Eddlethorpe kennels, before he guessed who "my old gentleman" was—how he helped to dig the big pond in his park—how deftly he could rebuke forwardness in the field or on the carpet, or give the retort courteous to a bizarre politician—how he often walked by the side of his young horses to and from the Marshes, and drove his first lot of Leicester ewes a three days' journey from Lincoln to Barton Ferry—how "Gentleman Jackson" and Jem Belcher had taught him their best

hits, and to "clear a lane of such men" as once chose to measure the gentleness of his fist by his voice, and insult him at a wayside inn—and how he had consistently nurtured himself on these deeds of daring on ale and apple-pie.

Time had taken off nearly all his old acquaintances, except Mr. Bethell of Rise, who was three months older; but it never made him faithless to the old garb of Yorkshire—the long straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the expansive umbrella, the drab breeches, and the mahogany tops, which were quite as much part and parcel of the constitution as "Old Glory's." Both in dress and manner he was one of those few men, who, like Charles Davis and Tom Sebright, had such a stamped individuality that you feel that the mould must have been broken. He had been fashioned in stirring times, and there was not the faintest analogy to him in life or book. He could almost recollect the Declaration of Independence, and he had got one glimpse of Doctor Johnson, after much judicious perseverance, with his brothers Mark and Christopher, the latter of whom bred Fleur de Lis.

He first longed to "take silk" himself after watching the Kavesmire running from a stile with his brothers, when they were all three under a tutor at Bishopthorpe. When he had risen to the dignity of an "Old Westminster," he spent some terms at Brazenose, and then, during a short clerkship with Messrs. Atkinson and Farrer, he listened to the awful accents of Lord Thurlow in the Chancery Courts, or haunted Westminster Hall when Erskine was in his zenith, and the four judges who were destined for "the golden time" of the King's Bench were still at the outer bar. These days must have been very happy ones, varied as they were by a couple of Derbies (a race which he never saw after '92), and visits to Ranelagh and the Five Courts. His recollections of them lent a strong

tincture to his conversation with those who cared more for the ermined Daniels of the past than the dark chestnut ones of the present, and invariably led on over a bottle of claret to the "Chameleon coach," the "Delpini colt," of the Grand Jury, and his other assize tales of York.*

His banking probation at Hull dwelt less by him, except in connexion with his first essays at sheep-breeding, but a tradition still lingers there as to how he astonished his townsmen by leaving his lodgings in Dagger-lane on a Saturday afternoon, walking the thirty-two miles to Sledmere to spend the Sunday, and appearing by the same conveyance all fresh for the bank business on Monday morning. He was well built for the task, as five feet eleven by eleven stone five "would about fetch him." His forty seasons as master of foxhounds began some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy, and from 1823, the year after his marriage, his Sledmere life had flowed on in one almost unvaried round. "Statesmen might howl, and patriots bray," but *he* did not care to be one of "the faithful Commons" for the privilege of hearing them. His friend, Sir George, could tell him all about them when he came down in August; and, as for eloquence, his quotation from Mr. Jorrocks of "*Muck's your man*," could bring down far heartier cheers at a Malton or Driffield agricultural dinner than any which were echoed back from the panels of St. Stephen's. His honest old Church and King creed found its best public vent in building and endowing schools and churches. Peel, Derby, and Palmerston might go out, but Snarry's Cabinet, with the tally-board of the yearling marks for its portfolio, and Cragg's Flat as its Downing-street, was perfectly immortal. Besides occasional fairs and horse-shows, there was the annual

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* See "Scott and Sebright," pp. 9-14 and 131-142.

ride with Tom Carter his huntsman ;* the Leicestershire ram-lettings ; the three visits to York and Doncaster races ; and then, at the fall of the leaf, his friends in Holderness knew that he would be there to an hour to sell his bullocks, and marshal his young horses on the marshes, and meet the old party once more. Her ladyship might go to London for the season, but he was not to be tempted away from Sledmere when the spring grass was bringing out "the Buckley legs of mutton" in the lambs, and the yearlings were fast coming to hand for York.

There was no spot more fitted by nature for this pleasant pastoral of the Wolds. The inscription on the pillared fountain by the road-side bore testimony to what his father Sir Christopher had done in reclaiming those primitive hunting-grounds of Squire Draper of Beswick and his daughter Di ; and for forty years Sir Tatton had followed steadily in his track, with his hedges, farm-buildings, ponds, and planting. Now, not one stone is left upon another of Falconer's Hall, and if Sans Quartier—that Nana Sahib of falcons—could be unhooded among the partridges, he would not know his old haunts again, and career over the enclosures far away from his lure. You wend your four miles from Fimber station to Sledmere, past rich wheat or turnip crops, or down an ever-winding ashen glade. The gallop at Marramat, over which "the long, thin, and lazy lad" from Newmarket—*alias* the redoubtable Sam Chifney—used to give Sir Mark's horses their breathers in Searle's day, is quite hid ; and it takes all Snarry's eloquence to convince you, as you look from the Castle Field, that Tibthorpe Farm was once only a breezy wold, and "a good bit of Boddle a rabbit-warren." Sledmere lies deeply embosomed in woods, with its church scarcely a bow-

* See "Scott and Sebright," p. 325.

shot from the house. No frowning fence severs the living from the dead :—

> "Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
> Is marked by no distinguishable line,"

and the lawn seems gradually to ripple off into grassy hillocks, 'neath the yew and the silver fir. Many a stone can tell of family-servants grown hoary, and gone to their rest. A simple cross is there, not to mark a sleeper, but "to preserve in his native village" the memory of a Sledmere soldier-lad who fell in the Crimea; and among them, on the north side of the chancel—shared with one who spent nearly forty years in works of good at his side—is the grave of Sir Tatton.

The park vista, from the front door away to the Castle Field woods, presented an ever varying group of mares and foals; but among them, day after day, as two o'clock draws near, there is no longer the well-known figure on the black, and latterly the dark chestnut, and Snarry, in his snow-white jacket, as interpreter to a small troop of friends on foot or horseback, who have "come to look round." Now they would be scanning a short-legged chestnut Hampton, or a bigger white-legged one by Pyrrhus, such as only the King of Italy could tempt from those pastures; then a brown, thick-set Caster; a smart chestnut, whose dark mahogany hue and tail-crest "testify of Daniel;" and bays and browns by Sleight-of-Hand, of which Snarry observes, in an almost defiant tone, "*We can challenge any stud in England with our Sleight-of-Hand mares. Bring what they like, we'll meet them!*" There, too, "giving colour" to the landscape, are a few White Stumps mares, the last of their clan, and emblems of a time when Delpini and Sir Mark's Camillus made the Yorkshire greys such effective place-getters. Still, of all his greys, Sir Tatton liked a Smolensko mare best—the Stumps necks did

not quite please him, as "they are like the old horse's, a trifle the wrong way up."

Nearly every great sire of England has left some mark by proxy at Sledmere, on a Comus or Camillus foundation. Whalebone made his with Stumps, the first that Sir Tatton ever bought, Sultan with Hampton, Pantaloon with Sleight-of-Hand and The Libel, Defence with Pyrrhus, Touchstone with Rifleman, Bay Middleton with Andover, Venison with Fernhill, Emilius with Mathematician, Birdcatcher with Daniel and Womersley, Lanercost with Colsterdale, and Blacklock, whose sire Whitelock was owned by Sir Mark, with his great-grandson Fandango. Sir Tatton sold a few draught mares, with Wicket among them, to the Rawcliffe stud, when it began operations, and it was well for it that he did not like Newminster's slow paces, and declined him; though he did homage to his after-prowess by going out of his course to buy one of his fillies. There were, we believe, about 120 brood mares, but several were not put to, and what with other casualties, about 66 foals was the largest return to Weatherby. How Snarry knew them all so accurately, and talked like a book of their breed (and always in italics when they were of "the Darling or Daniel sort"), puzzled wiser heads than ours. Amati's dam was the queen in point of success, cross her as you might, as Gorsehill and Elcho followed "the fiddle-maker;" and she had a chesnut, Marquis of Bowmont by "Daniel," almost as elegant a little fellow as Elcho, whose skeleton has been preserved as a model by the Royal Veterinary College. In fact, we scarcely remember an odd-looking horse at Sledmere, except one of the 170 Daniels, and he seemed to have strained back to a Flemish stock. It was a puzzle why The Libel (the maternal grandsire of St. Albans) should ever have been there, as he was so far above the fifteen-two standard, but he was bought without being seen, and then scarcely used. Mathe-

matician was not long in residence, and then only because Mr. Drinkald, a great customer for yearlings, to the extent of five or six at a time, begged so hard. He had only two or three mares, but he begot the dam of Lecturer. Cervantes always got a good word, as it was from a mare by him that the brothers Grey Momus and Grey Milton, the 500-guinea yearling and foal, sprang; and it was his great-grandson which called forth Sir Tatton's reply to congratulations after his win at Doncaster, "*Well, sir, it is worth one's while to breed an honest Lawyer.*" Old Comus filled the paddocks with white-legged chestnuts, which the cross with Camillus changed to grey; and, like Hampton and Womersley, his blood nicked right well with Sleight-of-Hand. Daniel suited the Hampton mares, but a "Sleight" cross put more substance on his foals.

It was something for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby, and Lecturer, to say nothing of several smaller winners; and he used to observe that if he could never breed a St. Leger winner, he got nearer the Derby each time, with Grey Momus and Black Tommy. His best sale was in 1861, when Brother to Gaspard headed the poll at 500 guineas, and five by Rifleman and Daniel averaged 386 guineas. Some of his sires he thought beyond their market-price, but he invariably sold them and all his horse-flesh remarkably well. He would only part with the "thin end of the yearling fillies," and thus the sires had little more than half a chance. We often thought, as we looked at those mares, which had never heard the roar of the Stand, or done a day's work in their lives, that perchance a Queen of Trumps or an Ellerdale might be blushing unseen, and wasting her sweetness in merely throwing fillies to wander on seeds, till they were at matron's estate in their turn. Ellerdale was a mare to whom Sir Tatton always hung, as she seldom failed to run well over York and Doncaster, and hence he

did not grudge thirteen hundred for her own brother, Colsterdale. His original intention was to buy her half-brother, Loup-Garou, and he went to Cawston paddocks to look at him, but thought him too light below the knee. In his judgment of horses Sir Tatton was very much what Jem Hills was in hounds—he did not want them large and showy, but they must be thoroughly active and workmanlike. He was asked to form one of the bench at Middlesboro', but he declined on account of his failing sight, and speaking from what he remembered of the horses from time to time, we gleaned that Saunterer, although rather light-boned, was more after his own heart than any of the cracks in that ring. For Kingston he had a great fancy, and if Mr. Blenkiron had not got the first refusal, he would have given 3000*l.* for him.

His opinions were invariably given in the most gentle way, and prefaced with "*I may be wrong, sir.*" Unlike Mr. Bates, he was a listener rather than an expounder in his pastures. He loved to get the best judges in Yorkshire and the racing world there, and to hear their judgments (which he never forgot) on the yearlings, as they were brought out one by one, and perhaps called for again, and compared in couples, Snarry always putting in a good word for a Daniel, more especially when Fandango began to "starve" him. Sometimes Sir Tatton would move an adjournment of "the taste committee" to the road, and the wayfarer, who had doubtless just passed some four-year-olds in the breaking bits, under Grayson's charge, would suddenly find himself pulling up close to a laurel hedge, to let a couple of young rivals, Rifleman and Daniel, swing past him at full trot. Perhaps Ben Morgan (a great favourite with the baronet) and the hounds would call at this juncture, and hound shows would be talked over while the ale was sent for to the court-yard, and Ben would call up Warrener and his lovely Languish to give an account of themselves, and

the way they had dropped on to Tom Sebright at The Cleveland Hound Show.

Then, if the party were so inclined, the grand circuit of the mares began—Diall's Field, Swale's Wold, Cottage Pasture, Cherry Wood End, Cragg's Flat, Castle Field, King's Field, and so home by the Park, to Daniel's Paddock. One canter round it, with his flag flying, just to show his muscle, was a ceremony the chestnut never omitted; and after that he stood nibbling at his old master's stick, or letting him pass his hand admiringly down his back, which was "cloven like a ram's." Rifleman omitted the gallop, and was quiet as a sheep throughout, but Snarry had some sharp admonitions for Colsterdale (who was always tearing at his irritable silky skin), when his half-playful, half-mischievous "dot and go one" began, and there was never any love lost between them from the first. Fandango we never saw in a paddock; but we remember well Dick Stockdale's beaming face, when he begged Sir Tatton to send him to Driffield Show, and how with that point of the right forefinger, which he often adopted when he was making a jocular hit, while his face mantled with a hearty but noiseless laugh, the baronet slyly intimated that he dare not meet Maroon. Then Dick, who hadn't cared much for shows since his horse was "put aside" at Lincoln, said that he wouldn't send Maroon, and offered to lead Fandango with his own fair hands into the ring, and Sir Tatton rejoined that it "certainly was a temptation," and so they had their laugh out.* Mr. Blenk-

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* Dick Stockdale met with his death by a fall from his pony (which brought on apoplexy), within 100 yards of his own stable at Skerne. He was, in fact, just concluding his last round of the season with Walkington. His stallion and colt lore was immense, beginning generally with Tramp, and so through Brutandorf, Melbourne, St. Bennett, and Robinson, down to Maroon. He began life with Mr. Whiting of Leven, near Beverley, who had the first two horses, and he once acted as his foreman on the farm as well. As a stacker and thatcher he could give

iron intended at one time to bid for Fandango, but he saw that Sir Tatton was set upon the bay, and he did not open his mouth. Such was the old baronet's desire to have him, that he bid 3100, and forgot, till Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him, that he had made the last bid as well, at 3000. On receiving this hint, he merely pulled out his watch: "*Well, sir, it's nearly time for the first race, you'd better knock him down;*" and a very dear bargain he proved.

He was perhaps never in higher spirits than when he had "Mr. William" from Woodyeates as the companion of his paddock strolls, as that "young man

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weight to most of them. Brutandorf filled the country with hunters, many of which were esteemed quite Gaylads if they had been trained; but still he was not *the* horse of Dick's heart. Dick's stories had invariably a Maroon moral, and were full of deep warning about men who had spoken lightly of him or his stock, and endured unspeakable anguish and loss of fortune in consequence. When the praises of some of Maroon's rivals were often slyly uttered in his guardian's presence—say, on the Driffield platform, to which his portly frame was quite an appendage, he never would stand it, and his standing retort was, that "*They had brok two men, and made another hang hisself.*" He was in a strange state of delight when Mr. Philipps gave him the horse, and he gave himself seisin with a most affectionate dig in the crimson bay's ribs and a second corn supper. In that moment of triumph he quite forgot all the bitter associations of the Lincoln Royal, when he was tempted across the Humber to be told that he might go back to his shed, and retired not with "a conquering hero step," but in a walking swoon, only to see the card of victory over "*that thing Loutherbourg.*" He seemed to be ever on the move after a foal or a trotting horse, or doing something in obedience to "a letter from the Captain," and we liked well to see him come bustling down Beverley to keep an early appointment at the Rose and Crown, looking like a jolly Triton just emerged from Spurn Head. An "At Home" with Dick at Skerne was also a marvellous sight—out-of-doors when he had Maroon up for a lecture on the knoll; inside when he was helping with the frying-pan, and beaming over our recital of Sir Tatton's prophecy, "*Mr. Stockdale will give you some excellent ham for breakfast to-morrow.*"

When the news did come that some of the Maroon colts had been sold into the Royal stables, one might have supposed that he expected a summons to court, and a knighthood when he got there. August and September were very happy months to him among the horse and foal shows; but he was not thought a particularly good judge of horses. Foals were more his forte, and he read their horoscopes well. The

from the country" always meant business, and generally arrived on the quiet after a good trial to look for some more of the sort. It was he who made the great hit for Womersley, when in 1855, the first year that Sir Tatton sold his yearlings at York, four, with St. Giles among them, returned without a bid, and he took them at sixty all round. He then tried some Womersley fillies; but they did no good, and were sent back to Sledmere.

Lord George Bentinck was once at Sledmere, but his lordship did nothing particular but pursue his pet system of rattling his hat to make the yearlings gallop

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judges often went to have a little chaff with him, and ask him what the people were saying, and of course Dick laid bare his own feelings in the matter, and fathered them most liberally on to "They say." At Northallerton, where he led General Williams into the ring, "by special request," he informed them that he "*he heard a man say, and a varra good judge too, that you ought all to be hung.*" Latterly, he was more of a spectator, except at foal shows. He got stout, and he couldn't run much, and he didn't care to strip off his coat and go at it like "Franky" (though he was quite open to a running match with him) for the special amusement of the outsiders. He loitered about generally at one corner of the ring, putting his lip down (which he always did, like Tom Sebright, when he was going to have a sly dig), wagging his head slightly, and giving his friends such a grip of the hand when he met them. When he was chaffed about his picture in "Silk and Scarlet," he always said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott had got him in at Whitewall specially to compare its lineaments with the original, and that "*they didn't think it half handsome enough.*"

A day at Sir Tatton's once a year, if he could manage it, was a great point with him. Dick at lunch with Sir Tatton in the dining-room at Sledmere, with one glass of ale in him, was a sight for men and gods, as his host kept poking him up about Maroon and divers incidents in his travels. Every little shot told, as Sir Tatton knew everything going; but Dick only replied, with a most jolly continuous grin, and went on to glass No. 2, to show Sir Tatton that he did not acquiesce in his remark, "*You live so well at Driffield you all get the gout.*" The bye-play between them was quite a bit of rich genuine Yorkshire comedy. Dick's retort that Maroon had only one fault, being "*a little over-big for Sir Tatton Sykes,*" delighted the old baronet amazingly by its felicity and neatness; but, generally, it was more the way he said things than the things he said which distinguished him as a character. nothing but the East Riding country could have produced two men so different, and yet so united in their horse-love.

in the paddocks, so as to find out whether they were roarers. "*Send me all the Grey Momus family, Sir Tatton,*" were his words when the grey turned out so well, but he tired of them when Grey Milton disappointed him so sorely. While the grey was in his zenith his lordship extended his love to everything of Comus blood, and gave Sir Tatton 750 guineas for three young hunters unbroken. Of Grey Momus he was wont to say that "nothing put him amiss; he was equally fit for a harness horse, hunter, or racer—his only fault was not winning the Derby." The Sledmere mares did not average above fifteen-one-and-a-half, and many of them looked mere ponies in the stable. They had been so little handled that they were very nervous about having their heads touched, and several, we are told, died from their own violence in the stable, when they left Sledmere. They were in fact pure children of the prairie.

There were too many of them, and hence no stud lived so hard out of doors. When grass was very scarce they had hay, varied at times by oats and chopped straw. Only two sets of twins were reared, and yet the Sir Hercules mare, which suckled her own, was not allowed any corn, and was put in Mr. Hill's field that they might not favour her. Instead of reducing, Sir Tatton kept increasing his stock of brood mares; and unaccountable as it might seem, while he had some 320 head of horse stock, including hacks, in his stables and his paddocks, he would never keep a pair of carriage horses, but hired post-horses from Malton, and latterly the Sledmere Inn. At first he did not give a long price for his stallions, and Hampton and Sleight-of-Hand only cost him about 300*l.* each. Hampton, after whom the Home Paddock was called "Hampton Court," left something more than his name on the shed. He was rather undersized, but he got his stock full of quality. The paddock, into which you might see

Snarry and his assistants drive a herd of twenty or thirty mares to be tried on a spring morning, by Colsterdale or Fandango, might well bear his name as "he was the first one to call our own," as Snarry has it. Stumps was also one of its tenants, and so were Spotted Boy, Comus ("a great horse with us once on a time"), Spencer, own-brother to Green Mantle, Rifleman, and lastly Colsterdale. Sir Tatton delighted in Andover, whose walk and trot were as taking as his gallop, but he never "let down" or furnished, and he was also a little too near of kin to the Hampton mares. He was bought for 1450*l.* and sold for 2000*l.*, while Rifleman came at the latter sum and departed, after two years of good service, at a 500*l.* advance. "A good joke was Daniel—what a flying leap he took in Hampton Paddock" is a great saying of Snarry's, who never had so much sympathy with, or talked so confidentially to any one of the sires as he did to him. His price was 800*l.* and he made it over again at the end of seven seasons. Sir Tatton's last yearling average was 131 guineas for thirteen, none of which fetched more than 350 guineas, and the 310 lots at the sale made (58 foals inclusive) 24,571 guineas.* Among the latter was Lecturer at the foot of Algebra, and the pair fell to the Hon. C. W. Fitzwilliam for 70 guineas. A Fandango yearling from Monge's dam developed most remarkable trotting power one morning in the paddocks when he got separated from his mate. The late Mr. Crisp must have got the office from some one, as he bought him for 140 guineas, and he beat the Norfolk trotters at the County Show of '68. Cousin Bet with her Blair Athol colt, Glenalmond, at her foot made 1000 guineas at York, and the colt as a year-

* The highest priced brood mare (Sister to The Lawyer), yearling, two-year-old, three-year-old, and four-year-old made 260 guineas, 165 guineas, 135 guineas, 135 guineas, and 150 guineas respectively.

ling cleared the purchase money at Doncaster, and Mr. Blenkiron averaged in 1866-67, exactly 1312½ guineas for yearlings from Gaspard's and Elcho's dams. People said that the old blood would come out, and Lord Berners and Mr. Borton have won with a strong stain of it at the Royal, the Yorkshire, and the Smithfield Club.

In his dining room, his own presentation picture by Sir Francis Grant had the post of honour; and it often elicited the story of how he rode the little chestnut to London, and how Sir Francis shared a bottle of pale ale with him by way of "improving my complexion" for the picture. Mr. Morrell rested on the floor below, with Mr. R. Duckfield Astley and his harriers. King Cob the greyhound, Grey Momus, Bay Middleton, and Pyrrhus the First formed the rest of this curious collection, along with a hunting print, in which old Will Carter, who never would wear a hat or carry a horn, is getting away from cover on the blood chestnut Anna Maria. Yorkshiremen sometimes wondered that Lottery had not found admission, but Sir Tatton gave a very good reason for it, that he had sent eleven mares to him one season and only had one foal.

The picture of the two Sir Tatton Sykes's, horse and man, which hung on the staircase gallery, would lead on to the tale of his visit to Mr. Herring, and his grotesque reception. The servant-girl could not speak when she opened the door, but shrieked with laughter for a minute or two, and then ran to her master's studio. There she did no better, and could only sit in a chair and gasp out, "*The old gentleman with the stick*," and then "off again" like a woman bewitched, till Mr. Herring, finding that she would not "rise to explain," went to the door himself. The girl had evidently paused amid her sweeping labours, and conned over the likeness of "the old gentleman" at the head of the horse Sir Tatton Sykes, and the see-

ing it suddenly embodied in flesh and blood had quite overcome her. Sir Tatton was peculiarly tenacious of old friendships, and kept them in constant repair, and he would just as soon have thought of omitting this Camberwell visit to the great "Master of the Horse," or his Christmas present of game to Sam Day and other old racing friends, as he would have left York races without calling on Mr. Kirby, when he saw him under the portico of the Stand no more. He often reminded Mr. Gully that they were born on the same day, "but eleven years apart, Sir Tatton," as "King John" used to reply; and as for Mr. Joe Whittaker's buff-waistcoat, he thought that he had known it at Doncaster as long as the Stand itself. Since his eyesight became worse, he did not photograph so well, and his face seemed to fall away.

The last he sat, or rather stood for, was that small group of himself, Sir George Cholmley, and Snarry looking at Fandango, in "Scott and Sebright." The sight of one eye was quite gone for some years before his death; but impaired as the other was, it grew no worse. Mr. Phillips thought it too acute on that memorable day of '62, when he arrived with Prince Carignan and Count Cigala (who bore the King of Italy's likeness as a present from His Majesty), and found himself dropped upon in the treasonable act of slipping a little water into the ale, in which the health of the King's second batch of purchases was to be drunk. The King got six Pyrrhus mares among his eight, and a hamper of that Sledmere ale, whose potency his London commissioner had so much dreaded, accompanied the second lot.

It was Sir Tatton's habit to get up at half-past five in the winter, shave himself in cold water, and wash his head. He would then go into the library, on the side of the house looking out into the park, and walk in his dressing-gown, slippers, and breeches. The library is ninety feet in length, and he used to

calculate how many miles he walked by filling his pocket with silver, and depositing a piece of it on a table at one end every time he had finished the return journey. Sometimes the ultimate array of monitors would speak to a strong four-mile exercise before breakfast. For three years previous to his death he was seldom up before six, and latterly seven o'clock, and ere he was eighty he gave up his early rides to Garton, Kirby, and Wetwang. When he took them he was always back to an eight o'clock breakfast, and a basin of milk with apple or gooseberry tart was his delight. Bread he rarely touched, and he took tea occasionally, but the only meat he really cared for was a very fat shoulder of mutton. He always ate a great deal of fat, but he and it did not "assimilate," as Liebig could have wished, and he never grew fat, and at no time of his life could he do more than just turn the beam at 12st. Vegetables he cared very little for, and eggs and puddings were equally in the cold shade with him. For many years he only ate breakfast and dinner, and although he had friends almost every day to luncheon, he seldom took anything up to his six o'clock dinner except a glass of wine. The greater part of his days were spent with Snarry in the paddock or with his shepherd. He sat reading in his private room, which had pictures of almost every Yorkshire and world-wide sporting celebrity on its walls, while three photographs of Tom Sayers in fighting costume hung in his dressing-room. He had been introduced to Tom and shaken hands with him most cordially at Doncaster. Nat Langham saw the ring which the spectators formed, and subsequently seeking out Sir Tatton at his wonted place near the judge's chair, he informed him that he was the only man that ever beat Tom. "*Well then, sir,*" said Sir Tatton, putting out his hand instantly, "*I shall have the honour of shaking hands with two brave men.*" It was quite a point with him to see the

champion of the year, and Jem Mace came in for a congratulation, but he only looked at "The Staley-bridge Infant." We, however, never remember him asking us so earnestly to try and point any one out to him as Sir Joseph Hawley, whom he looked upon as quite the Turf hero of the day.

He prided himself not a little on his field ponds, at which he often laboured hard with his coat off. Their formation was on this wise. A thin half-inch layer of lime was laid down to prevent the worm from getting through, and upon this was put a four-inch layer of clay puddled to the consistency of paste. This was limed again and the whole formed a surface as impervious as pot. A thin covering of straw was then put to prevent the stones, which he would often break himself, from perforating the clay, and upon that a layer of three-inch stones to prevent the beasts from slipping when they came to the water. When there was no vein of clay on the farm, supplies had to be sought from some of those dun and drab egg-shaped pockets of Kimmeridge, which crop out among the chalk strata. Sir Tatton was also fond of road-making, and he would take a turn with the turnip hoers if there was nothing special going on at the paddocks that morning.

Of the weight of a beast he was an excellent judge, but, unlike the present baronet, he took no interest in pedigreed stock. It was his invariable custom to attend Malton Michaelmas Fair and buy twenty or thirty West Highland stirks for the park, where they ran their first winter and were finished off in the smaller pastures. Agricultural shows were not much in his way, but he never missed going to see the hunter show at Driffield, where he stood, in the centre of the ring with the judges. The Yorkshire Show very seldom tempted him out for the day, but he could not resist a visit to the York Royal, and dined and spoke at the banquet.

Leicester sheep were his delight, and he would keep at least twenty score of ewes. He let from 100 to 110 rams annually to ram breeders and tenants, and liked a small, compact sheep as the most thrifty for Wold purposes. Mr. Hall of Scorbro' generally gave the highest price (which never exceeded 30*l.*) for a ram at his letting, and took from one to three every year. Fat lambs Sir Tatton never would sell, and latterly he only gave his wethers one winter on turnips. Buckley, Burgess, and Stone had laid the corner-stone of his flock, but for nearly twenty years he had used no rams save his own. His sheep had grass, turnips, and hay, but they were as ignorant of cake and peas as the "Welshmen" on Snowdon. For early sheep-feeding, he more especially preferred White Stone Globe, and he finished up with Swedes. It was his rule never to sow mangolds and turnips before the first of June, as he did not consider that the land had absorbed sufficient heat. Cabbage he tried once, but gave it up; he only grew potatoes for home consumption, and oats while he had hunters and hounds to eat it. Bones were a great point with him; he first introduced them at Pockthorpe, and broke them up to half-an-inch with hammers.

The Wolds are essentially a sheep district, and horse-breeding has not been found to answer so well as in Holderness. Hence, Sir Tatton always held thirty-five acres of marsh land at his Ryehill estate, and made a practice of going down there once a year with his three and four-year-old hunter colts. The yearling and two-year-old colts he put out on seeds along with the fillies which joined the stud at four years old. The tenth of May was "Marsh Morning," and soon after four o'clock Sir Tatton on his hack would head the cavalcade. He had generally three or four men with him to drive and help at the bye-lanes and corners. When he kept hounds, his hunters had three and a half months of this Marsh life, and

came back early in September, as soon as the ramletting was over. Tom Carter looked to them, but the younger ones were brought back into residence at Sledmere by Sir Tatton himself, when he paid his second visit to Holderness in October, and stayed two or three days with his tenant Mr. Dickenson, of Humbleton Hall.

There were no degrees in his courtesy; and it is rarely that such guileless simplicity of heart is united to such a keen intuitive perception of men, and a power of taking their measure. There was always the right word for them in the right place, to check or encourage; he was quite as patient a listener as he was a race-rider, and liked to answer questions; and if they left him without twenty curious scraps of knowledge, quite unconnected with Kutusoff, "Split Post Douglas," or the Beverley Club, they had only themselves to blame. "Mr. Argus," as he always termed him, when they met, was his great racing writer, and he loved dearly to have his feuilletons read to him, and to see him at Sledmere in person on his last grand field-day there with John Scott. Cows he did not care about, but sheep would soon bring out the story of Ajax, and the day when he would not let Mr. Sanday's father pick his first lot of ewes, and then found his mistake in going for all the most transparent ears. He preferred sheep of a smaller size than the Wold farmers liked, and his belief that they were more thrifty was so rooted, that he would not alter the style, and declared that he could build one of the modern Leicesters out of a fleece and a rail.

Then he would turn to hounds and those "Sykes Goneaway" days, when he hunted all the York country from Spurn Point to Coxwold, and when the York Wednesday generally found them leaving off about forty miles from home. As the years of Sir Tatton and Tom lengthened, their hunting days grew shorter, and there was often time left for a little hedge-

slashing in the afternoon. Sir Tatton was always a quiet rider, as some men count riding, and if he liked to see Bill Scott on Ainderby and the rest go along, he never cared more than once to try and follow "that terrible man, Mr. Ridsdale." A few years before his death he appeared at the cover side in a new scarlet coat, and when he was warmly congratulated on the omen, he replied that he was wearing it strictly under protest from her ladyship, who thought him too old to kill foxes.

For hunting he never really cared, and although very cool and a capital judge of pace, he rode too long to finish well on the flat. The "orange body and purple satin sleeves and cap" have been in abeyance since he wore them at Beverley. He liked best schooling a young horse, and never was man more patient and gentle with them. His best young one was generally chosen for the Leicestershire ram journeys, and then most of his day's ride was done, when other people were in their beds. He never failed to get off and lead in his horse for the last mile. A great hunting maxim of his was "Give your servants good horses, and they wont abuse them." Eight or nine years before his death he gave up going to Leicestershire, and in fact he did not care for the journey after his old huntsman Tom Carter died. He really received his own death-stroke two years before his death. The road between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt sleeves at breaking stones. "Richard" took him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and he went out of the sun, and sat down on a tree root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep: and the draught brought on a chill which he never got over.

When Tom died, his master was no longer seen coming, all dusty, down Hall Gate on the Doncaster Monday, from a twelve hours' ride by Booth Ferry, but he quietly adopted the rail. In fact, he had no

querulous sighings after old times, and was content to enjoy the good of the present without comparing it with the past. At the death of the cowkeeper, where he put up for forty years, he moved to Bennithorpe, and lodged during the meeting with Sir George Cholmley* and his son. About half-past ten the three would be seen coming over the Hall Cross hill to the sale-rings; and there Sir Tatton stood on Mr. Tattersall's left, with his faithful "Richard" at hand to note the prices for him. The crack men would always have a word and a joke with him: he said that Captain White's cheery laugh did him as much good as anything in the whole year; and Mr. Greville and all of them drew up, when it oozed out

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* Sir George Cholmley divides his "Cholmley chestnuts" between Boynton, Howsham, and Newton. Hubert's paddocks are at the first-named place, and Angelus is the guardian angel of the last. For many years Sir George did not keep a sire, but used Sir Tatton's. When they were at Doncaster together one year, Sir George recommended Womersley to his old friend, and hence that Irish Birdcatcher chestnut went to Sledmere for a season. Codrington (who got his stock with rare shoulders and pretty little heads) was by him, and was one of those which William Day passed over, when he had his choice of "all the sort." Sir George declared that he had passed the best, and offered 40 guineas to have his pick of the draft. Codrington lamed himself off a mare, and was ultimately sold to Vienna. Record by Emilius was another purchase; and Orpheus, who is still on the Wolds at Kilham, cost 40 guineas at Tattersall's. Angelus was by him from Nutmeg, a Nassau Stakes winner of Lord Exeter's, which was purchased at Doncaster. He ran five times as a two-year-old, and was second to Little Stag at Beverley. At one time he was rather talked of for the St. Leger; but he was a large, fat colt, and therefore excessively difficult to prepare. Sir George has about twenty thorough-bred and ten half-bred mares; and winners of the Great National Steeplechase and Hunters Stakes are his specialty. The park seems full of matrons with chestnut Angelus and brown Hubert foals. Among the mares we note Barnacles, the dam of Highflyer the steeple-chaser; Whitefeet of the Hexgrave family; Miss Taylor by Orpheus, the dam of Belinda; and Hexgrave's dam, a Sleight-of-Hand mare, with white spots round the eyes. There are three cups at Newton, won respectively by Adonis, The Don, and Peep o' Day Boy; and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Boynton, and Mr. Spence have been in the "black-yellow sleeves and black cap."

Angelus has won three Yorkshire prizes in succession, and during

that he might, perhaps, go to the three thousand reserve for Fandango. With an endurance absolutely miraculous for a man of his years, he used to stand each day at the sales and races for nearly seven hours on a stretch, and shook hands with scores of people who claimed acquaintance, and whom, he said, he had never seen to his knowledge. However, he had a good-humoured word for each; and no one was more ready. The card and list women always lay in wait for him; and the colloquies between them, all claiming a vested interest in his custom, and appealing to him if it wasn't so, must have cost him many an extra shilling to settle amicably when "*you ladies are so very quarrelsome!*"

1868 with the Royal in aid, he made 140 guineas in the show-yards. Bob Brignall was in great force as he opened door after door, and told his chestnuts' story. There stood the five-year-old Julius, who never ran, but won in shows; and Belinda, a small Orpheus hack, which has won as a lady's horse both at Wetherby and Scarborough and London; but Don John was the crack of the stable. His head is a little plain, but his quarters are beautiful, and taking him throughout, we have seen few three-year-old hunters like him. As a four-year-old, he beat the almost invincible Topstall and all the hunters in the yard for the Royal Gold Medal at Manchester. He is by Angelus, from Whitefeet by Codrington. Emperor's dam was purchased from Mr. Anne without a pedigree. Emperor IV. by Angelus, now a four-year-old, is at Howsham, and is a chestnut, like nearly all his kinsfolk, and full sixteen hands high. Emperor I. was a bay, and was sold to Mr. Little Gilmour for three hundred guineas. He was hunted at Melton for eight seasons, and was shot last spring. He was by Record, the sire of many good hunters, and Sir George's eldest son rode him for some time, before he (Mr. Gilmour) had him. Emperor II. was a bay by Orpheus; Mr. James Hall bought him from Sir George for 300 guineas, and he was put up for sale at York, and Mr. Chaplin gave 400 guineas for him. He won his first race for the "all rose," to wit, the National Steeplechase at Wetherby, whose fine scope of course and large fences suited him to a nicety. Emperor III. was by Cock Robin, a horse of Mr. George Payne's, by Chanticleer dam by Charles XII. Mr. Chaplin gave 400 guineas for him, and he won the same race at Bedford. Sir George also bred Rosamond, the ten-year-old mare which was sold at the late Sir Charles Slingsby's sale for 430 guineas. Caradon I. by Orpheus is a crack hunter of Mr. Hall's, and the hero of a very great day; and Caradon II. is full of promise, and has taken a head prize at the Yorkshire Show.

Still he seemed a most willing annual victim, and "parted" so well, that, if he got value received, he must have consumed nearly a ream of return-lists. He first became such an especial character at Doncaster when he led back his namesake to scale. He was only seventy-four then; but, ever after that, the St. Leger jockeys looked for his hand-shake as the seal of victory when they passed through the little white gate of Fame. After Bill Scott died, he seemed to have a great partiality for Nat. The last winning horse he ever went to meet was The Lawyer, but he did not lead him in. The trainers of the cracks generally made a point of sending him word when they would strip their horses for him to look over, and he made a special point of visiting Old Calabar.

He was very fond of a morning at Whitewall, and till within a fortnight of his death, he often said, "I shall be able to go and see Mr. Scott again," and, in fact, he quite built on that visit, which was never to be. There was a languor and general failing about him at Doncaster in "The Marquis's" year, and when his friends noted that he gladly sat down between the races, and came to the course in a carriage on the Friday, they might well feel a foreboding that he had paid his last visit to the "Moor." The real truth was that he had rather martyred himself with a new pair of top-boots (which he always had made at Doncaster), and would not send home for a pair of easy ones; but still the decline had begun.

A little quiet after Doncaster revived him, and he was once more away by the early train to Holderness. The late Mr. Leonard, of Hull, to whom he had sold his beasts for many years, was too ill to meet him, as of yore, and he did business with his son, and calculated the weight and value as closely as ever. He talked with apparent zest of old friends and times in Hull, but there were not lacking symptoms that his

hour was nigh. An attack of bronchitis in November shook him still more, and it was aggravated by his dislike to doctoring, and his forgetfulness of age. During the winter, he liked to sit by the fire and be read to, and scarcely cared to go near his mares and foals, which those about him felt to be the strongest involuntary confession of growing weakness, more especially in a man, who was always thought to have a strong secret wish of living to be a hundred. Early in March he had an attack of gout, which rather amused him than otherwise, seeing that his family had been subject to it, and here he was the premier sportsman of England, in immediate succession to "Old Kit Wilson," only caught by it at ninety-and-a-half. When it quitted him eight days before his death, dropsy rapidly set in, and the sad whisper, scarcely believed at first, went over Yorkshire, that "Sir Tatton is dying." Some hoped he might rally as he had done before, but the once iron frame had found its conqueror. He lay almost insensible, but breathing very heavily, from Tuesday to Saturday, and then his brave old heart went out with the dawn.*

The chestnut Wensleydale is the only one of the old blood that the present baronet retains, and he chose her out of a lot of eighteen three-year-old fillies. She is by Colsterdale and strains back to the

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* The funeral took place on Friday, 27th March, 1863, and was attended by nearly three thousand of all classes from the East and North Ridings. At half-past twelve the coffin was placed on a rest at the west front of the house, before which the tenantry were arranged in pairs, and the procession was then formed to the church. Lord Hotham, Lord Middleton, Sir F. Legard, Admiral Duncombe, Mr. L. Thompson, Mr. R. Bower, Mr. James Hall, and Mr. Hill were the pall bearers. The day was clear but cold, and Sledmere, with the troops of deer moving in the distance, and the brood mares and foals throwing up their heads and trotting round the park, and then stopping to gaze at the multitude which had invaded their solitudes, never looked more beautiful.

dam of Grey Momus, that fountain head of Sledmere stud honour. Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher and her daughter Little Agnes by The Cure were then purchased from the late John Osborne, who would not part with Agnes by Clarion, the foundress of the tribe. Bernice by Stockwell had a short sojourn of a year, and left Sophie by Lord Clifden behind her, and the speedy lop-eared Marigold by Teddington is one of the four perpetually in residence. It is a strange contrast to old times, when three or four stacks with eight or nine foals haltered to each, so that they might learn to lead, were the object of a morning's walk. The new order of things, limited as it is, has so far borne better fruits than the old. The Agneses arrived in foal with Bismark (500 guineas) and Tibthorpe, both of them winners, and the latter a cracker if his pipes had been as good as his pace. A Little Agnes filly has also won in a small way, and so has Amendment, the daughter of Wensleydale, and when we were in "Hampton Court" paddock one September we found Snarry lunging Frivolity, a pretty chestnut daughter of Macaroni and Miss Agnes and expressing pretty confident hopes that "my beauty" would let him read something to her advantage ere long in his Manchester paper. She did not belie his hopes with 500 guineas at the hammer, and she won the Althorp Stakes by a neck, with six or seven future winners behind her, the very first time she was stripped. Her dam had no foal at her foot in the paddocks, where three chestnuts, two Stockwells, and a Thormanby, which averaged 400 guineas at Doncaster,

"Were glad, nosing the mother's udder,"

and playing havoc with the countless mushrooms in their gambols. Morphia, her half brother from Wensleydale, came in for a smaller share of Snarry's heart, but leggy and unlikely to "come to hand early" as he

then seemed, he won the Goodwood Nursery on a Friday, and on the Monday he was giving a stone and finishing level with Catalonia for the Nursery at Ripon. Six winners out of four mares in three seasons is no small allowance.

Pedigreed shorthorn cows with rich-haired Duke of Townley calves are also to be found in the spots once specially dedicated to blood stock, and two drape cows were laying on Christmas beef in the well walled acres of "Daniel's own." *Coates's Herd Book* is at last having its claim allowed by the side of *Wetherby's Calendar*, and the red Duke of Townley, with a man on each side of that handsome but treacherous forehand, is ushered into the yard, and walks snorting down the high road.

The mares are always taken up when the hounds come. In old Sir Tatton's time Lord Middleton never drew the Sedmere covers (which are full of foxes, and require an enormous amount of routing), but whipped off, as the troops of mares would have taken to galloping half the day, and have probably cast their foals. The litters were, of course, carefully looked after, and carried off to another part of the country. However, when the railroad was made, the whips could very seldom stop them, and they ran to Sledmere oftener during the first three years after the line was opened than they had done in the previous twenty. Pry Whin is a beautiful cover for cubs, with that grand pear-shaped bit of whin, gorse and briars in its centre, from which we have seen a brace of old foxes leisurely cross the riding on a summer afternoon. Beyond it, at the end of this line of woodland, is the Gothic tower, which has been erected to Sir Tatton's memory on Garton Hill. A laboured inscription would have only mocked a memory so rich in grand simplicity. Few words were needed, and none are there save "The memory of the just is blessed." A hot haze denied us a distant view as we scaled the

winding stair, and stood at last in the little guest-chamber near the top. On one side were the deep green woods of Sledmere; to the seaward the "waves of wheat which ripple round the lonely Grange" (where Mr. Major had just shown us the paces of his first prize hackney mare Polly) and down the Crussdale Valley. Driffield church stood out in the distance among those vast ash-tree hedge-rows which have been recently thinned out with Dutch regularity to one in fifteen yards, and the sky-line on the south stretches over many a rich arable farm, to the country of Philip Ramsden, once the patron saint of roadsters "by Huggate and Pocklington way."

Old Bob Ramsden of Market Weighton had Pretender and Reformer (both trotting sires) from Norfolk. At eighty he dressed the character to the life, in white stockings and shoes, long black coat, low broad hat, and kerseymere breeches. Even at that age he could show a trotter's paces with any man at Market Weighton each market Wednesday in May. He was never in a hurry about it, but sat in his chimney corner, and let the others trot on till his pipe was finished. Then he would reach down his spurs, buckle them on to his shoes, and mount his galloway to show off his stallion. Performer was his delight; he would gallop his galloway by his side on the turnpike, and then shift the saddle on to the horse, and, as he was wont to say, "*Trot over their backs.*" No horse could trot with Performer, and he trotted faster than he could gallop. Old Bob was six feet high when in his prime, and game to the backbone. He was considerably above seventy when he fetched the cap and jacket of other days out of a drawer, and it was all his friends could do to prevent him coming up to London then and there to ride a friend's horse for a ten miles' trotting match. His son Philip, who died a few years since, did a great deal towards improving

the size of Yorkshire roadsters, by introducing Roan Phenomenon.*

We are now in the great Vale of York, to which Mr. Bancroft could find no parallel save the plain of Lombardy. It comprises every kind of soil, from stiff

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* The following is a specimen of a Yorkshire trotting conversation which we had with a noted Market Weighton character: "Our auld black horse was first horse we had—our auld bay mare was dam of her as bred Merrylegs, and all of them good 'uns. That first chestnut horse we selt him to Catlin. That Howden Show week he trotted two miles in 5 min. 20 sec. on York and Hull Road. That was bay hoss as Duke of Gordon got, as had the match—he trots his first eight miles in 33 minutes. They said, 'he'll loss the match.' I says, '*he weant—touch him over shoolder, Bill.*' Little Bill, they called him, rode black mare the hundred miles in 11h. 48 min. She had 13h. 15 min. to do it in. She was only three that spring—if we had only roped her in that hundred miles we'd have brokken all Weighton. The bay horse I sold to the Duke of Gordon was the worst horse to get up a hill—he didn't pull, he met the hill. I never tell noe man in England yet what the Duke of Gordon gave me, and I never will. Creeper was mighty fast, but an uneven tempered horse, nae style aboot him. T'auld mare was tremendous fast; some days beat owt in the world—some days we could mak' nowt of her. When she was 22 years old, she carried little Bill 2 miles 200 yards in 5 min. 16 secs., with a flying start. I knew when I went into the stable i't morning whether she meant trotting or not. If she was in one of her tantrums she would rear up, and squat on the ground. She had a way of whisking her tail round if she didn't want to act.

"I once ploughed a yacre of ground with her, and then trotted 16 miles to Beverley races and back. T'auld bay meer come of a black meer by Harrison's Sportsman, gitten with syke a horse as come of Jerry Boughton—little bit of fash down the legs, but go for yae summer day after another. They lived like racehorses—there never were noe mair syke. We had Merrylegs, and good job if we'd never had him. We selt him for 630*l.* to Squire Dennison. Black Fireaway he was half-bred—black and blood. Old Pretender, a black, he was very bloodlike—I doubt if there was a better—fine legs and short fetlocks. He got Performer, a dark brown; and Merrylegs, a dark chestnut, was gitten with Performer. He had a queer white mark on foot that all the Performers had. It was white round the coronet, and down the front of the hoof. Merrylegs was about the last, and got bad ones. They tried to cross the blood, and stronger animals didn't do.

"The Norfolk Phenomenon did no great good. Philip Ramsden and Kirby bought them. There was a Fireaway and a Shales. The Prickwillows were rum'uns to trot. I've seen such goes from Hull to Hayton. The fellows used to pull up, '——, *I'll have noe mair of you —you come from Market Weighton.*'"

clay to sand, and has grown all produce, from white wheat to chicory. The pleasant little town of Pocklington had just been making merry with a flower-show, and a banner flapped lazily in its honour from the old church tower. We paused at Theresa Cottage, where Neville the racehorse was foaled, and Dalton the greyhound was buried, and then set our face steadily towards Givendale, on the Wolds. It lies about four miles away, on the high road to Malton. Everingham Park, where Tom Hodgson's old black horse of Holderness and Quorn fame lies buried, was deep in woods on our right. The country was once all open from Warter Wood to Mount Farrow, and for sixteen or seventeen miles there was no shelter for a travelling fox. Everything is changed now, and old Singleton, the celebrated jockey and grandsire of the brothers John and James, would look in vain for the springy turf, along which he could canter his horses gently for miles up the valley, before they put on the sweaters at Thixendale.

> "The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
> Are hung, as if with golden shields,
> Bright trophies of the sun;"

and both plains and wolds seemed white unto the harvest. A band of women on Grimthorpe were picking a crop of teasels, which are sown after bare fallow or green crop, and require at least two years to come to perfection, for the Leeds cloth-makers. Owsethorpe is the last farm on the road before we leave the level and climb the wolds; and our companions did not fail to tell us how a Lincolnshire man had moralized over Cousin Bet and her foal, which were "gnawing the pasture," and advised bullocks in their stead, and how the laugh was against him after Doncaster.

But the eyebrow of the hill is reached at last, and we find ourselves on a sort of table-land, with a lake,

on which a widowed swan is sailing, in the glen below, hard by a little church. A turn to the left brings us to the hamlet of Givendale, which lies among snug gardens and garths, on a great natural platform overlooking the Vale of York and its distant Minster towers. Mr. Singleton's holding comprises 640 acres, all on the wold, and belonging to his mother and himself. It lies from 500 to 800 feet above the sea level, and on the range of the chalk hills, which extend to Langton Wold, and straight across the East Riding to Filey. Oats, barley, and turnips all flourish well, but mangolds are rarely tried. The Lincolns do nicely enough in Holderness, but they fail on the chalk of the wolds, which is not strong enough feeding for them. There is no mistaking Mr. Singleton's homestead. To the left is the letting yard, where Mr. Boulton's voice is heard in the land as each first Wednesday after the 20th of August comes round, and the Leicester rams, and red and red-flecked shorthorns, headed by old Graceful, in the home garth make assurance doubly sure. We thought of poor John Thompson of Anlaby, and his remark on his last visit, "That's the right sort of flesh," as that wealthy troop of Lady Waterloos, Miss Waterloos, Ruths, and Floras, with their wondrous family likeness and "warm Christmas colours," grazed right up to the garden rails. Thousands have been thrown away on scores of pedigreed herds, and no such really solid and useful result has been attained.*

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* Their owner was entered to Shorthorns, like many other good men, at the Kirklevington sale in '50, where he bought Waterloo 4th by Cleveland Lad (3407), in calf to Third Duke of Oxford. The produce was Lady Waterloo, which she supplemented with Miss Waterloo by Surplice (10,901). Lady Waterloo bred in her turn Lady Waterloo 2nd, which broke its neck as a calf, and Lady Waterloo 3rd, both of them by Mr. Wiley's George (12,941). Lady Waterloo 4th and Count Waterloo were her calves by Mr. Sanday's Ferdinand (12,871)—a Royal H. C. at Lincoln, and a 100-guinea purchase by auction—but her finest calf, both in point of substance, size, and hair, was Lady Waterloo 6th,

After these home studies, we had quite an excursion among the ewes—a wide, short-legged lot, full of Buckley and Sir Tatton's blood—and the drinking-ponds, which are made much after the Sledmere fashion. There were some Masham sheep lacking the horns, seventeen Galloway heifers with Bridegroom (23,453) as their esquire, and a very neat filly foal by The Cure from a Cawston mare, and one of the last he ever got. With these "musings by the way," we reached the far gallop in the plantations. It has been a time-honoured axiom that for every ten acres of wold one should be planted for shelter. The belief has obtained to the full at Givendale, where the

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by her own son Count Waterloo—another fact for those who wont hear of in-and-in breeding. The latter unfortunately bred nothing but bulls. Vesta's dam was bought about this time, in calf of Bullion (15,706), who nicked well with Lady Waterloo 3rd in Lord of Waterloo, whose hocks went from long confinement during a snowstorm, when there was some idea of "going on with him" for shows. Bullion had two crosses of Booth blood in him, and Patriot from Jacinthe by Leonidas (10,414) (a purchase as a cow at the Panton sale) two or three more crosses. From the very first, Mr. Singleton joined in with neither of the "great Herd-Book factions." He once stood upon four tribes—the Waterloos; the Floras, from Watson of Wauldby's; the Ruths, from Emmerson's of Eryholm; and the Medoras, which go back, through the Rev. Thos. Cator's Hecuba and Mr. Fawkes's Fair Maid of Athens, to Booth's Medora. He rears his bull-calves for sale, and shows very little, and has, in fact, only come out five times at the Yorkshire, but always been placed or thereabouts Alice was highly commended in the calf class, which Booth's Queen of the Isles headed at York in '57, and was sold after winning at Driffield to Mr. Emmerson for 70 guineas. Prince Tom of the Flora tribe earned the same honour that day behind Lord of the Valley and Great Mogul. Miss Waterloo 4th separated Second Queen of May and Rosedale, and took the second prize; Mirth was second to a cow of Mr. Radcliffe's of Brandsby when Pride of Southwicke was disqualified; and Fourth Squire of Waterloo was third yearling at Beverley. Mirth was by Ferdinand, dam by Surplice, grandam Doris by Belshazzar (1703). She "died well" at Liverpool in '64, after winning the 10*l.* prize in her class, and the special cup as the best beast in the fat yard. The whole of the Waterloo females have since been sold at a high price to Mr. Cheney, and replaced by cows from Mr. Angus of Broomley.

Mr. Singleton began with Leicesters in 1844, by hiring a ram from Sir Tatton, and was pretty constant in his visits to the old baronet at

firs have been planted with no sparing hand, and a training gallop of nearly two miles cut through them. It was used for some years after the old man's death by the present Mr. John Singleton and his father; but the ruts have become deep, and no work is done, and "no questions asked" there now. From thence the transition was easy to Etty's favourite walk twice a day by the church. For many years this great Yorkshire painter spent much of his summer here, under the roof of Mr. Singleton's father. No spot pleased him so well, when he could escape from his easel and the olive-tinted haze of London. "I often in fancy," he wrote, "fly away to Givendale, as the

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the Eddlethorpe lettings, where he once gave 60½ guineas, after a sharp contest with Mr. John Simpson. In 1845 he went to Mr. Wiley for the first time, and for fourteen years never missed drawing on his beloved "union of Buckley and Burgess, with a dash of Stone." He has also visited the last-named breeder at Barrow on his own account. His first Sanday essay was in 1854, with a two-shear, which took a first prize in Mr. Sanday's hands at the Royal Carlisle Show, and in one of his many hirings from Holmpierrepont, he took the shearling which Mr. Creswell bought at the sale. Mr. Edwards, of Market Weighton's draft ewes of Sledmere-Burgess blood, started him in 1840, and he continued to get a few each year through a friend. In 1854 he bought ten ewes and a ram from Mr. Buckley, and as many more at Mr. Hewitt's second sale, in the same year, and half a dozen at Mr. Sanday's first sale in 1860. He generally lambs about 180, and lets from 50 to 60 tups. This year and last they averaged about 10*l.*, but none of them have quite touched the Sanday and Wiley Tibthorpe, who was let to Mr. Stavely of Tibthorpe for 37*l.* 10*s.* as a two-shear, and for 30*l.* 10*s.* the next year. Firm mutton, thick wool, and purity of blood have been all Mr. Singleton's aim, and, unlike many flock-masters on the Wolds, he never would have a dash of Lincoln. His first public auction was in 1855, and his customers are almost entirely Yorkshire men, and include six or seven ram-breeders. "Sim" Templeman is a regular customer and he is pretty generally brought in for a speech when "The Turf" is drunk with all the honours, as is only fitting in a Yorkshire congress. In 1867, Commander-in-Chief, so called after the celebrated Warlaby bull, stood at the head of the list, and there was no mistaking, when you glanced at his fleece, "the reason why" Mr. George Lane Fox's agent had given 28*l.* 5*s.* for him. Young Commander-in-Chief was hired by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1869 for 41*l.* The best shearling at that letting made 35*l.* 10*s.*, and the best two-shear 37*l.* 10*s.*, for Ireland.

most rural and quietest country retreat I know, like the bird that flees to the hill to be at rest." He would saunter for hours down that glen to his wonted bench beneath the elm near the cottages. There he would sit and sketch, as his fancy took him, the elm, ash, larch, beech, willow, elderberry, or Lombardy poplar in Pit's planting, or Beck's, just across the little brook. His walk seldom extended beyond a mile, to the common below Riding's Plantation, which Lord Middleton's know so well. He mourned over the pulling down of the old church—a very favourite subject, as he did whenever any ancient houses were cleared away in York, and he lost another bit of colour in the tiles. Sometimes he would gather flowers to copy indoors after tea, which, with all the eccentricity of genius, he would insist upon making for himself, putting cold water in to preserve the aroma. There are many proud family relics of the past in that parlour—the silver cup with "Success to Fox-hunting" on it, the goldsmith's racing cups in their quaint leather cases, and the goblet with horses' heads for handles which the Marquis of Rockingham gave his jockey Singleton for his riding of Bay Malton —and among them, Etty's painting of a pheasant, and some equally vigorous heads, will always be ranked as a memento of a very happy friendship, which only ended with his life.

A cry went forth some years since, that Langton Wold was doomed, and that Whitewall and the other training stables would shortly be desolate. Old Maltonians might well say that the site of their pleasant little town might be ploughed over and sown with salt, if their four trainers were to be thus driven into exile. Things at one time seemed gloomy enough; but happily a compromise was effected. The racecourse, over which the Brothers Scott tried many a winner, is now in turnips or white crops; the little stand is transmuted into a farm building, and

420 acres have been taken at one slice out of the Wold. Still there is a large portion left, a sort of mixture of hill and valley, with abundance of thorn trees and Leicester sheep. The tan gallop is laid out in the most intricate fashion, along the bottom of the valley, in order to eke out distance; but when some critical curves have been slipped round, there is a long striding reach up-hill of fully a mile. The farming man, who harrows over the tan every morning, had just unyoked his horses when we arrived, and the White-wall lot were to be seen quietly walking over the brow of the hill, with Jem Perren on his bay pony in attendance. Mr. Scott soon arrived in his fly, which the old grey, that Doncaster knows well, draws no longer.

Not long before this Mr. Bowes was by his trainer's side on two successive mornings, and the veteran may well be proud, in these petty days of chop and change, to think that he has now trained for that "approved good master" for nearly forty seasons, and that they have never had the shadow of a misunderstanding. Four Derbies, a couple of Two Thousands, and one St. Leger, with Mundig, Meteor, Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, have formed but a small portion of their spoils, and yet Isaac Walker, the Streatlam Castle stud-groom, has seldom arrived each September with more than four yearlings "for school." Mr. Bowes very rarely goes to a race, and we believe that Fordham, who has so often worn his black and gold of late years, does not even know him by sight.

Before work begins another fly drives up, and a well-favoured "special commissioner," in a grey coat and crush hat, steps forth on to the sward, and goes to pay his respects to Mr. Scott. He is here *en route* from Middleham, where Pretender has had his best attention, and he brings a glowing account of the chances of "Johnny" and the blue and silver braid.

There is but doubtful news of Martyrdom, and Pero Gomez is mentioned with as much respect as if he were Mr. Peabody himself. The other spectators are few. The three "Jacks," Robson, Holmes, Charlton, whom we have seen on this spot so often, are all in their graves, and now that he has no Blair Athol in hand, Mr. I'Anson does not even spare an hour from his farming. It hardly seems like the Saturday before the St. Leger. Yorkshire is busy among her partridges and her sheaves, and cannot compass the idea that even John Scott, great as his triumphs have been, can descend on the cracks, and wrest his seventeenth St. Leger from them with a dark and an untried horse. As a general thing, they have more belief round Malton in George Osbaldeston, but still there are plenty to shake their heads, and ask if the Belshazzar and Barbatus blood is the thing to bring a horse home in a St. Leger.

"George" has a small party of his own to look on, and three "literary touts," two of them regularly attached to the London sporting papers, note him and the rest of the lots as they do their work. Reports from training quarters have now become a sort of necessity, and as long as these writers keep their distance, and do not tamper with the boys, trainers and owners do not resent their presence. In fact, many of them rather like the reports, as they can hear what horses are doing elsewhere, and thus know better what they are likely to meet. There was a time, "long, long ago," when there were only two touts at Newmarket—the portly York, who could pull down eighteen stone on the scales, and a little ex-jockey called Garratt. The latter wore a smock when he was professionally engaged—that is to say, when he "roamed through the dew;" and when Lord Foley once dropped across him before a trial, lying as snug as a hare behind a roller on the Heath, and asked him who he was, he promptly replied, that

he was "a shepherd." "Are you, indeed?" rejoined his lordship; "I don't think you look after your flock much."

But a truce to these Scottiana. As ten o'clock approaches the schooling on the tan begins in earnest. Shepherd's, Peck's, and a couple of I'Anson's come striding along by twos and threes, and then Perren takes the Whitewall lot into the bottom. The Spy, with his plainish head and long legs, is not out, and Viscount is also taking it easy at home. Goldsboro' is reported coughing; and Westwick, that good-looking half-brother to West Australian, has never run since the Alexandra Plate of last year. Nobleman goes merrily through his work, and Toison d'Or toils away with a fair chance of Park Hill honours before her eyes. Old War, the King of the Slows, seems very much fined down, and in great heart, as if he knew that the wet which he loves so well has descended on the three Ridings in earnest at last. Five or six more, Silver Band, Tarna, Viscountess, &c. flash past in succession, and Mr. Scott calls out of his brougham to a lad to "keep your hands down." Then the straight-backed Taraban is seen creeping up the hill with his head well down, and H. Robertson in the saddle. The pretty little Royal Oak, a lighter chestnut with a white face and white on the off fore foot, comes "fighting," hard held by Grimshaw, and looking as if he were ready at any moment to go up and settle him. There was a time when Taraban was obliged to "liquor up" before every great race. Whisky did not stay long with him, and he infinitely preferred old port of a good vintage, but he is said now to be quite a reformed character, and no horse can play the schoolmaster more patiently. The funny man of the piece is a Malton publican on a roan racing pony. She has been winning at Margate in the early part of the week, but she is back again at her old quarters, looking as hard as nails. Still her owner is anxious to put on a little more "polish," and he rattles

up the tan twice or thrice in the course of the morning, going like great guns, with his coat tails flying in the breeze. After their first gallop the Whitewall team walked across the top of the Wold, and when Mr. Scott has followed and had them on parade for some twenty minutes, they are sent up the gallop again. Taraban takes his pupil three times up it, and then the morning's work is ended. All looked serene, and in our mind's-eye we saw the chestnut running home fourth or fifth; but the morning brought bronchitis, and his leg began to fill, and the Johnsonian pen went through his name.

Blair Athol, the last St. Leger winner that was prepared on the Wold, was "a perfect glutton," and Mr. I'Anson says of him, that he did more work in the three weeks between York and Doncaster, and ate more corn than Lanercost, Vestment, or Inheritor, who once seemed almost invincible in this respect. His first Malton trial was at even weights with Borealis, after she had run in the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and he beat her by two lengths. Mr. I'Anson then asked him to give her 7lbs., but he rather ran out at the turn, and Challoner on the mare beat him by a head. Ten weeks before the Derby he was found to be very much injured in the muscles of the thigh, and his boy was discharged, and it was fully five weeks ere he was allowed to go out of a walk. At Paris he ran big, as it was impossible to gallop him, and yet, then sore as he was with the hard ground, he came back across the Channel to Ascot, and cut down Ely on the Friday over the New Mile. He was not intended for York, as, in consequence of his shoe coming off half as he walked and half in the Rubbing House, he had missed a sweat. Borealis and Caller Ou generally led him in his work, and a hard time they had of it. Mr. I'Anson never knew how good he was, and thinks that he never had a horse with such true action, as even in distress he never rolled or rocked.

CHAPTER X.

"A trainer on a lonely hill
Will do a deed of mystery,
And 'scribes' will several columns fill,
With that trial and all its history.
The trainer will be all surprise
At the facts they have collected,
And the owner when they meet his eyes
Will be equally affected."

Sporting Life.

A word on Knavesmire—Sir William Milner—The Hunting Tragedy on the Ure—Drax Abbey—Warping—Harrogate—Yorkshire Stock and Hound Show at Wetherby—Captain Gunter's Herd—Farnley Hall.

AMID the whirl and rattle of the present turf times, when the secrets of a man's stable are proclaimed on the house-top almost before he knows them himself, and touts send off telegrams far and wide the instant a trial is won, it is a treat to hear a Yorkshire elder have his say. Once set him going, with the full consciousness that he has a sympathetic listener, and he soon pierces into the bowels of the past, and recounts each loved recollection of "the horse and his rider." He will tell you how a great jockey "got into money," and rather let the cat out of the bag by offering a 1000*l.* note instead of a 100*l.* one in change to the horse's owner on settling day; how Bob Ridsdale, who began as body footman to Lady Lambton, made 30,000*l.* only to lose every halfpenny of it again in the ring; of Colonel Cradock saying to Sam Chifney in amazement as they gazed on the saddle contortions of little Johnny Gray at a finish, "*Is he pricking, Sam, or is he pulling?*" of a noble duke only giving his jockey "a pony," when he had won the

Oaks, and thinking he had done the correct thing; of Old Forth having his weighing beam in two rooms, so that his jockeys might not see what weight they carried in a trial; of Lord Suffield and his confederate taking their Bamboo revenge with Newlight to the tune of 12,000*l.* on Lord George Bentinck, when his lordship managed the green and gold interest for Mr. Houldsworth, and had such a fancy for Destiny; and of Bill Scott making the judge and jury laugh when he was a witness about the "three clean, Bank of England notes, clean notes for 1000*l.* each, my lord," which he got for his horse Sir Tatton Sykes.

We have always had a great fondness for Orton's Turf Annals of York and Doncaster. We remember the poor fellow—before he fell, no one exactly knew why, under the ban of Lord George—who always left his mark on a man—as keeper of the match-box, and clerk of the course at York, as well as judge there, and at Preston Guild, and several other northern meetings. He was also, the "Alfred Highflyer" of the *Sporting Magazine*, a third of a century ago, and his descriptions of York and Catterick Bridge Meetings had a freshness and an interest, we shall never know again. In his introduction to his work he does not fail to do justice to the horse-loving tendencies of each county family. As the Dutchmen of Communipaw, men fabled to have sprung from oysters, and each clad in ten pair of linsey wolsey breeches, marched to a bloodless battle under the banner of an oyster *recumbent* upon a sea green field, so, according to our historian, the Darleys of Aldby should have a Childers, and the Huttons of Marske an Eclipse on their family quarterings, as having imported the Arab, or reared the sire to which the renowned bay and chestnut owe their descent.

One of the very finest races ever run at York was that Subscription Purse in which Actæon, with Harry

Edwards up, defeated Memnon and Sam Chifney at York, and a painting of the finish, by Herring, hung in the dining-room at Hawkhead. We have looked over many hundreds of Mr. Herring's portfolio horse sketches, and we still think Actæon the most beautiful. The chestnut's great peculiarity was that he would never leave his horses. He once had a race with Florismart, at York, when the latter broke down at the Bishopthorpe turn. Clift scrambled along as he could to the finish, and Actæon stuck resolutely to him in a slow trot, and it was all his jockey could do by clapping and encouraging him to get him to win by a neck. In the great race for the Purse, Harry Edwards made his effort, about a hundred yards from home, and got a neck in front, but the chestnut put his toes into the ground and "retracted" so terribly in the last three strides, that when Sam Chifney "collected" Memnon and came with one of his rushes, victory was only cut out of the chestnut by a head. Edwards struck him three times, and, as they say, "with a will."

The race in which Newminster was defeated by Calculator, was the most sensational we ever witnessed at York,* but we have heard that it was nothing to the scene when The Miner seemed suddenly to start

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* Weights, which began at a thumping twelve stone early in the eighteenth century at York, gradually slid down to 9st. in 1751. By 1756 the 8st. 7lbs., which held its own for a century, had appeared at Doncaster; and in 1760 the York Subscription Purses were at 8st. 3lbs. Six years later, matches at four miles were made at 7st.; and, in 1786, three-year-olds were carrying 5st. 7lbs. and a feather. Of course, in Give and Take Plates the weights had been very low for many years before that, and were even calculated by ounces. They had been given up and quite forgotten until some clerk of the course or other, in 1839, introduced one into Scotland, without having duly mastered the proper distance between the fore and hind feet when the horse is measured. Accordingly, the old stone was disinterred from one of the York rubbing houses; and it was ascertained that 5ft. was the distance, and that 2ft. was allowed between each of the hind as well as the fore feet. Under the system, horses of thirteen hands carried 7st., and 14oz. were

up at Blair Athol's side, and beat him. It was on Knavesmire also that we remember poor Bill Scott having his last mount, a second on Snowball to Alfred Day on Tuscan. It is only twenty-two years ago, and yet seven out of the nine jockeys who rode in that race are dead.

In his way there were few more genuine Yorkshire lovers of racing than the late Sir William Milner. We seem to see him still, with his tall, light figure, his aquiline nose, his rather lank, black hair, and his glass in his eye, following a winner out of the York enclosure to have another peep at him before he was sheeted up, or on the pavement (or rather the horse-block) at the Salutation, getting a good "oversight" of a yearling, which old Mr. Tattersall or his son were knocking down. Lord Strathmore was just coming into notice then, and a good-looking young fellow he was, with that curious way of toeing the ground in his walk, and that off-hand devil-me-care toss of the head, as he seized the passing hour, and little thought that Sweetmeat would beget Saccharometer to his sorrow.

Racing was in the Milner family, as turf chronicles knew well, and gradually came out in the Oxonian. "Mr. Milner" was christened after him. He had a few race-horses in his time, along with the Aske string, of which Grapeshot was much the best though he re-

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put on for every eighth of an inch; so that horses of fourteen hands carried 9st., and of fifteen hands, 11st.

Two-year-old racing had its origin in a match between Mr. Hutchinson—the genius of Langton Wold in his day, as well as the breeder of Hambletonian and trainer of Beningborough—and a Rev. Mr. Goodricke. In 1799 the first race of the kind was run at York, and won by Mr. Robinson's Belle Fillie, the first favourite, Allspice, running last; and in the following year Lord Darlington won the maiden race of the kind at Doncaster with the first of his two Muley Molochs. It was not until eleven years later that Oiseau, by running away, at weights for age over a mile and a half at Doncaster, from a four-year-old and a five-year-old St. Leger winner, proved what good two-year-olds really can do in the autumn.

quired a fortune in whalebone. Sir William followed the Voltigeur fortunes like a man, and then, without telling the stable, laid heavily against Lightfoot (whom Bobby Hill believed to be a clinker) for the next year's Derby. Most probably Voltigeur was quite out of form, or else Lightfoot would never have won the trial as he did.* However, it seemed high enough to put Sir William in a sad pucker how to shape his course and get out; but Chester showed the horse eventually in his real colours. As a politician, Sir William promised well, and took a good part in the conferences of the Orange party, to whom an Upper Room at Normanton was generally the Woburn Abbey. York had in him a painstaking member, and he quite astonished Mr. Leeman by the verve with which he spoke on one occasion; but his health began gradually to fail from that point.

It has been well said that—

> "The image of a man who died
> In his heyday of renown,
> Has a fearful power, unto which the pride
> Of fiery life bows down."

England has had many such lessons. London remembers yet the painful thrill when Lord Cantelupe lay dead in the very height of the season. Lord George Bentinck was found in his father's flood meadow, with the hoar-frost of an autumn morning on that finely-cut face, which had been so often turned defiantly on his foes in the House. The Duke of Dorset, one of the best sportsmen of his day, died jumping a small fence with his harriers; and the Marquis of Waterford, who had come off scatheless among the "oxers" of Northamptonshire and the doubles of the Vale, met his doom at a little stone wall into a road. Death is more fearful when it is

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* "Scott and Sebright," pp. 206-209.

in direct contrast with pleasure, and the little ferry on the Ure will be remembered, so long as that river rolls its dark waters from the moors to the Ouse, as the scene of the most fearful tragedy in hunting history.

Yorkshire could hardly believe the sad tidings. The cathedral city was in the very height of her hunting term. There were visitors in plenty, and the Club was full of the doings of Sir Charles on Saltfish or Rosamond, and of news of good sport with Mr. Hall and the Holderness. Four familiar faces were suddenly lacking, and three of them were the very life-blood of the hunt—master, crack rider, and first whip. The meet on that fatal day (February 4th) was Stainley, upwards of twenty miles from York, but accessible by rail, and a special train was run on the occasion. Sir Charles soon found a fox, which took them straight for Newby Park, where it crossed the river. He had found, as he thought, the same fox twice before that season, and it had baffled him by the same trick. It was no doubt this double beating which made him rather more keen and less sensible of his danger than usual, for both he and Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Robinson were generally timid and careful in a boat, though hard, and fearless riders as could be across country.* "Bill" or rather Powter, the first

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* The boat was managed by a cog-wheel, which takes hold of a chain stretched across the river, and it is worked over by hand. This chain, which is of some weight, lies in ordinary times on the bottom of the river, and is picked up by the boat as it goes along; but when the river is full of water the weight of the chain is off the ground and upon the boat. It is usual in a fresh (*i.e.* when the water is very high, but within its bounds) to cast the chain adrift, and ferry the boat over in the usual manner, but on this occasion the plan was not resorted to. The chain is on the down-stream side, and the weight of it naturally keeps that side of the boat a little down in the water, and therefore when any extra weight, like a horse, is added on that side, the up-stream side of the boat rises, and the stream rushing down underneath it, sends it right over on the chain side. So it happened on this sad day.

There was a scrimmage and an "exchange" or two among the horses,

whip, (for whom an equally sad fate was in store), went round by Borough Bridge and stopped the hounds, which lost their fox in the Newby covers, and he had the sad mission of taking home the news to Mrs. Orveys.

Sir Charles, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Robinson were

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and Sir Charles's "Saltfish," an old and a very good one, jumped out, and getting entangled fast in the chain, added to the weight on that side of the boat, and upset it. Sir Charles had, we believe, his reins twisted round his wrist. At first he struck out for the boat, and when he saw it go over, he swam away and was within a stroke or two of the opposite shore, where there was no one to fling him the end of a hunting-whip, when he threw up his arms and went down. It is thought that he took the cramp, as his legs were very much drawn up. This is not improbable, as he was somewhat heated with a fast run. Mr. Lloyd must at first have been under the boat with the rest of the men and horses. He was the champion swimmer of his day at Eton, and he struck out manfully for the nearest shore, but the weight of his boots and hunting clothes in the rapid stream was too much for him. Captain Robert Vyner and Mr. William Ingleby jumped in and got hold of him, and for some time sustained him, but he was a very heavy man, and soon overpowered them. In his last extremity he never lost his presence of mind. There was a total abnegation of self; he did as they directed him, putting his hands on their shoulders, and when he found they were exhausted, he calmly removed them, like th noble fellow that he was, rather than imperil their lives as well as his own. No three men could have behaved more gallantly.

Of Mr. Robinson no one seems to know anything for certain, as he disappeared almost immediately. His usual custom was never to get off his horse in a boat, but whether he was off or on that morning no one seems to remember. Some say he was, some say he was not. One man states that he saw him rise in the water on his horse; but this looks like a mistake, for if he had been mounted in the boat, he and his horse must have parted company when the boat upset sideways. Orveys, the huntsman, can never have made an effort to swim, as he was found next day with his hunting-whip still tightly clutched in his hand. Thus he died as he lived, true to his duty. The poor ferrymen, two good and valued servants, were no doubt struck by the horses, rendered insensible, and sank at once. Of the others in the boat, Mr. Clare Vyner was the first to come up, and scramble on to the boat, which was then bottom upwards, and he assisted first Mr. White, then Sir G. Wombwell, then Captain Molyneux and Major Mussinden on to the same place. Captain Molyneux, R.N., was a good swimmer, and reached the shore, as did Captain Key, who, seeing the water coming into the boat, jumped out at once before she went over, and went back along the chain.

the very cream of the hunt, and it is a remarkable thing that they were the only three regular attendants of it who habitually wore caps. Orveys of course wore one. Sir Charles had shown rare sport when all the packs round, with the exception of the Holderness, had been doing very little. He was only forty-five—that year of fruition as it is called, when the harvest of a man's experience is gathered in—and ever since '38 he had been at the head of either harriers or foxhounds. His lady pack, among which were prize ones of the Nelson and Comedy litter, was about perfection at all points, cover drawing, nose, and speed. For talent, and certainly for perseverance no gentleman huntsman, and probably no professional huntsman could have beaten him. Perhaps he was a little too silent in cover and chopped foxes occasionally that way. He did so on his very last morning, but the fox was so fast asleep, that, to use his own words, "I had to crack my whip twice over him to wake him." His casts were most extraordinary; when his hounds threw up, he never dwelt very long on the spot, but would lay hold of them and cast half a mile forward or back with almost invariable success. The number of foxes (50 brace) accounted for in little over four months, in a country which does not do much cub-hunting, fully attest his prowess. He was the nicest fellow in the field, never by any chance losing his temper or saying a nasty word to any one. The consequence was, that his field, though comprising an immense number of hard-riding men, was perhaps the best behaved in England, and so many strangers have allowed. If men got into a wrong place (and no one saw it quicker than he did) he would never say anything, but they were wont to say in all verity, that they felt more rebuked by his quiet look and his silence than if a master had been swearing at them all day. In fact, no one more truly united the charming companion and finished sportsman, and

he also rode some fine winning finishes on Eggsauce, &c., over York and Thirsk. One of his ancestors was drowned in the Nidd, and another forfeited his head in the Royalist cause. He disliked politics (although he did not care to be on the losing side in Knaresborough); but during the Epsom and Ascot weeks, when he had his very brief season in London, the Carlton Club was his great resort. Still he did not care much for London, and his great enjoyment lay in natural history and general country pursuits.

Mr. Lloyd was also as genial a man as ever lived, but he had the misfortune to be deaf. This made it rather difficult to talk with him, but he was full of fun, and never out of humour. He was a very fine rider for a heavy man, and a most enthusiastic fox-hunter, never missing a day by any chance except for shooting. All through his last winter, although he lived four miles away, he was in York for the seven o'clock train on a Thursday, when the hounds (and nearly always the lady pack) met on the side of the country where the accident took place.

Mr. Robinson was quite a character. It is a big word to say, but many thought him the finest rider to hounds in England. The Rev. John Bower, who had perhaps not a peer in his day (Earl Jersey's was over) except it might be Lord Clanricarde, was the man from whom, he was proud to say, he learnt all he knew in the saddle, and, like that great Holderness hero, on all kinds of horses. He took them as they came, and he was one of the cleverest judges of them in Yorkshire. He seemed to know every horse in it, its powers and its failings. No one ever saw him in difficulties, but always the first man in a run; no matter what cut-me-down stranger (of which the York and Ainsty sees a great many during the season) might arrive, they never got any change out of him. Unlike most fine riders, he had not a particle of jealousy, but if he thought that he knew the way

through a cover better, or had any advantage, he would look round for a pal to give him the office and share it. Not a few profited by his kindness in this way. He was the most good natured fellow in the world, the first to assist any one in difficulties, and he would get off his horse and wade through dirt to put a curb-chain right, or adjust any tackle that was out of place. Nay more, he had always a second horse out, and if a friend's nag was dead beat and his own was still fresh, he was quite ready to lend. The hunt might well be proud of their crack rider. Many will sadly remember how, when a few seasons since, he was borne away from the field with a broken leg on a hurdle, he raised himself on his elbow and cheered the pack as they crossed the road in full cry before him. Three such men could hardly be found in a hunt, and yet they are all taken at one stroke. It may be said, as a testimony to the sterling worth of those who are gone, that in a country where a good deal of that sort of thing prevails, they never belonged to any of the cliques ; they were free and independent members of the hunt ; their example prevented the field from being cut up into factions, and made a day with the York and Ainsty one of cheery, social enjoyment. Mr. Robinson's Brunow, which ran in the French Derby, was a very remarkable one ; and he went so lame, off and on, that he was given to a farmer friend near York, who put him in the harrows. Here he kicked so violently and injured himself so much, that if the stable had not been nearer than the kennels, he would have been led off to the latter. He was sent back, and became so sound that Mr. Robinson rode him all his last season, and he fetched 280 guineas at the sale. Mr. Robinson had nine hunters up latterly, and among them The Arrow and Traveller, a vicious horse in the stable.

Orveys was a ripe, good servant, and quite a right arm to his master, as first whip and kennel huntsman.

He once suffered a good deal with rheumatism in "the round bone," but he had latterly hit on a wonderful cure for it, and no man was more thankful for the hint. His hounds—which went to Scriven Park in the summer—were always brought out in prime condition. The way he would get them out of cover to Sir Charles was perfectly marvellous. He was a bold rider, and as hard as pinwire, and had excellent nerves for a man of his age, nearly sixty. Added to this, he had a deal of quiet fun, which was heightened by a squeaky voice, and a most pleasant twinkle of the eye. He married the house-maid at Scriven Park for his second wife about five years before his death, and Sir Charles's way of repeating the annual report made to him from the kennels, of "another whip, Sir Charles, last night," was very droll. Like Mr. Robinson and Mr. Lloyd, he seems to have died quite easily, as his features were calm and unchanged. When his body was taken out of the river, the searchers leant it against the trunk of a tree in order to let the water flow away. As this fine old servant stood there a few minutes, with his hunting-whip still in his hand, those who saw him said they could hardly persuade themselves that he was not still alive.

Drax Abbey was granted by Henry VIII. to the Constables of Everingham for their valour at Flodden Field, and Lord Herries sold it in 1849 to Colonel or "Hamlet" Thompson. The Abbey is gone, but the old sites still live in name. A chestnut pony and a few shorthorn calves were ruminating on the herbage of Ave Maria Lane, and wandering at intervals down Paternoster Row. The Abbey Oak, out of which many an old fox has been flogged, when the Bramham Moor or the Badsworth drew the neutral cover of Barlow Hag, had still some sap in its branches, and a coffin lid, a bracket, or a boss-stone half hid among lobelias and fuchsias in season are now the sole antiquities.

A view from the Abbey garth that morning was full of seafaring and country life. The ashes were just beginning to change in Barlow Hag, which made up a dark green-and-yellow background for the Daisies and the red Captain Shaftoes. Across the embankment of the sluggish Ouse, where the eel-catchers are ever bobbing, the tall spire of Hemingbrough stands out against the sky, and we note the progress of a barge, as it runs slowly up with the tide towards Selby. A billy-boy, which turns out on further inspection to be the "Elizabeth and Anne," is busy, not bringing gravel from Spurn Point this tide, but delivering its tons of linseed-cake from Hull, while carts keep steadily arriving with their loads at the potato "pies," which are being gradually built up on the river side, ready for shipment to London. Two troops of English and Irish females in every guise, from sun hats to guano-bag skirts, take their allotted furrows (which have been turned-up by a plough without the coulter), working so jealousy against each other, and so ready to raise the Sassenach and the "St. George to the rescue" war cries, on the smallest provocation, that we secretly admire the bailiff for keeping resolutely, pitchfork in hand, between them.

A reedy swamp, half under water, with snipes skimming about it, showed the raw material from which that preserve of Flukes and Princes had been formed. It is only at the changes of the moon that the sluice watcher can report that the fertilizing muddy swell, full of clay, sand, and vegetable matter, has come at last, and, with a ripple sometimes nearly four feet high, has—

> "— like an eagre rode
> In triumph o'er the tide."

In rivers like the Thames, the Severn, and the Mersey, the force of the stream prevents the tide from rolling the warp back. The sluggishness of its current, and

the width of its estuary, make the Humber the only warping river in England, and thus the deposit which the Trent and the Ouse leave at its mouth are not carried out to sea, but can warp the lands for sixty miles along its banks. It has been stated, but of course, equally stoutly disputed, that the fertilizing sediment is composed of the concussion of the fresh water with the salt water animalcules, and that death thus contributes that life to plants on which insects in their turn take such a terrible revenge. It requires a very strong current to keep up a proper species of alligation between the sand and clay; and the constant alteration of sluices and inlets, in order to make the warping level, quite rises into the dignity of a science, and is as difficult a problem as can be set in hydrostatics. Certain places can with prosperous tides acquire four or five feet of warp in three years, and years after, when the ground is examined, each tide is found to have left the record of its presence in a layer of about the thickness of a sixpence. A block of such formation is a veritable "black-letter volume," of which every leaf betokens a day or night of silent and solitary toil. Coltsfoot, willow weed, and docks infest the warp the first year, and the feathered and the Whittlesea Mere weed have gradually given place to "the American," whose roots can strike five yards deep. Four feet under-draining at 10 yards apart, with $1\frac{3}{4}$-inch pipes joined with anti-sand collars, was Mr. Henry Smith's next process, and the plough was taken over it as soon as it could bear horses, and then it was sown with oats and red clover. The latter was mown for fodder, and the newly-warped land has been known to require the scythe three times in a season.*

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* The Drax Abbey herd began with Daisy, a cow by Northumberland (466), dam by son of Twin Brother to Ben, and Mr. Smith always hired bulls from Warlaby. From Daisy there came in succession Daisy

It is quite a "popular error," that a Yorkshireman cares about no live stock save horses. "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be," from Tennyson's "Wages," would certainly suggest to him an epitaph for a mare that could stay a distance, and his only doubt would be about adding "there or thereabouts" to his author, but still sheep, pigs, and shorthorns have a strong grip of his affections. The agricultural year always seems to lack one of its pleasantest elements if we have missed the Yorkshire meeting. Some linger in the county six weeks from its date, and what with Doncaster, York, and Ripon races, visits to herds, racing-stables, studs, agricultural shows, foal shows, and ram lettings, a gentle St. Leger excitement, more especially if John Scott has a favourite, as in "the brave days of old," with a dash of Harrogate and Scarborough thrown in for flavour, those pilgrims may well call their sojourn the very "sweet o' the year."

Leeds looked more dreary than ever, as we passed

7th, the "best cow or heifer" in the yard at Birmingham in 1858. Five years after Mr. Smith took the gold medal at Smithfield, but with a cow bred by his brother Mr. William Smith, of West Razen. The purchase of Captain Shaftoe (6833) at one of his brother's sales for 40 guineas was a great hit, and the sole drawback about him was his aversion not to a red but to a black coat, a whim which nearly proved fatal to Mr. Parkinson at the Leyfields sale. "The Captain" had then seen twelve summers and he left seventeen heifer calves behind him. One of their daughters, Helen from Annie, was sold to Mr. Majoribanks at ten months for 80 guineas, and proved the sire of Harkaway, the first Royal prize bull-calf at Canterbury. The meadows were full of reds, or rich red roans, whose compact frames, level tops, and good deep middles, told of the gay little Captain's handiwork, which Booth's Bridesman (12,493), War Eagle, The Monk, and Prince of Warlaby followed up.

The name and pedigree of each shorthorn was hung above it in the byre, a process the necessity of which was enforced on Mr. Smith by finding that an Irish herdsman in his absence had become puzzled, and had not only given a wrong and a most tremendously high pedigree to an intending purchaser, but maintained that—"*Sure, sir, and I was right to put in the best word I could for the puir beast.*"

it on our way to Wetherby, and we esteemed the vicar happy who had just escaped from it, mitre in hand, to the green orchard alleys of Herefordshire. On we go, past the meadow where the Royal encamped in '61. It was there that the Wetherby Duchesses, with Duchess 77th at their head, won a treble victory and retired on their laurels, that young Nutbourne vanquished old Sir John Barleycorn, as teetotallers never did, that Adam Bede and Overplus were dons in the hunter classes, and that Wainman's Silverhair was such a dainty queen among sows.

We hardly know Harrogate again, and try in vain to recognise the traces of what it was, when we first saw it in '34, or Touchstone's year. "Old Johnny's Well," or the strong chalybeate, has received the cupola from the Old Sulphur Well; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, is roofed in at last; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well on the Moor, seems unchanged; and the cupola of the Old Sulphur Well, whose waters savour of the scourings of a gun-barrel, has been replaced by one thrice as large. It was the practice in those days of expensive travelling to meet the fashions half-way, and therefore the moment the London season closed the Bond-street dealers detached a foreman, with a large amount of unsold goods in a van, to spread his nets in High Harrogate, before the "mothers and daughters" of the North. To some extent they do so still, but the things do not find such favour, now that the metropolis can be reached by rail. The Dragon, the Granby, and the Crown were, at the time we are noting, the only great hotels, and the peerage, the "M.P.'s," and the Lancashire visitors, were supposed to be their patrons respectively. Admission to the Dragon's balls was the object of countless hopes and fears. It seemed to be for the summer months a very Almacks of Yorkshire. We have heard a Crown president speaking as mysteriously of his diplomacy in a ball-room "difficulty" between the

inns, as if he had been negotiating a triple alliance. Being president was esteemed such an honour that, as it went by seniority, one eccentric man was said to arrive in March, and possess his soul in patience and the solitude of the big room for months, in order that he might be in office all the season round. Bachelors gathered round him in plenty, quite

> "ready to take their stand
> Upon a widow's jointure land,"

if a likely chance turned up.

The Queen's holds the lead now, and in the warm twilight the company linger on the garden terrace, and peer through the panes at the dancers within; and give little biographies of each of them. By day it is the old story, Knaresborough Dripping Well, Fountains Abbey, Plumpton, Hackfall, &c., and Brimham Rocks, where Bill Scott, the winner of four Derbies, three Oaks, and nine St. Legers, once rode in a donkey carriage in state, with two donkey boys as outriders. It needs some excitement to keep the casual visitor in spirits on a dull summer's evening, and we sought for it in vain before the sun went down. There was not a soul in the room at the old Sulphur Spa. Those who were not at dinner had gone to hear the band play at a shilling a head to non-subscribers, in Montpelier Gardens, or to attend the readings of Mr. Bellew. Punch and Judy occupied the green in front of the White Hart, and had many gray-haired sages in their audience; and if you did gaze carefully into the windows of the front shops, you only withdrew perplexed as to which was really "the last photo ever taken" of a local physician recently deceased, and which he had most honoured with his approbation.

Early next morning there was quite an agricultural gathering on the railway platform for Wetherby. It is a very small place, but its National Steeple-chase ground, which Jacob Faithful, Israelite, and Emperor II., knew well, is, according to many, "the best

in Britain, bar none." The town bade its visitors welcome with a few flags and a flower arch, but everything seemed very quiet, and the fear of sunstrokes kept some thousands away. Half-a-hundred goats of many colours formed an army of occupation at the bridge end. One word was enough to set off the loquacious Irishman who led them, and he soon priced us a kid at seven-and-sixpence, and a nanny, equal to a fabulous number of quarts per day, "Cheap, yer honner, at twenty-five." There was not the wonted waterfall to drown his chaffer, as the Wharfe had collapsed into a bed of shingle, and the whole stream might have gone through an eight-inch pipe. Two men and a woman, the usual company, were singing the song of "The Great Agricultural Show" as we crossed the bridge, and rousing the local spirit by stating that its author is "a young *muck*-chanic in Wetherby." It was really an old halfpenny friend, and not with a new face either, but simply the well-known blanks, to be filled up by fact or fancy. Micklethwaite is the township over the bridge. It has evidently no church, as the overseer's list of men claiming to vote is hung at an inn door. There are only three claimants, and it is signed, "*W. Burley, Overseer.*" Some one, with a sad lack of reverence, has drawn a fancy portrait of "ye overseer" close by his signature, in a Spanish hat and beard, and put "W. B." beneath it, so that all men may know.

Captain Gunter's farm is on the opposite side of the road to this work of art, and his herdsman, Taylor, looks over the wall with rather a sorrowful face. He remembers the days when he took Mr. Eastwood's white bull, Hero, to the Worcester Royal, and brought home the first prize ribbons. Hence he is pugnacious in the highest sense of the word, but the Captain has retired from the show lists. Taylor's regrets are not lessened as the day proceeds. Two of the judges visit his "American heifer," and tell him that the roan calf

Wharfedale Rose, which has been sold at 100*l.*, to go along with her, would have won to a certainty if she had been entered. The pangs which he suffers in consequence must be untold. Mr. Cochrane's pair have a levee in their barn all day, and devotees go wandering off through the hot haze into the park to gaze on Duchess 86th, 87th, 88th, and 91st, as well as Mild Eyes and her daughter Bright Eyes, and a very fine Waterloo heifer.*

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* When we first saw the herd in '59, not long after its removal from Earl's Court, we began with the earliest purchase Duchess 67th, and her daughter 72nd, the first calf that Captain Gunter ever bred. Her next daughter the white 75th was third in the array, and the handsomest of the three, and then came "the twins" 78th and 79th which ran such a splendid career in the show yard. We see the little roan and white through the mist of years once more struggling with the herd boys, and thought the roan rather nicer in her coat, but the white neater, and in after years the bench hardly knew which to take. Having thus exhausted the fruits of the first Tortworth bid, Duchess 70th bore her witness to the second with her calves 73rd and 77th, and we look back to our comment that "the former had more substance and the latter more elegance of the twain," and that she was the best, but no one dare predict such a future for her. She rose the Royal ranks step by step, third as a yearling at Warwick, second at Canterbury, and first at Leeds. Duchess 69th had only calved that morning, and though we could not rouse her after the labours of the day, we could judge of her fine scale and enjoy the gentle grandeur of the head, which had been specially modelled for Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's testimonial. Sixth Duke of Oxford was waiting outside to receive us; he was a perfect Esau at his birth, and there could be no doubt whence his stock derived their rich hair.

["A period of nine years must be supposed to elapse," as the play-bills have it.]

The old cows were in the bottom of the park, and took a good deal of finding in the heat. There was the roan Duchess 86th, with the old-fashioned wide-spreading horn; the 87th, of a lighter roan and with a rare loin; the white 88th, which had been amiss; and 91st, one of the same colour and rare substance. The twins and the 77th had died or been slaughtered, and 96th and 94th were in the home field, and Taylor tells us how once they thought 94th the best, and that the former is the only Duchess which lacks the Usurer cross. The numbers 100th, 99th, 98th, and 97th once roamed together in the home pasture unbroken, but Mr. Cochrane had taken his choice and borne off the last to Canada at 100 guineas. She is from 92nd, a daughter of 84th, "which broke down on us as a calf for Leeds." Her once constant companion

The Grange Park was placed by Captain Gunter entirely at the disposal of the Yorkshire Society. It was once the property of "Kit Wilson," the Father of the Turf, who owned Comus, the blind chestnut, which did such good to Sledmere in the days of the first Sir Tatton. The whole of the arrangements, thanks to Mr. Parrington, to whom the general improvement as regards the accommodation of horses in the show-yards of England may primarily be said to be due,

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98th from 88th was a white with roan ears, and Taylor again calls to mind how she was "once held like a kitten to the teat." Writers who have to encounter there night-mare numbers may well be among those

> "Who dread to speak of '98,
> Who tremble at the name."

The wished-for 100th was reached at last in the shape of a red roan, but a two-days-old roan, half-sister to "the American lady," was the latest arrival, and Duchess 103rd had been the Captain's private herd book entry. Fourth Duke of Thorndale was the monarch of the yard, and Grand Duchess 8th, from Penrhyn Castle was there to share his smiles. Mild Eyes 3rd (by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mild Eyes) and a heifer by 5th Duke of Wharfedale from "the Waterloo heifer," have since then arrived; and Duchess 84th has lost the red Duchess 104th. It was jumping about its box when two months old, and burst a blood-vessel in the heart. Duchess 94th has had twins—a bull and a red heifer, the latter taking rank as Duchess 105th. Third Duke of Wharfedale (sire of Mr. Cochrane's heifer) from Duchess 86th now reigns at Wetherby (after two seasons at Penrhyn), *vice* Fourth Duke of Thorndale, who was found dead in his box last spring; and 2nd Duke of Wetherby from Duchess 77th, and 2nd Duke of Claro from Duchess 79th are both let. The 3rd Duke of Wetherby by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Duchess 82nd is coming on for home use. The 2nd Duke of Collingham, Duke of Tregunter (a name taken from an old family estate in Wales), 3rd Duke of Claro, 5th Duke of Wharfedale, and 2nd Duke of Tregunter, have all been sold to English purchasers for 500 guineas each.

During the cattle plague Captain Gunter's farm was in a deeply infected parish, and cattle were dying or being slaughtered almost daily, close up to the park gates, for months. Chloride of lime was used liberally, but the Captain's main reliance was on the very strictest observance of the isolation principle. The Duchesses and the rest of the cattle were divided into several lots of two each, and placed in small sheds all over the six hundred acre occupation; the yards attached to these sheds were netted round the bottom, so as to keep out dogs,

were admirable, down to the cloak-room, with cloak-pegs innumerable, and "the jewel-room," where a silversmith sets his wares in array, and fits up winners with cups. The police bivouack thirty strong, in the same "Wood Street." They have plenty of night work, as the men, more especially the grooms, get very drunk, and make night hideous with their hulla-baloo. They cannot sleep for the heat, and therefore they will, to use their own phrase, "still be lapping," which means that they are always at the canteen for soda-water, or something a little stronger. Under its influence they run foot races with nothing on but their shirts, and it is daylight before those gentlemen in white finish their revels and return to their straw wisps. There are some quaint characters among the grooms. One of them was attacked last year by five men in a garden at Scarborough. "If it had been nobbut one or two, I could have *warmed* him," was his version of the combat, "but five's owre mony; so I just put my hand in my pocket, and kep sh*oo*ting till somebody came. I let 'em just batter away at my head; I can stan' a deal of rough wark that way, if I nobbut hod to the brass."

But we have to deal with day, and not with night scenes; and we first make our way, in obedience to old instincts, to the shorthorn ring. Three good judges are inside it—Jamie Douglas, who once could beat on "the grand tour" the heifers of the three kingdoms with his Rose of Summer and his Second Queen of Trumps; Charles Howard, of Oxford Down

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hares, rabbits, and other "travellers." The herdsman and his assistants never went near any other cattle or person engaged about cattle on any pretence whatever; and if the Captain had been out hunting, or anywhere else in the country, he never entered the sheds until he had changed his clothes. Second Duke of Wharfedale was slaughtered after a slight accident, rather than run the risk of bringing a veterinary surgeon to attend upon him; and when the butcher came for fat sheep they were driven out of the field for him while he waited with his dog on the road.

fame, who won his first Royal prize at Leeds with one of twin bulls; and Stephenson, of Fourstones, a "well kent" man on the border. There is quite an excited buzz of conversation, as Booth's roan bull, Commander-in-Chief, has just been led out of the ring with only the second prize ribbons, while Knight of Knowlmere, who was second to him at Leicester, takes the first. The decision falls upon the shorthorn men like a rocket upon the Life Guards of King Theodore, and they know not what to make of it. It goes round that Jamie "shot him down" the moment the roan entered the ring, and went stoutly for the white. You hear the decision hotly discussed, not only at the ring side, but by lovers of shorthorns of both sexes, who sit hard by on inverted pails and bundles of hay.

If Mr. Booth loses with Commander-in-Chief, there is balm in Gilead with Lady Fragrant, a sweet cow with a "picture head," as they phrase it, and his two heifers, Lady Gaiety and Patricia, head the yearling class. Neither of the pair had a chance with Lady Fragrant for the Female Winner's Cup, and one walk round the ring decides that Mr. Foljambe's bull-calf, Knight of the Crescent, beats Knight of Knowlmere and all his seniors when the males are on their trial. The proud little red is hardly in the ring an instant, and *Veni, vidi, vici* is the word to-day. The last decision is in the Extra Stock Classes, where a three-year-old shorthorn ox has nothing to meet but Zelica, a little half Brahmin cow. The first ribbons are handed to the leader of the latter by mistake, but Mr. Charles Howard dashes forward, with quite a melodramatic start, and rescues them from such profanation.

Mr. Borton has it all his own way in Leicesters. For more than twenty years he has held his place as the Yorkshire champion, and true to the county nomenclature, Blair Athol is his great ram. Southdowns do not take in Yorkshire, and as there was no entry,

the Society saved their 55*l.* Lincolns and Cotswolds came, and among the latter "Mr. Tombs's big sheep," but the Ridings have no solid resting-place for the sole of their feet. They have used the former on the Wolds, but they did not thrive, and one Leicester patriarch had a flying sarcasm at their expense, that if three came in a cart, and all stood with their heads on one side, they would infallibly upset it. The sheep rival to the half Brahmin was one from the coasts of Galilee, with a tail of 12lbs. weight, and described on its card as "a combination of fat and marrow.

Duckering, Sagar, Dyson, Eden, and all the familiar names are to be found among the pig-winners, but the judges complain of a lack of hair. It is a more popular part of the show than the sheep, but still it is at the horse-ring that the most earnest gazers are found. Mr. Burbidge, "Jack Skipworth," and Mr. Garfit from Cheshire, make up the bench. The blood sires come in first, and for the third year in succession the big-boned Angelus takes the first rosette. He is the property of Sir George Cholmley, the oldest horse breeder in Yorkshire, and from a Nutwith dam of Lord Exeter's, which was purchased as a draft-mare at Doncaster. King Brian is second, and the neat, compact Wyndham, from Rawcliffe paddocks, to whom not a few, who remember how he "came to the rescue" in his racing days, hold most tenaciously, gets no mention among the ten. Among the coachers we look in vain for the old Cleveland bays, such as Howdenshire loved, and which once drew the heavy family chariot at six miles an hour. They have been gradually crossed up with blood sires, so that if any foal from a Cleveland mare falls smarter than usual, the breeder can cut its tail, and call it a hunter. In fact, a horse which a few years since was almost the champion of the hunting classes all over England, began his show life in a class for young coach horses. The winner on this day looked as if he had

an extra cross of blood in him, and won easily enough. Two blacks, sire and son, the latter rejoicing in the name of Sir Edwin Landseer, headed the roadster class. There was only three years between them, and the sire had lost an eye, but still the six-year-old was fairly beaten. Trotting sires' conductors are generally "a set of wild Indians," and show their horses' paces with remarkably jealous zest. They trot them with a long rein, and use words in an almost unknown tongue, and they will watch half a market-day for a rival, whose owner has been "bouncing" in his advertisement, so as to lay their horse alongside of his pet, when he is giving him a sly trot, and thus make him eat or prove his words. Each medal recording a fresh victory is attached to a conqueror's neck collar, and one horse which came to Wetherby, and "took nothing by his motion," wore a breeching of medals as well, and looked more like a charger of the middle ages than a trotter of the nineteenth century.

The young hunters had not many among them which would "pass the college." One class was so afflicted with curbs and bog spavins, that when at last three were left in, it was proposed to set them aside, and go on with the next class, while Professor Spooner decided which was least unsound. One of the judges said, with quite an injured air, "I like one of the five we've put aside best, but then his bog spavins aren't of a size." Sir George Cholmley and his chestnuts have a rare time of it, and Bob Brignall, the "first cross-country jock" to the stable, shows them capitally in "black waistcoats and pants." Many look at the grand chestnut three-year-old Don Juan, and talk of cups in store. The riders are a study of themselves. One of them wears a black and yellow jockey cap, and is saluted with, "*Now, Fordham, wake her up!*" as he tears round on his pony. Another in a grey cap looks so stolid over it, and sits so artistically (in his own eyes), that the judges cannot

resist sending him a strong gallop three times round for the pure enjoyment of the thing. He is so dreadfully in earnest during the performance, that he does not see them laughing, and his look of disgust when he is put among the knock-outs at its conclusion, is like the mien of the warror in the song, at once "stern and high." Bob Mulcaster is a great *artiste* both with the leading rein and in the saddle, and there is quite a buzz of delight when he leads out old Crafty, "the heroine of a hundred fights," as the local papers delight to call her, and sends her along with her thin tail extended, like the old beauty that she is. We have seen fat men of eighteen stone strip to their work in obedience to the call all round the ring: "*Now, Franky, man, it's thy turn. Thoo'se a bit too fat for't job. Now, mettle up!*" And away went Franky, top heavy, and "*bad on thy pins*," only to receive the consolation "*thoo maks a varra poor tew of it.*" There was a man of Mr. George Holmes's who had the knee in curb-chain action to such perfection, that he could teach his master's horses to be steppers. He did it in the ring with a face as calm as if he were carved from stone, while the laughter rung as it did in the Adelphi when Wright's voice was heard at the right or left wing. The boys made quite a Sir Roger de Coverley gallop of it on their ponies, before their ponies were settled; and a grey trotted in such style, that a hunting baronet declared that at last he had found the cover hack he had been seeking all his life.

The hunters from three year old and upwards are, after all, the cream of the thing. Lady Derwent, the queen of the season, had a long contest with Borderer and another, and once more the white rosette was pinned on to her bridle. She is a beautiful mare with a dish head, which she owes to her sire Codrington, a son of Womersley, whom Sir Tatton Skyes had for a season. He had given her so much quality that scarcely any one suspected that she had only one cross

of blood in her. Sprig of Shillelah, Iris, Mountain Dew, and Cavendish, two bays, and two dark browns are in the ring nearly three-quarters of an hour before the judges can make up their minds. At last the battle waxed hot between Mountain Dew and Iris, and the saddles were ordered off. Then they were re-saddled, and the judges mounted them for some scenes in the circus, and Iris, a horse of tremendous power, and the one upon which Mr. Thomson is painted by Sir Francis Grant, gained the day. The hunter first prize winners are put together for the cup, and Lady Derwent has no chance with Iris, who seems to gallop everything down, and is ridden specially by the head groom, John Pye, who "sends him out" to perfection. Mr. Thomson looks on at the side of the rails, and adjourns in due time to the Jewel House, to take his choice of a cup.

The hound show was held in a quiet spot in the park, just under the chain of woodlands which flank the grange. "The Bramham Moor and two-and-twenty couple" is the hunting toast in these parts, and their name is one of the thirteen above the hound cages. Sixteen or seventeen huntsmen and whips from England and Scotland are there in scarlet, awaiting their turn to bring their lots on to the flags. Only one wears a cap, and hats and "pudding basons" are all the go. There was an old Yorkshire huntsman, Will Carter, who never could be pursuaded into anything but a felt wideawake even in the field, and placed a horn under the same ban. "Hard-riding Ben" from Lord Middleton's is there, but we miss old Tom Sebright, who fought many a good round with him at Redcar, Yarm, and Guisborough, in those pleasant summer days when the Cleveland Society held the lead, and gave such an impetus to agricultural meetings. John Walker, Harry Ayris, Charles Payne, Jack Goddard, Jack Morgan, and other celebrities do not show; but Peter Collisson, a worthy successor to

Joe Maiden over Cheshire, looks on from the stand benches. Old Will Danby is the patriarch of the day, and wears his 75 summers as lightly as a flower. Will was at hunting for just fifty seasons, and then, in his expressive words, "he lapped it up." He is great in dates, and if you ask him the cause of his vigorous old age, you hear that he has tasted nothing stronger than raspberry vinegar for seven-and-forty years. He "goes into less room" than he did, and in his neat black coat and waistcoat, white cravat, and drab breeches and gaiters, he looks his profession to the life. "I can sleep like a man, and eat any mortal thing," and "I never wore troosers in my life, and I never will," is his general sketch of himself. In this respect he differs from his successor in the York and Ainsty, who comes to the *fête* in grey trousers, and gets well joked about them, as he thrice walks up for a prize.

Thirteen kennels contend, but the prizes fall to the lot of four, and every county save Yorkshire and Linconshire is out of it. Lord Kesteven may well be in a high flow of spirits, and people may well wonder how he has achieved in six seasons what others cannot in a lifetime. There, too, on the front bench sit a bevy of fox-hunting peers—Hawke, Macclesfield, Middleton, and Wenlock. Sir Charles Slingsby watches the brilliant fortunes of the Nelson and Comedy litter, and Mr. Thomson of "the Pitchley," as Mr. Bright once called it in the House, to the inextinguishable merriment of the landed interest, vibrates between the front benches and the horse ring. Mr. Hall of the Holderness rides up with a geranium in his button-hole, and "looking as hard as stub nails," on Captain Gunter's grey Crimean Arab, takes his part in the fun. The hunting-field has no gamer or more battered hero, but he jests at his scars; and if his horse does roll over him and squeeze the breath out, his first impulse, when the

lungs fill, is to ask to be helped on again. "John o' the Bedale," and nearly every other Yorkshire master, are on the back benches; but we miss the form of Mr. Foljambe, in his green coat, leaning on Mr. Parry of the Puckeridge, and of Captain Percy Williams. Jack Parker of the Sinnington, the very Zekiel Homespun of huntsmen, is not there to tell of the feats of his trencher-fed dogs; and that Tommiad of fox-hunting centaurs, Tom Smith, Tom Hodgson—with his big white hat and bigger white cravat—and Tom Sebright, are all in their graves. There are twenty-six couple in the entered hound classes, and Lord Kesteven wins them both. His lordship's have quality for ever; but they are too full of flesh. Still, with Foreman and Primate to help in one class, and Artful, Rally, and Stately in the other, they have it *una voce.* Four of Stately's stock come with her, and one of them, Seaman, who won at Thirsk the year before, is among the winning lot. Yarborough Nelson—a useful, bony dog, but rather lacking fashion in his neck and colour, and still holding the line as well as ever in his ninth season—wins the Stallion Hound Prize.

The rain, which has prophesied of itself through divers thunderpeals, comes at last, rolling up the valley of the Wharfe before we are half done; and the huntsmen cage themselves up with their hounds till this happy harbinger of cub-hunting and drought-deliverance passes briskly by. There is a tent spread with dinner for the huntsmen when all is over, but nothing can tempt old Will Danby under canvas; either he thinks that he will be required to make an oration or to drink something, so he stoutly refuses to enter, and marches about in front of the cages, with a first-whip's wife, keeping the hounds in order. They are quiet enough till the Tallyhos begin in the tent after Mr. Fox's speech, and then they send up an answering cheer. Some simple-minded visitors don't understand these sounds. At York, we met two

women running violently towards the spot from whence they proceeded—"Dearie me! Mary Ann, let's gan and see. Somebody's murdering somebody. Come along, lass!" Jack Backhouse's speech has accompaniments which may well make the fox cubs tremble in their pads. The toast was the "Unsuccessful Candidates," and Jack announces himself as "Yorkshire Jack." First he tells how, when he and his friend Ben Morgan are "ligging a long way fra yam," they don't "lap it up," but they draw for a second fox. Leaving the past, he dashes boldly into the future; and referring to the contests of the day, he says, "I'll get a prize ye now—I've been what they call 'recommended.'"* It was a great speech. Mr. Hall can hardly believe in such eloquence on the part of Jack, when it reaches his ears later in the day, but he asks a huntsman or two, and they are unanimous in their testimony. The scarlets linger near the hunters for the rest of the afternoon, but by the morrow's morn they are far away. On Friday, the sixpenny crowd are in at one o'clock, and by four, man and beast are on the move homeward. Some

* No one knows that Jack was "recommended," as he states; but at Beverley, in 1869, he fulfilled his prophecy, and took a 5*l.* prize and a 2*l.* gratuity for being second in the dog puppy class with Leader. The Bishop of Oxford, who was staying with Mr. Sykes, M.P., and took his seat with his peers on the M. F. H. bench, could not resist the beaming looks of his brother Yorkshiremen; and the oration which Jack delivered in honour of Leader, first holding him by the head and then by the stern, when the dog tried to cut it, was one which the eloquent prelate will not forget. Soon after this Jack was so struck with the tie of one of his brother huntsmen, that he insisted that it was starched and ironed on him, and wouldn't believe in "one effort" —"*Nowt of the sort.*" Old Will Danby came over once more to the county where he and Mr. Tom Hodgson performed such prodigies among the foxes; and when a photographer placed the huntsmen and judges in a group, Mr. Tom Parrington took the modest old fellow by the collar, and compelled him by "gentle violence" to come on to the flags. Mr. Hall was reminding him of the Lammas Stream business when Will got over on a 15*l.* grey, and he himself got "stabled between banks" on a 400-guinea brown.

lead the foal and dam, or ride the stallions, with the carpet-bag and sheets folded up in front of them. The owner of Lady Derwent is of this mind. The mare is in a white hood and sheet, and wears a collar studded with pieces of round pasteboard on her neck, each containing the printed record of a victory. He rides her through Wetherby in state, and we leave her standing in her groom's hands waiting to be trucked, with a bunch of white ribbons flying from her head, big enough for an army of brides.

"The Vale of the Wharfe is adorned with elegant mansions, and the views obtained from neighbouring elevations are at once noble and commanding." So says a Yorkshire Directory, and so old Coates must have thought from his heart, as laden with weighty calf-records, and still weightier bull data, beginning from Abelard, that descendant of "Booth's lame" and "Booth's old white" bulls, he gained the top of the wooden ridge of Sheven. Then patting his white mare's neck, he descended on his winding road to the homestead at Greenholme, which lay stretched, westward of the litle market town of Otley, like a land of shorthorn promise beneath. It was here that "The Improved Durham Breed" found a home in those dreary hopeless times which followed upon the Comet mania and the war, when 30 guineas a season was a great bull hire, and 80 guineas a marvellous purchase.

Mr. Whitaker never bated one jot of heart or hope, and "the quiet afternoons at Greenholme" have borne their rich fruit for shorthorn breeders at last. Without his earnest aid, Coates would never have ventured to bring out the first volume of the Herd-Book in 1822, when nothing but "Corn and Currency" was on every English tongue, and agrarian outrage and hunger were raging across the channel. It was "printed by W. Walker, at the Wharfedale Stanhope Press, top of the market-place, Otley;" and a manuscript copy of it is still preserved,

written out in Mr. Whitaker's own neat hand, and with his red ink annotations, which now almost need a microscope to decipher. It would seem as if he had walked about for years with the images of every great cow or bull firmly fixed in his retina. Of Duchess First he merely says "fair;" of Duchess Second "droops;" while Hubback comes in among other criticisms for "*flank and twist wonderful, shoulders rather upright.*" Three-fourths of the original list of subscribers have gone to their rest; and so too, within the last twelve years has the patriarchal James Ward, R.A., who condescended to draw Maria and Miranda on stone for the work, and speculated on the coming fortunes of a certain young self-taught mail-driver, Herring of Doncaster, who had also borne a hand and sketched the heifer "Daffodil in two positions." A few years later, the present editor of the Herd-Book, then a mere lad of fifteen, fresh from his school studies of the Durham Ox and Coates's Driffield Cow, was sent over to paint Charles (878) for the second volume, and, like Culshaw, whose boyish embassy to the same spot has still to be told, he dates his chief Shorthorn impressions from that weary journey, two-thirds on foot, and a third in the carrier's cart. In 1844, after the death of Coates junior, he took up the Herd Book with Volume 6th, and has now brought it up to the 18th, besides revising and reprinting the first five volumes of the series. No man ever threw more energy into a great task, or made such a succession of brilliant sale averages as he has done for twenty years past. Tim Metcalfe, the herdsman, was also a remarkable character in the Greenholme drama. He "*knew 'em when he saw 'em*" as well as any man, but as he never knew his alphabet, he invariably clenched the matter with, "*Give me t' pedigree, and I'll tak it home t'it maister.*" No wonder then that the taste for Shorthorns should have gradually spread along the Wharfe, and not only

brought new tenants to browse in the pastures of Farnley, Broughton, and Denton Park, but tempted the Duchess tribe to renew their strength in later years near Wetherby.*

Farnley Hall, which was originally built in the time

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* Mr. Fawkes's career as a breeder of shorthorns may be said to have begun in earnest with Mr. Whitaker's stock. His first purchase was Norfolk (2377), a grand roan bull by Second Hubback, and then such a favourite of Mr. Bates's, that he sent six heifers from Kirklevington expressly to be served by him. One of them was "*my best Duchess*" 33rd, the great grandam of Grand Duke; another, Blanche by Belvedere, from whom Roan Duchess 2nd is in direct descent; and a third founded the Waterloos of Aylesbury and Springfield fame. Norfolk himself was from Nonpareil by Magnet, rather a gaudy cow, from Mr. Barker of East Layton's sale, where Sir Charles Knightley purchased Rosy and Primrose, which, along with Rufus and Little John of Mr. Arbuthnot's breeding, virtually founded the Fawsley herd. In 1834, Mr. Whitaker bought Verbena (45 guineas) and the grand Medora (40 guineas), both as heifer calves, at Mr. Richard Booth's Studley sale, and bred nine calves from the latter. In the previous year Mr. Whitaker sold off his herd, and again bought about three dozen well bred cows, for the use of his work people at the Burley mills. Mr. Fawkes was so much struck with the looks of some of them, that he arranged with his neighbour to allow him to select twenty for service principally by Norfolk. The compact was to be in force for three years, and 10 guineas was to be paid for each of them, doublets or not, at the expiration of a week, provided it was not a black-nose, and had no symptoms of unsoundness. Hence, sixty were transferred during that period from Greenholme to Farnley, and the first ten bull-calves by Norfolk averaged 100 guineas each. The very first bull-calf that was dropped received the title of Sir Thomas Fairfax, (who won at the Bristol Royal, and twice at the Yorkshire Society); and the Ohio Company offered 400 guineas for Norfolk in vain on that trip, when, but for Mr. Whitaker's faint praise, they would have carried off Duchess 34th in calf with the Duke of Northumberland. However, they took away the Duke of York (1941) for 150 guineas, who had been sold as a calf for 14 guineas at Mr. Whitaker's sale the year before, and bought some lots at the Studley sale as well. When he was rising four, 250 guineas was accepted for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and he departed to Brawith, leaving eight-and-twenty "Fair"-named calves behind. Old Fairy Tale long remained to testify to this beautiful favourite, and she bravely supported his line with fourteen calves since 1842. Medora had been helping meanwhile to carry on the Norfolks, thrice from the old bull direct, and thrice from Sir Thomas Fairfax, and when the three years' lease of Mr. Whitaker's cows had expired, the Farnley herd mainly consisted of some thirty two-year-old heifers.

of Elizabeth, was added on to about a hundred years ago, and stands on a rising ground, a mile and a half to the north-east of Otley. The road winds up through the well-wooded park, of a hundred and forty acres, and so along an avenue thickly lined with laurels, among which "the merry brown hares come leaping," and the pheasants feed in troops, as if the crack of a Manton was a sound unknown in Wharfedale. A road to the right, just before we reach the quaint old iron gates, leads across a bridge, and past the aviary to the farmyard buildings, part of which once composed the ancient kennels, from which Mr. Fawkes in his younger days was wont to ride forth at the head of his harriers. All the cattle stand on wood spars in old-fashioned comfortable boxes. Robinson Crusoe, a bull on the shortest leg, and with the deepest bosom we ever saw, was then the principal tenant of the bull paddock, but we heard of Milton and his sire Rockingham, who owned no master but a certain dog after his ring had been torn out of his nose. Laudable was a good bull, and Bridegroom's three sons, Sir Edmund Lyons, John O'Groat, and General Bosquet were all Royal winners like himself. "The General" was not so neat, but more massive and mossy-haired than Sir Edmund Lyons, and his son Bon Garçon also kept up the Farnley charter, and beat Royal Butterfly as a calf at Chester. Mr. Fawkes was very lucky with three, but sold the fourth, John O'Groat for a good sum. Bull-breeding has always been his forte, and since those days he has won first prizes with Friar Tuck and his own brother Friar Bacon at Plymouth Royal in '65. At Newcastle Royal he took a first with Marquis, and at Manchester Royal the same honours with Lord Isabeau. It is his rule only to show young bulls. He has always tried for roans, and it is his experience that white upon red is more likely to produce them than red upon white.

It was not, after all, an unnatural transition from calves with the martial and political names without, to the suits of ancient armour and the old rallying room of the great Yorkshire Orange party. Sir Thomas Fairfax, too, was reflected through his sword and his candlesticks, which hung, with Oliver Cromwell's hat, in the rich oak-panelled entrance. There, however, the chain of connexion with the herd ceased. Not one bull stirred up the remembrance of its Royal triumphs on canvas; and we felt as one green silk curtain after another was drawn aside by the hand of our host, that there must be a deep truth in the words of the author of *Horæ Subsecivæ* when he spoke of the six great sights of his life, and classed the Pyrenees, the Venus of Melos, Titian's Entombment, and Paul Veronese's Cain with his wife and child, and The Rhine under a Midnight Thunderstorm at Coblentz, with the wondrous Turners at Farnley Hall.

CHAPTER XI.

"Mrs. Marcet admired his hams. 'Oh!' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams; yours are only Shems or Japhets.'"

Sydney Smith's Life.

The Pig Show at Keighley—Celebrating a Victory—Mr. Wainman's Pigs—Pig Scenes Abroad—Mr. Waterton at Home—Mr. Gully, "The Squire," and Mr. Tom Hodgson—Doncaster Moor—Purity's Five Heats—"Martingale."

A BIT of good Pig-Racing," said a country philosopher to us, "is worth all your horse-running business. It's twice the fun sure-ly, and nobbut one hundredth part of the expense. It taks up a yale afternoon, and t'Leger don't tak four minnits." It would have been hopeless to meet such an argument, especially when propounded by a brawny mason in

his Sunday best, with unkempt hair, and collars up to his cheek-bones, and a visage absolutely beaming with the proud recollection of how "old sow wan." The turfite, who feebly suggested that he didn't see the great difference, as an owner could now eat his horse if he didn't run well, was at once suspected of "chaffing" (which countrymen hate of all things), and received a broadside in unshackled Doric, such as our "steel pen"—whatever Colonel Penn's might do—would despair of reproducing. The fact is, that pig racing, *alias* pig showing, is a very solemn British institution. Go into a local agricultural show in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the vast majority of the rustics never get beyond the pigs, the poultry, and the washing machines. Booth and Bates cows are wholly lost on them, and the hunters are a drug in their eyes, except when they are "asked a question" over the hurdles.

No town in those vast hives of industry is more devoted to its agricultural show that Keighley. It is the high festival of the year, and on one occasion every window was illuminated. Choice quintets from the Branches, Towneley, and Warlaby herds have met for the cup in its ring. Sheep-dogs and rabbits are not kept back from honour, and the owner of the donkey in the best condition is rewarded with a sovereign. The "neddies" step out very differently since this stimulus was applied, when they

"Gang for the coals i' the morning,"

and "prods" will soon be a thing of the past. Still, Keighley reserves its highest sympathies for the pig, and 30*l.* is given in "labouring men's classes" alone. For this, forty to fifty pigs of about 300*l.* value, and nearly all of the middle breed, compete. The pig is the very Apis of the locality. At dinner-time the men devote half-an-hour rigidly to the stye. They sit and scratch their grunting idols if it is wet; they

walk them out if it is fine; and they seldom throw away the soap-suds on Saturday night till they have been put to do double duty. The Society keeps a special van, which it lets out at a shilling a ride for conveyance to and from the show-ground, &c., and the best rug or blanket in the house is freely given up for the candidate pig, if the day happens to be cold. A Court of Error, quite as learned as the bench in swine points, watch all round the ring; and it is a fearful moment when the cup entries have been called out, and all save two or three "toppers" are put back. The white, blue, pink, or green (for "extra") rosettes are placed that night with as much pride over the mantelpiece, as a Knight of the Garter's banner above his Windsor stall.

"Drunken Barnaby," in his Northern Tour, spoke of the inhabitants of Keighley as

> "Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,
> As if they were the world's controllers;"

and they certainly keep up the character right royally on their August show-day. There are two grand stands, and three thousand people in them, or looking on below, when the pigs come out for the Challenge Cup, and 500*l.* has been taken at the gates. Carriage loads of visitors are driven off to lunch in the town, like tallies of voters going up to poll. There is venison from Bolton Park, ling-fed Lonk nearly equal to it in shade and flavour, and grouse from every moor in the West Riding. Regalias serve as toothpicks, and Roëderer and Clicquot don't spoil in ice. The volunteer tent was used on one occasion for a bazaar, and, as a wind-up, pug-dogs and "chintz-cats" were raffled for. Among the most curious components of that throng are the "Cowan Headers," who for many years bore the name of "the moon-rakers," owing to a rooted belief that one of them mistook the moon's reflection for a cheese, and tried

to rake it out of a mill-dam. They are rather shy; and at their feasts lads dance with lads, and lasses with lasses during the early part of the evening. Later on, however, Mr. Spurgeon, who so much approves of the other arrangement, would decline to be M.C. The Haworth and Wath Valley one-tram line puzzled them sorely. At last one of their philosophers gave the company his mind pretty sharply upon the point: "Did they think he was syke a fule as pay to gan and hev to walk back—you've nobbut line one way."

Mr. Tuley, a Keighley weaver, first inoculated the locality with high art pig-feeding. He showed at The Royal, and called his cottage "Matchless House," after his pet prize sow of the large breed. No small portion of the eighteen shillings a week, which he and his wife earned at the loom, were spent in oatmeal for his pigs; and Mrs. Tuley once "shaved a pig for our maister," when the judges preferred them without hair. He was a great man for pig pedigrees, and he could generally get 5*l.* for the large sort at two months.

The enthusiasm for pig-showing also rages at Leeds, but does not take quite such a legitimate form. The Leeds system is in fact rather pig-buying than pig-breeding. Some of the owners keep public-houses, where people meet, not to troll (as we have known rustics to do for nearly an hour over their ale) that dreary Wiltshire ditty:—

> "Heigho! my dinner, oh!
> Bacon and potatoes, oh!"

but to hear at the bar the result of the summer "pig races" by telegram, and to make sows and boars the theme of their discourse. Professor Simonds and his tooth-screw are names of dread, and when friends do begin to let out confidentially over the ale, there are some very awkward stories of pigs borrowed and rules

defied. One of their great legitimate victories was when they "walked into Wainman" and Carhead Duchess, with Lady Havelock at Chester. The news was telegraphed to Leeds, and the whole of the owner's family circle arrived on the Roodee next day. The gude wife was especially communicative, and said that there was "some sense in those judges," and that "Tom would niver have sent her but for me." They must have pretty well spent the 10*l.* prize over the trip, and at night we met them in an inn drinking ginger-beer and giving away oranges in the gladness of their hearts. "The missus" had a large basket of them on her knee, and pressed them after her hearty Yorkshire way on everyone, in honour of the event. "There, maister, you're welcome if you'il ha' yen—old sow's wan." The pair were pretty equal, but Mr. Fisher had four more shyes at her, and won the odd trick.

The conductress of Lady Kate was quite as enthusiastic as the Leeds dame. She rode up and down the country in the railway truck with "the lady" and her litter (exciting thereby the deepest devotion on the part of the porters), and sold her infant charges at 5*l.* apiece. That summer she and Lady Kate gathered many a rosette in Yorkshire and Lancashire; and she delighted to sit by her sow, and to reckon up on her fingers its thirteen crosses from the Chineze. This was the poor girl's only summer in the show-yards. The trip had been undertaken to divert her mind from her fate, as she died soon after from cancer of the breast.

Some of the rich Manchester men are also rather fond of the sport, and do not scruple to play off practical jokes on each other. One of them, who was not very sure that his pigs would win, overtook his friend's lot on the road. "You may turn back," he said to the swineherd; "your master's dead." He had therefore the show pretty well to himself. His friend did

not upbraid him when they met on 'Change, but he bided his time. As Mr. Disraeli observes, "the opportunity came at last, as everything does in this world, if men are firm and calm." Finding his friend's pigs in their crates at a station, bound to a local show, and no one with them, the "dead" man changed the directions and despatched them to York; and the owner soon guessed the reason of their non-appearance.

Mr. Wainman of Carhead, in the Keighley district, had the most remarkable career as a breeder and shower of pigs during the twelve years he was at it. He took very little interest in the pursuit himself; and the whole management devolved on his steward, Mr. John Fisher, as great a genius among pigs as Mr. Culshaw, the Towneley "Talleyrand of trainers" is among Shorthorns, or the late George Newton, of Mr. Sanday's showing-days, amongst Leicesters. No pigs to speak of were kept at Carhead until 1853, when Mr. Fisher bought some of the Tuley sort, and crossed them with another purchase, Mr. Swan's Midas. It is not, however, our intention to go into particulars of crosses, or to tell how Miss Emily, the first high purchase, was the principal mould in which the middle breed were cast and quickened. The composition succeeded best by the union of a large sow and a small boar; and the Carhead average has generally been about 34 stone of 14lbs. at twelve months for the large breed, 30 stone for the middle, and 25 stone for the small. Midas was more adapted for store purposes than the show-yard. Still, at Ripon, Mr. "Val Barford" fought hard to place him first, and kept on saying to his brother judges, "Look at his gammons, gentlemen!" However, if they did look, they "didn't see it," and he got the blue instead of the white rosette. A cottier bought him at last, and sold one of his flitches to a Bradford provision merchant. Part of it found its way to the kitchen of a municipal dig-

nitary; but the fumes were all over the house when the cook tried to toast a rasher for the parlour. The dealer being sarcastically apprised of its strength under fire, gave away the rest of the flitch to the children on "Collop Monday;" and thus freed himself for life from all "Pray ye a collop" levies, as even those strong-stomached innocents would "have no more of that old horse." The cottier kept very dark as to what he did with the other flitch and the hams. All he would say was, that he "had fettled somebody with them," and that he "had made mony a waur bargain than that." In truth, an aged boar should be buried with all the honours, and turn, like "Imperial Cæsar," to clay, and not to bacon.

The first large-breed sow at Carhead was bought by mere chance in Lancashire. A working-man turned her out of a stye for a mid-day run into a croft near Colne, and Mr. Fisher (who won the Beverley Cup on Falcon as a boy, and was second horseman for ten seasons to Mr. Hall of the Holderness) chancing to ride past, was so delighted with her symmetry and action, that he drew rein, and bought her for 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The "uncontrollable impulse" was a correct one, as she became the dam of Chelmsford Duchess, the first Carhead winner at the Royal, as well as the Salisbury Boar and Carhead Duchess. Chelmsford Duchess was sold for 40*l.* to the French Government, and Yorkshire Prioress went to Salisbury the next July. She turned 11cwt. 2qrs. 27lbs. at Kildwick station, when she was put on the rail in Yorkshire. During the journey water was thrown upon her, and she would stand up and drink, whereas Lady Airedale never drank on her travels in the hottest weather, and seemed to sulk at the sight of water, although she would eat for ever. The Salisbury clock struck ten when the London cattle special cleared the great chalk cutting, and arrived at the station, where a goodly multitude awaited it. "Dick" and "Kit,"

who were then Mr. Fisher's gentlemen-at-arms, drew the crate, with Yorkshire Prioress in it, off the truck, and distinctly remembered hearing the sow rise on to her feet. She was only left for eight or ten minutes while the other pigs and the luggage were looked up, but she was never seen alive again. One theory was that she had been suffocated by the crowd, but Mr. Fisher considered that it had been done purposely with a little chloroform, which would tell almost instantaneously on so fat a subject. Almost before he could believe she was dead, a lot of rough fellows showed an immense anxiety to purchase the carcase. Her throat was cut, and after a good deal of chaffering, a bargain was struck at 7*l.* In the course of the week he espied some of the most talkative vendees presiding over a bread and fat bacon counter in a tent, and felt more sure than ever that he had a key to the sow's mysterious fate. "Dick" was inconsolable, and wished to return at once to his native vale, but the sale of the Carhead Duchess litter insensibly revived him, and enabled him to bear up under the dispensation. And well it might, as they were going off by 10 guineas and 12 guineas apiece. One noble lord stood cheapening a pair, while the agent of another kept stirring the pets of his fancy on to their legs. They were pigged on April 12th, and the eleven which went to Salisbury cleared 116*l.* 10*s.*

The best of them, Sir Roger de Coverley, to whom the Carhead large breed owed so much, both for good and very large litters, was kept at home, and after winning sixteen prizes, was sold to the Russian Government at three years old for 20*l.*, and got suffocated on the road. The Golden Dream strain was not so big as the Chelmsford Duchess one, but the old sow was a wonder of fertility, and had 153 pigs at thirteen litters; while her daughter, Golden Days, had three litters of eleven each, and won nine prizes before she touched twenty-two months. Lord of the Was-

sail, the first middle breed boar that ever took a Royal prize, had a coat of hair eight and a half inches long, and Mr. Wainman, who is a very keen fisher both on the Wharfe and the Spey, was wont to dress his flies with it. He was so proud of it, that he kept a perpetual sample of this porcine Esau in his pocket-book. If "Wassail's" hair was the best, Fresh Hope beat everything for bulk; as when she was sold for 20 guineas and yielded up her hams to the slaughter, they weighed 94lbs. each. Those who descended to view these salted remains in the cellar, declared that but for their being "nearly all real sandwich meat," they might have pertained to a hippopotamus. For thickness of hide, no pig came up to Carhead Duke. It was found that it would only do for blacksmiths' aprons; but as it would not make three, and only cut up to waste for two, it was converted into a partition wall for a tap-room at Keighley. In that position it is made the text of much sound pig doctrine, and is always alluded to with the deepest respect.

Arch Trespasser was only beaten once, and appeared at the Royal in three different characters. At one year he was the small breed; at two years old, the middle, and at three years old, the large: and no general or special demurrer was lodged. He died at last of tumour in the chest, and was buried six feet deep in the Carhead stack garth, with a silver "perfect cure" ring in his nose. It has no legitimate hall mark, seeing that Mr. Fisher invented it, and it will give the Yorkshire archæologists some trouble as to its date and use, if a century hence they hold a picnic in Airedale with their pickaxes, and invade this good boar's barrow. One of his journeys was to the Royal Irish show at Clonmel, where he took the gold medal as the best boar in all the classes. The Earl of Kimberley, the then Lord-Lieutenant, was looking at him with his suite, when an outraged Paddy planted himself at his lordship's elbow, and said, "And sure if I

had been a judge, I'd not have given that pig a prize at all, at all." "Don't bother yourself," retorted Mr. Fisher, "you never will be a judge at all, at all;" and the critic retired without having the best of it. Irish pig-leaders are most unremitting in their blundering efforts to square the judges. "Give us a prize!" said one, nudging a friend of ours as he entered the yard; "by my sowle, you'll know the pig again, anyhow; he's got a big scratch with a nail on his back."

The large breed of boars are very difficult to make up for show. Smaller ones sleep more, but their big brothers should live in solitude, as they hear and smell each other, and are always on their legs champing. Silverhair, from Mr. Unthank's (of Cumberland) sort, crossed with King of the West, a Watson boar, began the Carhead small breed, and Silverwing, their beautiful daughter, showed the light offal and short head of that "silver" strain to perfection. She won nearly thirty prizes "off malt-dust and turnips;" but she went at last both in the loins and the muscles of her hams, and became lumpy, as pigs will do when they are brought out over and over again. King Cube, her "constant pardner," as Mrs. Gamp observes, was also by King of the West, and Mr. Wainman smoked many a cigar over this beautiful pair, when he did not care to look at anything else. Missing Link, Happy Link, and the rest of the "Links," were of the middle breed, and combined the size of the large breed with the thriftiness and quality of the small, but there was no keeping some of them within growth bounds. At Lincoln, Mr. Torr would not allow that Missing Link was of the small breed, and he placed her second. She was afterwards the best middle-bred sow at Battersea, and finally took the cup at Keighley, when she weighed nearly forty stone.

Mr. Wainman's greatest victory was at the Worcester Royal, where he won eight firsts and a second. In this year (1863), the Carhead pigs attended 33

shows, and won 121 first prizes and 50 seconds (many of them "to their own stable"), making 464*l.* 10*s.* besides one silver cup, six silver medals, and one bronze. Fresh Hope led the way with nineteen firsts and a second, and King Cube backed her up with fifteen and three. The last victory was at Birmingham in 1866, with a pen of five got by Fresh Fire, and then the whole were sold, Mr. Jacob Wilson going in for Dream of Pretence and Golden Link.

Their show-season generally opened, at Accrington, in April, and lasted to the Leeds Fat Show. Big Kit—whose biceps muscle was a marvel to behold—and Little Kit were found everywhere from Edinburgh to Exeter with the precious crates. Their heaviest reverse was at Newport, on which they descended in charge of four clippers, and had to strike their flag without a prize or a mention, before "those Irish-looking blacks and whites." Sometimes the army of Wainman Whites would be off in two divisions commanded by "the Kits," and then Mr. Fisher would meet them with the main body from Carhead, and they would close their ranks for a grand descent on the Yorkshire or the Highland Show. They very seldom went to the Smithfield Club, but at Birmingham, in the halcyon days of pig prices, when a fox-hunter boasted that he got three days a-week hunting out of two sows, Mr. Wainman has made 15*l.* each for pigs out of a prize pen, under six months old. The late Lord Berwick was the first to pay it, and ten guineas to 12 guineas was by no means unusual. French buyers always fought out the point of "*No ginney! No ginney! Von pound!*" and when the bargain was struck, Mr. Fisher was generally seen sketching in chalks the imperial *fleur-de-lis* of *La Belle France* on his late charge's hams.

Nineteen young pigs, chaperoned by Silver Wing, Silver Beard, Duke of York, Rival Duchess, and Middle Link, went to the Hamburgh show in 1864.

The seniors, as a fitting reward for their excellent sea legs, got pretty nearly all they could from a committee, which attached more importance to gilt cards and waterfalls than prizes; but very few of the nineteen recrossed the German Ocean. At Hamburgh, a crate end came out with one of Mr. Bowly's Berkshires in it, just as it was being hoisted over the side, and the sow sank with a deep, sullen splash into the Elbe. For nearly a quarter of an hour the German sailors stood craning over the side of the vessel in mute expectation that the fresh pork would reappear, but poor Fritz saw nothing but a few bubbles for his pains. Yorkshire and Suffolk worked very amicably together, and especially in one instance. A foreigner came up to Mr. Fisher to buy the last of the Carhead lot. "Ah! I see de beautiful gentleman; vot de prize (price)?" "*Fifteen guineas!*" "Fifteen ginneys. Ah! dat ginney again. Yah! Fifteen pound!" The bargain had reached this stage, when the mistake as to sex was explained. "Ah! de beautiful lady; if I could buy de beautiful gentleman for de beautiful lady, I would buy de beautiful lady." So Mr. Fisher took him round to Mr. Crisp, and for 30*l.* he got "de beautiful" pair. The price was paid in thalers of three shillings each, and the two Kits carried them in a basket slung upon a pole. There was no telling where to keep them all day, so a hole was dug in the pen, and they were buried with a crate above them till the Kits could resume their burden, and convert them into a banker's draft.*

> "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take that for a hermitage."

So sang the poet of the Royalists; and Charles Waterton by that mysterious and solitary worship of

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* Yorkshire and Lancashire breeders generally run on the middle or large breed, and fanciers on the small. Scotland and Ireland are all for the large, and so are Australia, America, Prussia, Holland, Spain,

animated nature, to which he had dedicated himself from childhood to old age, proved the couplet true. His lot brought with it no obligation to work for his bread, and he became a mighty hunter with the Badsworth, when "Darlington's peer" was in his prime. Sudden remorse seized him one day just before the hunting season began. He felt that scampering after foxes was "not life in earnest," and he longed to exchange the *Tally-ho!* and the *Ware wheat!* for the golden flash of the humming bird, the scream of the parrot, and the deep toll of the campanero in the forests of Brazils. A scarlet tempter in the person of the Earl himself, met him a few miles from London, and, jumping out of his chaise-and-four, earnestly begged him to change his mind. Still, he was not to be headed back, although, as he used to

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and Germany; and the Emperor of the French purchased large and middle for three successive years. At one time Mr. Wainman bred about 220 pigs a year, and sold about 1000*l.* worth. Until the cattle plague came, there was a brisk trade; but the regulations interfered and closed the English and Irish markets. In England the pigs were perpetually stopped at stations, owing to some informality, real or supposed, and, to save further expense, the butchers got them. Between Carhead and Forfar five passes were required; and, after such a severe check, high prices became a dream of the past.

Mr. Wiley's small breed are remarkable for neatness and quality, and he has always got very high prices for them. The old gentleman has not been a very extensive shower; but he very seldom missed Birmingham, and won constantly till there were more "black judges" on the bench. Lord Wenlock's pigs are always very fat, and his lordship has never shown finer pens of the small breed than those at Battersea and Leeds, when the young sows were declared by the judges to be "magnificent," as in truth they were. Before Mr. Wainman came out, Mr. Harrison, of Stockport, beat everyone with small, middle, and big. Carhead caught him up at Canterbury and Leeds, and Mr. Wainman bought his Worcester Duke at Battersea for 23*l.*, and won thirteen firsts and four seconds with him. Victor, one of Mr. Harrison's boars, did Mr. Duckering a good deal of good, and corrected the coarseness of the Lincolnshire sort. Mr. Duckering has sows chiefly for the middle breed, but he has shown all three for some years, and beat Mr. Wainman, at Plymouth, with his Dexter Chief, who was beautifully got up. His two sons assist him, and they keep a coal staith at Kirton Lindsey. Mr. Hickman, of Hull, was once an extensive

say as he stood before the Darlington Hunt picture in his hall "*those dark eyes fairly looked through you.*" The spirit must have been still strong upon him, as, when no convoy could be got for six weeks, he "stole back" once more, and then, true to time, forsook Womersley and Hemsworth Lane Ends, and dropped down the Channel at last. His life from that point is told in his Wanderings. As Sydney Smith wrote of him, "the sun exhausted him by day, and the mosquitoes bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles Waterton. * * He rejoices that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons."

It seemed passing strange when, after a walk of three or four miles from Wakefield, with railways to right of you, railways to left of you, the park gate

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shower; and for two or three years he was very successful. Among the Leeds pig fanciers, Mr. Gavin held a high place; but Mr. Dyson is quite the emperor of them now, and buys and shows a good one of the large breed whenever he can. Mr. Sagar, of Saltaire, is a great local shower, and once took a second at the Royal, with a sow of Mr. Wainman's breed, beating Golden Link. This sow won the Keighley Challenge Cup, which is decided, not by marching out all the winners, but by special entry before the classes are judged, so that the cup pig is got out of the way, and not allowed to compete in its class. Mr. Mangles is the largest Yorkshire pig breeder. He was a pupil of the late Mr. Watson, of Bolton Park, Cumberland, and got a rare boar, Bendigo, from him, of the small white breed. Latterly he has stood more on the middle breed and always prefers the small boar in the cross. He has won two Royal prizes, but Birmingham has been his field of the cloth of gold. He "composed" a nice flecked pig by crossing blacks and whites; but sometimes it only comes out with a little blue on the quarters. Black-eyed Susan was a very nice sow; and she and the celebrated Brutus were both of The Squire, and full of Thormanby blood. Mr. Mangles maintains that bacon should be fed for less than 6*d.* per lb., and that pigs should pay for all they consume without taxing the manure. New milk, to encourage sleepiness, warmth, cleanliness, and regularity, keeping the styes rather dark, and laying down ashes for the pigs to root over when they are not in the field, are very salient points of the system. Mr. Peter Eden has been very successful lately at the Royal meeting with the blood of King Lear; and he and Mr. Duckering seem to be the great winners of the day. Each took four first prizes at the Manchester Royal.

opened and shut you within leafy solitudes which were surrounded by a nine-foot wall. He had accurately gauged the jumping power of a fox, and we think it was his boast that one, and only one had ever got its pads on the coping, and that it made no second effort. Walton Hall seemed quite a city of refuge, where a man might lay by all care and sorrow for a season; but still, no one without the high spirits of a schoolboy or the heart of a naturalist could enjoy it to the full. The birds were to him a living poem all the year round. "The change of seasons was his calendar." Rooks cawed gratefully as they dug up the wire-worm at eve in the old grass, and "the royal birds" built their clumsy nests, and did their fishing in peace. Not a gun or a trap was known about the domain. We ventured to suggest that the water rats must increase terribly under the golden age; and he replied quite angrily: "*Kill the water-rats! they're my greatest comfort—they're the English beaver!*" Still a stewed carp from the lake carried you back to the "good old times," and furnished a dish not soon to be forgotten.

The house was girdled by a moat, and the cross rising above the ivy stood near the drawbridge entrance, as the earnest and symbol of his faith. Every tree had its story, or was peopled with some mysterious feathered tenant in fee. There was the owl's hole in the oak beyond the bridge; a tower was pierced with "chambers" for the jackdaws' parliament which never "rose for the holidays;" the American haw was there in plenty, for the missle-thrush or storm-cock; and there too was the shattered elm, from whose shade, as he so often recounted, under a prescience of ill which made him hurry home from the confessional, he warned off two visitors, just before it was struck by lightning.

He delighted to point out the window from which when a child the good Abbé rescued him as he

climbed along the sill to get at a nest in the eaves; but on the point as to whether he had really tied up his arm in a sling and tried to hatch an egg in his armpit, and was within four days of being a mother when a schoolfellow pushed him and broke it, we did not find him decisive. He seemed content to let the story rest in the shape which it then bore. We loved best to see him in his most inspired attitude, watching in the October evenings whether the rooks would take their regular departure for the season after their evening meal for Nostell Wood, or linger one or more days "over the ninth." He would almost drag you out, and stand bare-headed on the lawn long after nightfall, listening to the quack of the mallard, and telling each fresh water-fowl by its note, as it settled on the lake, with all the quickness of Fine Ear.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, who not unfrequently paid him a visit from Bishopthorpe or the Palace at Ripon, must have smiled, as did many others, when he scaled that wonderful staircase with its pictured walls, and found on the two landings, among cases of humming birds, toucans, and the other results of his Wanderings, the "English Reformation zoologically illustrated." If there was an uglier monkey than usual in the menagerie-offerings which were made to him, he stuffed it to represent Old Nick, or labelled it "John Knox." Titus Oates, Cranmer, and Bishop Burnet each found their equivalent very low down in the scale of reptiles; "Mother Law, Church, and her Dissenting Fry," looked like a group of toad dancers; and as for "Queen Bess at Lunch," it was a perfectly appalling combination of lizards and newts, and other unhallowed things. Beetles and flies, as being a special emblem of Satan, also bore their part in this strange medley of polemics; but still there was no lack of high-bred courtesy on his part to those of another creed. You thought only of his deep devotion when you saw him bend his shrunken form before the Eu-

charist, and heard him bear his part at vespers in the hymn of St. Bernard:

> "My comfort in the wilderness;
> But oh! when face to face!"

He slept on the ground, with his head on a hollowed out beech block, in a little room next to the chapel, or in his Brazilian hammock, and always awoke himself at three by Sir Walter Raleigh's clock, which had been removed from the Knight's house at Chelsea, and stood near the staircase entry of his bed-room. The first hour so snatched from sleep he "gave to the health and preservation of the soul." Hermit as he seemed in his habits and guise, he entered keenly into everything in the outer world, and loved dearly to find that he was not forgotten among naturalists. "*Well, Mr. Waterton! The Times has got hold of you to-day,*" we said to him, when the papers came in, and we had to read twice over to him (and a very pleasant task it was) a column letter signed "*An Ape,*" which treated of Professor Huxley and his hippocampus theory, and alluded most affectionately to "*My dear friend, Charles Waterton.*" If he was in London, he never omitted to visit the Zoological Gardens, and he went there we believe for the last time to examine the retractile claws of the cheetah. The people stared famously when they saw him enter the cage with the keeper, holding his right hand at a certain conventional distance from the ground. One woman said, "*Law! I'll be bound that's the Doctor.*" "*No, madam,*" he replied, never taking his eye off the beast as it crouched in the corner, "*you're mistaken, it's only the Apothecary;*" an answer which gave him great delight, and puzzled the old lady still more. He left home very little, but every Christmas he repaired to his old college at Stonyhurst, for a week, to meet his friends and see the boys act Shakspeare.

As a modern medicine man, he believed thoroughly

in "the late Dr. Marshall's excellent purgative pills," and many friends have a box of his presenting by them to this day. It was regarded by him as a special mark of consideration when he took out his cherished wourali poison, and told how the Nottingham Corporation had asked him to come and exercise his art on a policeman, who died, unluckily for the test, a few hours before the North Mail was due. The cockade, "with which I carried Lord Cochrane's despatches in 1808," was another treasure; and so were the fatal blow-pipe of the Indians, and the hammock which he used when he was a wanderer in the forests from which he drew those inexhaustible chronicles. Still the stuffing of birds was his great forte, and he spoke with too well-merited contempt of many modern professors of the art. "Every feather is poisoned," was his invariable mode of introducing his handiwork. The large picture on the staircase pourtrayed him a hale young fellow of thirty, bestriding the cayman, while all the forest birds of his acquaintance looked on approvingly from the boughs. Opposite was the cayman himself, which has been the very idol of three generations of boys, stretched out in all its scaly length, and furnishing a vivid key to the picture. He scarcely ever quoted any other naturalist, but of Mr. Frank Buckland he expressed a very high opinion. As might have been expected, he was very stiff in his own theories, and did not seem to allow that the world had grown older, and other men as well as himself grey and white with thought. He would lay down the law most positively about stags and foxes, which he had not hunted for fully fifty years, and the opinion of men like Charles Davis and Harry Ayris on the point did not weigh one ounce with him. Still it was this peculiar tenacity of opinion which gave his character that unique charm when once you got accustomed to him.

While you were looking through the big telescope,

at the herons by the lake side in all their fishing attitudes, he would be donning his tattered sailor's jacket and his large leather gloves, and then invite you to stroll round his park. Every incident of that walk lingers with us still. First there was a long dissertation on the rumpless fowl, which seemed to take bed and board with the jackdaws. Then we paused to hear the history of the half-paralyzed vine near the stables, and to handle "the paragon bull," of whose august presence he had forewarned us, and of whose qualities, when sorely pressed, we hardly spoke so reverentially as he wished. We wound our way onward to the grove facing the rock, in one of whose recesses he sat like a prophet of the cave, the live-long summer day, "musing upon many things" in his green chair, and listening to the birds. It was with them far more than insects that he loved to hold communion. A hen-pheasant flew across the drive, and as we heard her mate crow to her in the wood, he recounted to us how that bird is the direct antithesis of the cock, and crows *before* it claps its wings. "*Hark! there's a jay,*" he would suddenly observe, grasping our arm; "*Listen! there's a jenny wren; did you ever hear her sing?*" Had he spoken of Kettledrum and Duchess 77th we might have said something, but this was a poser—only to be made a note of. Then a magpie struck in, and he was quite eloquent again. But there our colloquy was interrupted for a time. He suddenly discovered that some rude visitor on the open days had cut his initials on the bark of a tree, near the swings. Hence we had to seek out the carpenter together, and get a neat little piece of wood; and ere long he had written, in his fine Roman hand, and nailed up against that tree, his love, in most pungent terms, for all such stupid clowns.

Once more we were on our way, past the spot where the watercress grew, perhaps looking at his peculiar wickets, and hearing of his charm for cattle. Not a

hedge was cut within the park, which seemed fully two miles round, or else "there would be no berries for the blackbird or the poor man." Then he paused over the thorn which "bloomed in the winter of its days," like its sister of Glastonbury, and was rich with white honours on Christmas morning. We saw the keepers' huts, and then turned, near the spot he had chosen for his burial—over the little bridge by the cranberry tree, and away to the heron nests. On our left were twelve large willows, one of which had been broken during a thunderstorm, and had been spliced up again with iron. "*There,*" said he, "*are the Twelve Apostles; the broken one is Judas Iscariot; I hear it groaning like a troubled spirit, when the wind is high.*" And so we left him in his lodge in the wilderness, and we saw him again no more.

Like Lord Brougham, his death was forestalled, and he had the rare pleasure of reading during his lifetime a singularly graceful tribute to his memory in the *Daily Telegraph.* It showed him that a host of younger men might rise, but that there was still a grateful thought of one who had been foremost among the best in his day. We look with sadness at the last letter (Jan. 22nd, 1865) we ever had from him, written in a firm hand, which told little of eighty-three, and especially at the characteristic postscript, which contained the gist of the whole: "Walton Hall is twelve miles south of Leeds, and the nightingale breeds here and sings here charmingly.—C. W." The *Telegraph* article was written in the winter of the previous year, and he saw the seasons round once more, and then sank from the effects of a slight accident, a fall from the rustic bridge near his future grave, when the insect world had burst into life, and all nature was carolling round him, in his favourite month of May. The sympathies of his earliest years were true to him in death. He directed by his will that he should be rowed to his tomb,

which had long been erected near the top of the lake under the shade of two venerable oak trees. There he is buried, in a silence broken only by the cry of the heron and the waterfowl, a solitude almost as deep as that in which he had lived so long in the swamps of the Oronoco and the forests of the Amazon. He had written, in Latin, the epitaph meet for a wanderer: "*Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose wearied bones rest here.*"

We pass on to a neighbour of very different mould. It is seldom, indeed, in a lifetime that you meet with one whose self-respect and manly bearing entitle him to your prompt fealty as a very "king among men," and yet scarcely a man who knew him if only by sight, would deny that title to John Gully. That calm courage and inflexible decision were written on every feature, which stood him in such stead in those slashing Gregsonian contests, which made even Lord George's Doncaster Rooms irony return unto him void. It was, we believe, a remark like the "Napoleon of the Turf's," which first fired Mr. Gully, on the spur of the moment, to beard the Mexborough influence in person at Pontefract; and he had not miscalculated the previous influence of his character, even on that mysterious, voter-bottling borough. He did not care for the honour, except so far as asserting a principle and giving pleasure to his townfolk; and he retired, to their deep regret, when the first purpose was served, from what would have been infallibly a seat for life.

It was a glory to belong to the ring, and to ascend the stage at the Fives' Court, in the days when *he* stripped to the buff, and he had no mawkish scruples about referring to it. No one saluted Tom Sayers more heartily with his "*I wonder, Tom, how ever you did it;*" when the champion met him on the Heath during the Wizard's Two Thousand day; and he only smiled at Doncaster, as Alfred Day

cantered Andover down to the starting post for the Eglinton Stakes; and Mr. Padwick prophesied that "*The Chicken beat you once, Gully, and he'll beat you again.*" As a betting man he formed one of the more scientific and daring school, which arose at the Corner, when Gentleman Ogden and his followers dropped off. Jem Bland, Jerry Cloves, his nephews Peter and Davis, Tommy Swan, Highton, Holliday, Crockford, Briscoe, Ridsdale, Bob Steward, "Goose" Davis and Tanfield, Justice and Gully were its great metallic heroes, and Gully outlived them all.

What had once been more of a pastime had now become hard-headed, cautious point dealing, and people learnt to speak of twenty to ten thousand books on the Derby, without any amazement. With the Yorkshiremen, John Gully was always an especial lion, and the young tykes gazed with reverence at the athletic form in the blue tie, and black frock coat, which had stood nearly five-and-forty years before, in swallow-tails, kerseymere breeches and top boots, on a St. Leger eve, in front of the Salutation, and pencil in hand, led many a dashing assault on those Middleham and Malton favourites, for whom their sires and their grandsires fought and *bled*. The literary partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher did not cause one whit more speculation among the men of the day, than the joint-book of Mr. Gully and Will Ridsdale, and it was said that they got 50,000*l.* out of St. Giles for the Derby, and stood to win 80,000*l.* on little Red Rover, if the dark green of Sam Day, on Priam, had not brought them to grief.

With the 4000-guinea Mameluke, over whom he stood with a cart whip at the Leger post, he became a man of mark, and desperately jealous "George Guelph," and of course Jack Ratford, were of him, and his white-faced five-year-old, when they

seemed likely to beat the Colonel for the Ascot Cup. In fact, the royal vexation at some strictures which he made about the Ascot arrangements to Lord Maryborough gave birth to an exclusive aristocratic clause in the Cup conditions, which prevented Priam among other cracks from having a shy for it. The coffin-headed Margrave won him his only St. Leger, and Robinson remembers to this day his stentorian roar of "I've won," almost before Jim felt sure on the point himself, as he stood on the rails near the Red House; while Mendicant, after a kick, which might have been heard to Leatherhead, and made Sam Day think that all was over, managed to win the Oaks, fetch 4000 guineas, and breed a winner of the Derby. It was with Virago's sire that he led the forlorn hope for Danebury in '46; and with his Bay Middleton colts, Andover and Hermit, that he regularly circumvented King Tom, after winning a Two Thousand, on which he hardly felt sure he was right to risk even an extra fifty to make stakes. Such double luck at 71 was not to be improved; and after that he became a mere fancy bettor. He was especially proud of alone holding the triple honours in his hand; but his dream of supremacy was dispelled, when on passing through Doncaster in his invalid days, the news reached him that Caller Ou had at last brought I'Anson level with him.

In his conversation, "every word weighed a pound," and we never remember getting so much solid guidance from any one about old times, as we did in a short chat with him when a Heath afternoon was over. No one could sketch old chums more deftly. One audience which he gave at his Newmarket lodgings was of a less satisfactory character to the person concerned. A most audacious young tout was standing near him as he sat on horseback, cigar in mouth, and book and card in hand at the cords, and hearing him offer odds against a horse, shouted to

him "*I'll take you.*" He, of course, took no notice of the impertinence, and booked the bet with some one else, and lost it. To his surprise the tout came up, and claimed the money, and not satisfied with the curt disclaimer, kept dunning "Old England," at intervals, during the meeting. At last, Mr. Gully told him to come to his rooms after the races, and he would settle with him; and taking him by the collar when he arrived, he used his dog-whip with such stinging effect on his shoulders that he howled out promises of the most hearty repentance, and went to another bet-market in future. However, the story got wind, and the tout finding that he was universally called "Young Gully," put a good face on his chastening, and ever after reverentially alluded to the great book-maker as "*my father.*" Once, in the May of '50 he wandered down to Danebury, where there was a solemn Derby council of war, to tout the horses at exercise; and poor Walter Day remembered how he roared to him, "*Go and tell my father there, that he needn't keep looking at Pitsford with Mr. Hill; Voltigeur will be first, and the chestnut will beat the rest.*"

Hunting always had a charm for him, and during "The Squire's" mastership he spent a great deal of time with him at Quorn. His observation of everything, Furrier and Vanquisher included, in the field or on the flags, was so keen, that if he had been obliged to take the horn for a season, he would have given a very good account of his foxes. He was only four or five years older, but a great Mentor to "the Squire" on the subject of condition, and he was so vexed at seeing "The Little Wonder" insist upon riding back into the town after his Newmarket match against time, that he told him he deserved a whip across his back, for trifling with his constitution in that way. "That 'ere friendly expression," as a jack-tar would have termed it, proved their intimacy; but a St. Leger

shadow came the very next year between this Robin Hood and Little John, of the Charnwood Forest. At no time of his life was he a hard rider, and he had once a narrow escape from being drowned when with the Badsworth, from his horse falling on to him in a deep pond, in a farm-yard, whose surface was covered with chaff. Some years before he had very severe jaundice; but it was only within the last two of his life that he failed so decidedly, and latterly his surgeon had to be in attendance on him three times a day. The strong man was bowed at last; his strength at fourscore years had indeed become labour and sorrow, and he might well long to be at rest near his old Ackworth home. Jealousy he had long lived down, and in the years to come he will continue to point a moral in Englishmen's hearts, as the especial type of one—

> "Who through the moil and dust of life
> Went forward undefiled."

When shall we again see such a man as Mr. Osbaldeston, on such a horse as Assheton, with three such hounds as Tarquin, Furrier, and Vaulter at his side, and two such whips as Tom Sebright and Dick Burton? It was a rare combination of human and brute talent. The ambition of "The Squire" from his earliest to his latest day was to be talked about. Modern men have the same aspiration, but the means are very easy and Sybaritic in comparison. They don't care what prices they give for a hunter, a race-horse, a hack, or a yacht, provided it is duly chronicled. "The Squire," on the contrary, trusted not to pocket, but to hand and eye for his fame. He never rested till he was at the head of the hunting, the pigeon-shooting, the steeple-chasing, the cricket, and the billiard world. Now it is enough for a man to be prominent in one branch of sporting science, but Mr. Osbaldeston aspired to nearly all, and not a soul breathing could touch him all round. Cue, bridle,

trigger, bat, oar, and boxing-gloves came alike easy to him. When the poets had called him "the very worst huntsman that ever was born," they had said their worst, and perhaps they were not very far wrong. Among gentlemen he was never popular. The Meltonians could not outride him, and they crabbed him to make up for it. For society he cared little, and the saddle was the easy-chair he loved. When he got home after a short day he was quite ready to have a second pack out if the humour suited him, and when he got home after a long one, he liked his chop and a pint of port, a chat with his friend Gully, and so to bed. Sport was, in fact, his business, and when he was fifty-four, and generally content to ride 10st. 9lbs., he wasted to ride his King Charles at 8st. 7lbs. in the Two Thousand. A keen limner describes him even at that age, as "short and awkward, shrivelled and shrunk, with round shoulders and a limping walk, ill-clothed in a brown frock coat with velvet collar, loose grey trousers, and cloth boots." Throughout his life he was singularly light of tongue, and the last time we ever saw him, when he was drawn about in a Bath chair, on the beach at Brighton, the unruly member was going with its pristine vigour.

Unlike

> "The shy-fed soda-watering youths,
> Who now o'er a country sail,"

and will not be troubled with kennel cares, Mr. Tom Hodgson succeeded to the Badsworth at twenty-four, when Sir Bellingham Graham resigned, and found, as he expressed it, "twelve couple of hounds, and three hacks, as a nest egg." Three seasons there, sixteen in Holderness, two with the Quorn, and about one and a half in part of Mr. Foljambe's country, gave him plenty to do till he was about fifty, when the cry of "*Foljambe and Fox-hunting*," and his own worth, placed him at the head of the poll by 32 for the

West Riding Registrarship of Deeds, after a tremendous contest (in which 3393 polled) with one of the Lascelles family.

It was a lucky day for him when Jack Richards of the Badsworth bethought him of Will Danby as his first lieutenant in Holderness, and Will left his harriers and walked forty-four miles through the night in his top-boots to strike the bargain at a guinea a week. No Crusoe could have had a Man Friday more to his mind. For two seasons there was barely 800*l.* for four days a week, and once only two horses between them. Still with thirty-six couple they killed their thirty-seven brace, and their spirits never flagged. Between them they claimed the honour of having entered Mr. Percy Williams, and it was Mr. Hodgson's boast that he had built six kennels and sold twenty couple of bitches for a thousand guineas. The Meltonians made merry with his plain attire, and his gaunt lath-like figure in the brown coat, leggings, and knee-caps; as well as his gloveless hands. Still they had no small respect for him as a thorough sportsman—rather out of his element on Comical in such a flying country, but possessed of a lady pack whose Billesdon Coplow of Jan. 20, 1840, and Thorp Trussel's run in the same December, were enough to set the seal on any season.

The West Riding appointment gave him that competence which he so well deserved. He married and settled down after his toils at Snydale Hall, and to the last he might be seen occasionally at the cover side on his pony or in a four-wheel. He did not forget the scarlet interest, and many a huntsman's son served a clerkship in the Registrar's office. His friends might well joke him and ask him whether he merely looked to their back ribs and good legs and feet. Woe be to them if they had presented themselves for his inspection with a beard or moustache! There was much to see at Snydale, both inside and outside of the house.

The old grey mare Twilight wandered near the old hovel on the left of the drive, where the thousand guinea pack were housed a whole season, and where Eclogue foaled her Prologue, Catalogue, and Virgilius. He maintained that "hunting is the sport for young men and racing for old," and this mare and her foals were a great delight to him. Will Danby's portrait from the *Sporting Magazine* was installed above the chimney-piece of his little *sanctum*, which he seldom allowed you to leave without bringing down the mysterious case, which was forwarded to him anonymously, with a hunting whip, in his bachelor days, and giving you a hint as to his after discoveries on the point.

It was delightful to see him after dinner—while the fire lighted up Comical, Ned Oxtoby and other hunting comrades on the oak panels—settle himself into his great easy chair, dive into his capacious side pockets, and produce a large packet of hunting letters. In this respect he was quite a Registrar of Deeds, as several masters, Lord Middleton among them, made a point of writing to him when they had a great thing. We were in for the record of the Christmas Eve when his lordship's had run over nineteen parishes, and swum three rivers, and our host's recital and comments, given in his dry solemn way, were as long and thrice as amusing as an inaugural address. He sometimes went to the hound shows, and his sinewy six-foot-two form, in black, with a white hat, worn rather on the back of his head, and a light linen cravat, was always to be seen on the Doncaster balcony, or on some hunting friend's drag opposite the stand at York. Virgilius was his delight, and he made very sure of the Flying Dutchman Handicap in '62, but he did not care much to back his opinion, and defeat never depressed him. We never thought him looking better than he did at Doncaster in The Marquis's year. We had a word with him on the grand stand stairs, and he

told us of the death of Eclogue, and added, "*It's an omen for me.*" The foreboding was too true, as his hour had come before the next May morning, and three veterans in Yorkshire history, Sir Tatton, John Gully, and Tom Hodgson—ninety, eighty, and seventy—lay dead, in the same county, almost within a month of each other.*

Each man sees and puts things from his own point of view. The Learned Blacksmith merely esteemed Melton Mowbray as a veritable Goshen of pork-pies. The Scotch Minister wrote of his spouse that "she was taken by a bilious attack from my bosom to Abraham's;" and Drunken Barnaby "saw nothing on the banks of the Don save a lively Levite," and sang not of racers and horse-copers, but—

> "As all things come by natur,
> Concerning looms from Doncastur,
> And weaving done by weyter."

It is difficult for any enthusiast to get away from his Doncaster theme. The Moor—with its long line of stands, its historical Red House, and "the hill" which breaks the flat so beautifully—looks more the real racing thing than any other course in the kingdom. The hill especially is big with the memory of Bill Scott. Here, in '37, his horse Epirus (belonging to "the remarkable young 'un," as he always termed Mr. Bowes) rolled into the ditch, and threw him into the course right on the track of Harry Edwards on Prime Warden. His collar-bone united quick enough, but when, next year, he was on Don John, the first St. Leger winner ever trained at Pigburn, and reached the spot once more, he sent out his horse as if with a savage determination to be by himself this time in front, and Lanercost and every horse in the race felt it "like an electric shock." The brothers Scott have always been specially connected with Doncaster, and

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* See "Scott and Sebright," pp. 327-334.

it is no wonder that there is a regular rush from all parts of the Moor at the Tuesday morning exercise, when the Whitewall fly, with the white horse in, is seen coming across it to its well-known post, two distances from home.

There could have been no finer treat than seeing Blacklock go the first two miles in 3.37 min. of that four-mile race over this course, in which he fairly galloped the St. Leger winner Duchess to death. Old Yorkshiremen may well hate to hear him and his blood abused. They tell how he went four miles at the same pace without a falter, reaching further and further, as it seemed to their enraptured vision, at every stride. His queer forelegs and short tail, and "half-moon head," did not improve him, but his stride was what they loved. Mr. Kirby used to tell us about him, as he did of his dealings with the house of Romanoff, and the great Scotch trotting match with Lord Eglinton's father in it; and once when we sought for a little more information about General Chassé, the old man rose from his chair, at eighty-five, collared us, and made us support him across the room, while he followed, lifting up his legs, to show how the chestnut stepped on shipboard, when they had blindfolded him, and he had become nervous by hitting the doorstep of the stable. "Chassé" was a savage, but there were many nearly as bad, and Major Yarborough wouldn't have Dumpling back to Heslington when, after rearing, he knelt down and bit the ground at York till he was absolutely beaten from the starting-post with a rail. We do not remember to have ever seen any demur as to starting, at Doncaster, or to have heard of more than one of those extraordinary waiting races, which sometimes occupy more than twenty minutes, because no jockey will make play.*

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* The present Duke of Buccleuch was quite puzzled when he once started the horses at Dumfries, and each jockey had orders to wait on

Many old customs have departed from Doncaster,* and among others, the late Earl of Scarborough's, viz., sending a subscription of 4*l.* every year to the race fund. Those were the days of race-balls and carriages-and-four with outriders, from the great county seats, all freighted with visitors to the stand. The cup was

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the other. "*Go, go!*" said his Grace; but a walk was the only response. "*Go along!*" "I beg your pardon, your Grace," said "Sim," touching his cap, "when you've said '*go*' we can do as we like." "Oh, that's it," was the rejoinder; "I thought you were obliged to begin and gallop directly; so good afternoon."

* A few words will not be out of place anent the sporting antecedents of the owners of the "Corporation Harriers," of which we read such a curious historical notice in the *Doncaster Gazette*. That distinguished body have always been true to the spirit of the couplet,

> "God bless you, jolly gentlemen,
> May nothing you dismay,"

and put this resolution on their archives:

"27th of April, 1762, That the Corporation do allow twenty pounds a year and a frock of blue shag, faced with red, for a salary for a person that will undertake to hunt the Corporation hounds; and that the Mayor for the time being and six senior members of the Corporation be a committee, to continue for one calendar month, to have the management of the hunt and the procuring of the hounds; and at the expiration of that calendar month, the next six senior members, with the Mayor for the time being, to have the management thereof, and so on from month to month, to be continued annually from the first day of May next; and if none of the committee be out a hunting on a field-day, the majority of the Corporation members present to have the management that day."

"Bill Stag," the huntsman, was equal to the crisis, even with aldermen, on the subject of halloos, and very fond of training his hounds to run a red-herring trial in the four-and-a-half acres of "Tryers' Flatt." The Cookes, of Wheatley, do not seem to have been very genial in the matter with Bill and his thistle-whippers; as one of their keepers was repeatedly asked, and not without reason, "Who shot the dog?" When another velveteen laid impious hands on the worshipful Mr. Solomon Holmes, and took a gun out of his municipal grasp, the Corporation were fired with indignation, and took counsel's opinion, and wrote letters, and we know not what beside. Have their harriers they would.

They turned a barn in East Laith Gate into a kennel, and built a house for Bill hard by his charges. Such was the spirit with which these merry souls went about the business, that in February, 1770, they

once simply a flagon of honour, which the stewards were supposed to present to the races, and it was handed round full of mulled wine at the race ball. It was then washed out, and the clerk of the course went the circuit of the ball-room with it, and it was

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had a gala day of rejoicing when the first kennel stone was laid, and "took wine" (a delicate expression for sitting the clock round) when they signed the bills for payment. In fact, their hearts were so uplifted with their currant-jelly prospects, that very shortly after the next season began they scorned to see their Bill on foot, and met and passed another resolution. It ran thus:—"Ordered—that Mr. Merryweather, of Rossington, be employed to buy *a good strong horse for the huntsman* not exceeding *fifteen guineas in price;* that the huntsman shall not use the horse from the ending to the beginning of the hunting season, and the Corporation shall provide an agist for the horse for the summer season." This purchase did not turn out well; but they voted their agent half-a-guinea for all that, and trusted to other eyes. They seem to have been very frugal in these matters, and in 1781 the hounds themselves did not cost more than 14*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*; but, as they enjoyed a regular 5*l.* field-day among the sheep the year before, the Corporate purse-strings may have been seasonably tightened. These sheep-killers, by the bye, were beagles, which came into favour in the 12th year (with a view to conciliate the running and short-winded burgesses); and such was the force of example, that, besides Sir Rowland Winn's and the Barmboro' Grange dogs, which were prior to them in time, five other packs of harriers soon hunted in the district. All was done well, and it was a question whether the body looked more venerable and respectable, starting with all their calvacade from East Laith Gate to quest among the gorse bushes on the Moor, or marching to Church—the mayor supported by eight ex-mayors and three or four mayors expectant—on the race Sunday, behind the pindar and the mace bearer. All the burgesses liked the hunt, and the tradesmen who kept the hounds had many a good hare in their pot. Poor "Bill Stag" began after a few years to go down-hill. Like a degraded knight of old, his horse was taken from him and his spurs chopped off; but he followed the hounds and Tom Bell on foot as long as his wilful brandy-and-water legs did not refuse their office, and then he was found dead in his bed. After lasting just twenty years, the hounds were given up, and Mr. Wrightson, who turned up his nose at them when he had the offer, established what has proved the germ of the Badsworth Hunt, of whose first huntsman, Frobisher, nothing is known, except that he "married Widow Halliwell, the heaviest woman in Yorkshire." The hunt was then opened with a concert of bugles in front of Cusworth Hall, and as the sounds stole down the Don to St. Sepulchre's, many an inhabitant thought with a pang of the departed glories of their own Stag and Bell, or flung dull care and business to the winds that day.

not unfrequently filled to the brim with fivers, one-pound-notes, and sovereigns.

Mercutio and Lottery were among the old cup stars, and ran one of the most distressing four-mile cup races ever seen at Doncaster. The start was at the Red House, and some of the jockeys by mistake raced in when they had gone the present cup distance, and began to pull up. The people shouted at them to go on, and George Oates forced Lottery once more along at such a pace, that at the distance Mercutio was fairly pumped out, and Lottery began to "crack" as well. George, who was no great rider, took to kicking, and Mercutio's jockey to nursing, which just enabled him to get up on the post and win. Mercutio was so exhausted that they had to support him into the rubbing house; but he came out next day and beat Sandbeck. This was perhaps the most cruel tax that was ever made on a horse's powers. Croft, the trainer, had taken 500 to 100 hundred about the horse in the cup. He left no stock, and, in fact, died not very long after of inflammation on the lungs. Lottery was pulled out to defeat Barefoot, the St. Leger winner of the previous year, only an hour or so before he ran with Mercutio, and never was horse more knocked about by his eccentric owner. Laurel was a good Blacklock, and his Doncaster Cup week saw three St. Leger winners, a Derby winner, Velocipede, and Bessy Bedlam on "The Moor."

One of the gamest but the slowest of the four-milers was Lord Kelburne's Purity by Octavian, and she finished up another remarkable Doncaster Meeting, in which Humphrey Clinker (the sire of Melbourne), Emma (the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig), Fleur-de-Lis, Actæon, Belzoni (the sire of so many fine, brown, and forge hammer-headed hunters), and Memnon, all won, while Mulatto ran second for St. Leger and Cup. It was the last race of the last day, and run in five two-mile heats. Bill Scott won the first

heat on Brownlock, George Edwards running him home on Crow-Catcher—so called from his having decapitated a crow, which alighted near him in social confidence when he was in his paddock as a two-year-old. In the second heat Scott led away, and Harry Edwards on Purity, not fearing anything else, "flapped his wings a bit," as he expressed it, as if setting to, and ran in third. Thales won that heat, and Lord Kelburne began to be very anxious, and couldn't understand it at all. He came down from the grand stand for an explanation, and Croft took snuff in his quiet way, when he was asked what he was going to do, and replied, "*I am going to saddle the mare, my lord: the fun of the fair's only just beginning.*" It was time to begin with the third heat, in which Purity beat Brownlock by a head, after a slashing finish. Still the mare had not worn him down to her slow perpetual motion level, and hence it was necessary to get something to make a pace. Accordingly, as the chance of Thales was clearly *nil*, his owner accepted 25*l.* to force the running. Tommy Lye worked away, and as Purity's jockey kept tickling him up with his whip, when he could reach him, Tommy's horse kept giving a series of marvellous shoots, which were somewhat puzzling at first to the little man. Scott tried to get up between them, but failed ; and when he did come in earnest, he made a dead heat with Purity. Half the people had gone home, and Lord Kelburne, who had backed his mare to win him 500*l.*, said that "*there will be no dinner to-day.*" Officials were not so particular then; but still it is remarkable that Bill Scott did not remember that the fact of two horses, which had each won a heat, running a dead heat, disqualified even Thales, though he had won a heat, from starting again. This oversight decided the fortune of the day. Away went Tommy, and the tickling, and the "shooting" began again; and although Purity finished quite black in the flanks with sweat, and

could hardly be kept out of the judge's box, she got home first and landed the Plate for "the crimson body, white sleeves and cap," of Hawkhead.

We first looked on Doncaster in the mist and wet of a Sunday morning, when the races began on a Monday. It was then a long coach ride from Swinton Station. Herring's picture of Attila was part of our burden, and the Colonel's valet, who was in charge of it, was telling good anecdotes of his master's mode of shooting. That year some three St. Leger winners were walking together in one field at the Turf Tavern—to wit, Blue Bonnet, Charles XII., and Satirist; and there were also two Derby winners in the town—Little Wonder and Attila; and all, save Satirist, started. Crucifix and Bay Middleton were also at the Turf paddocks. The sight of the trio was almost as memorable as Blair Athol's and Gladiateur's mock tournay when they marched about in a paddock, and Knowsley neighed his *defi* over the wall. The Cure's bolt in the St. Leger, two years after, was the only thing of the kind in the St. Leger annals. It began about sixty yards from home, and he seemed to come right across the course, as if he was going to bury his defeated head in the judge's box—Mail Train's, in the Cesarewitch, was a trifle to it. The Eglinton procession of Van Tromp led by Eryx, as they came out with their jockeys up through the Carr House Gate, with Black Jemmy as beadle, and addressing the crowd, was a picture of itself; and we never met with such a model of a cup horse as "Van" was that afternoon, or many neater little beauties than Eryx his equerry. Templeman soon knew that it was not Cossack's day. The stable had pressed him hard to ride Foreclosure, but he had refused to do so, as he felt sure that the bay was not within 21lbs. of the chestnut, and the race proved it; though Cossack was very short of preparation.

It was also a very "pleasant bit" when Tom Jen-

nings took Gladiateur out of his van, behind the Doncaster Arms, but fewer saw that. So were Beeswing hugging the rails as she went round the top turn in the Cup as jealous as a surveyor, lest she should lose an inch of ground; Teddington answering to Job's searching rowels, as stride by stride he caught Nat on Kingston; Kettledrum flying over the hill in the Cup, and twice the horse he was in the St. Leger; Tim Whiffler cutting down Asteroid at the Butts; Jim Robinson coming up, wide on the outside, and getting level with Voltigeur; "The West" and St. Albans fairly romping home for the St. Leger; the Marquis just getting his head in front in answer to Challoner's last stroke of the whalebone; Lord Clifden lying away, and then reaching his horses inch by inch, at the Red House; the thick fog and rain which fell like a pall on the Moor, during Blair Athol's race, and made men look at their fellows and wonder if it really was the end of all things, and their hour was come; Lord Lyon, with a jaded, listless air, coming out once more to met Savernake, whose middle showed that he was at least two weeks short of work; Hermit and Thormanby refusing to face their canters, as if they knew that defeat was before them; and Formosa going to the post with a skin like burnished copper, to show the Yorkshiremen what an "Oaks, One Thousand, and 'Guineas'" mare can do.

None loved the Town Moor better than poor James White, or "Martingale." Thirty years ago he was in his zenith, with his book on "Country Scenes," and as a contributor to *Bentley;* and his powers knew no decay. He was quite the Prose Poet of Nature, and no man that we ever met with, was so keenly alive to her beauties, and could word-paint them so well. Edlington Wood, which seldom fails to produce a fox, when the Fitzwilliam call, was one of his especial haunts, when he was well and vigorous. He seemed to know the haunt of every badger, the name and the

note of every bird, and the *genus* of every wild flower that grew on its banks and glades. He liked to wander away from Doncaster "when the mavis and the merle were singing," and regardless of the prosaic days in which his lot was cast, take his dinner with him and "have a word with the woods." Weaving an old legend into shape pleased him best. The deserted hut, where a poacher had lived and died, a very lord of the soil to the last, seemed to conjure up in his mind a network of dark romance; and Sherwood Forest, and Merrie Barnsdale were themes which never palled.

His racing writings were very numerous; but as he rarely left Doncaster, he was too often compelled to take his descriptions second-hand. In dealing with current racing topics he was far too discursive, and pitched his key note so high, that matter of fact readers grumbled, that after wandering through such a labyrinth of fine words, they could hardly find one grain of fact. His strength as a turf writer lay in his "Turf Characters," and his recollections of the Doncaster past. If he was not in the *Gazette* office, hard at work at his beautifully small manuscript, with his voluminous velvet cap on his head, or in a chancel seat in the old church, or in Edlington or Wheatley, or Sprotborough Woods, Doncaster Moor was a sure find for him, and he was pretty certain to be talking to himself. Seeing those races, and the gallops as well, was his delight, and he generally stationed himself, from old usage, on the St. Leger day somewhere between the Red House and the Hill, to catch the first symptoms of the "pace complaint." St. Leger after St. Leger was to him a scene he could unfold with a master's hand. Every little incident from the Duke of Hamilton's day had been treasured and invested with significance; and as John Jackson, the celebrated jockey, lodged with him for a series of years, he had an opportunity of "posting himself up" during the week, which he took care to use to the full.

CHAPTER XII.

"Right sacred is our Ox's rump,
And history will evince,
If Fame deceive not with her trump,
'Twas deified long since;
To Mithra's Bull great Persia bowed,
To Apis Egypt preached;
To Baal's calf whole countries vowed,
And Greece her *Bous* beseeched.

"Like Britain's Island lies our Steak,
A sea of gravy bounds it;
Shalots confus'dly scattered, make
The rockwork which surrounds it;
Your Isle's best emblem there behold,
Remember ancient story;
Be like your grandsires, just and bold,
And live and die with glory."

Captain Morris.

The Towneley Herd—The Sale—Great Sales of the Century—Old Favourites—Mr. Eastwood's Herd—Mr. Peel's Herd—The Lonks.

THE Towneley domains, which have a private station of their own, extended right down to Burnley, and share with it in the discomforts of one of the wettest and rawest climates in the whole of Great Britain. Pendle Hill, whose fame has long been preserved in the not very smooth-running couplet—

Pendle Hill, Pennykant, and Little Ingleborough,
Are the largest of the hills, if you search England thorough,"

rises guardian-like over the town; and a long avenue from the front-door of the hall points right away, past the gamekeeper's cottage, to a range of grouse-hills on the north. The Colonel's home-farm consists of five hundred acres, chiefly grass. It is about one of the last "bowers" in which a veritable butterfly would

think of being born. The land is on a cold blue clay subsoil, and the Government draining has done but little for it. Harvests do not "laugh and sing" there, as corn cannot be got to ripen on it one year in six; mangold wurzels will have nothing to do with it; and hence nearly all the roots and straw have to be purchased from the Ormskirk neighbourhood. The herd has had a fearful battle to fight, in order to compete with the rich grazing counties, and but for the undaunted energy and science of the farm bailiff, Mr. Culshaw, backed up by the most liberal and spirited of masters, it could never have stood its ground, and brought so many great rivals low in their turn.

Mr. Culshaw was bred and born at Broughton, and used to run about and help his stepfather, who was herdsman at Mr., then Sir Charles, Tempest's, before he could even milk or fasten up a cow. His peeps at the different herds on the banks of the Wharfe had gradually inoculated him with a burning taste for the thing. He was never weary of telling Bob Gill, the farmer, that they ought to have something beyond mere dairy cows at Broughton Hall; and when Sir Charles bought Verbena and her daughter Vestris, and he was sent with the latter to the best bull Mr. Whitaker had at Greenholme, his future destiny was clear. No ambassador to a European Congress had a higher sense of his responsibility than "Little Joe" that day. The cow lay down about twenty times in the last three miles, but those toils and woes were forgotten when Mr. Whitaker, admiring the lad's enthusiasm, showed him all over his herd. He returned home repeating "*April Daisy*," "*Whiteface*," "*Prettyface*," "*Nonpareil*," and so on to himself, to beguile the road, and at last ventured to speak up to Sir Charles, who promised that he would go over and see them, and take him again. The visit never came off; and

the appointed day dawned bitterly on the lad, when after lying awake all night, he received a message to the effect that Sir Charles and his party had changed their minds. However, Bell by Bertram was purchased on the Broughton account, at Mr. Whitaker's sale; and it was under Mr. Thomas Mason, who soon afterwards came as agent, that the future "Talleyrand of trainers" gleaned his chief experience. Twenty-four-years of his life were thus spent; then followed a year and a half with Mr. Ambler; and in 1849 he came to Towneley, and, working on the good material Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Strafford had previously collected for him, he soon found himself at the head of a herd which was destined to play no second part in the annals of Shorthorns.*

It was in the Spring of 1859 when we first saw Towneley; and Vestris III., who won the first prize in the cow class at the Paris Universal Show, when she was only 2½ years old, was our first introduction. She stood with Pride at the lodge byre, and a drive of a mile up the avenue brought us to some farm

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* Culshaw took the command of the Towneley herd on the 1st of Jan. '49. While with Mr. Ambler he took Senator to the York Royal Show, and beat Mr. Bates's Second and Third Dukes of Oxford. Mr. Bates stood looking at the pair with his hat over his brow, and could scarcely believe it. Mr. Eastwood had just sold his herd to Colonel Towneley, and they were all at the low barn. The lot consisted of Parkinson's Cressida, Madeline, Mantle, Gipsy (a famous breeder and milker), her daughter Gem, the dam of Ruby by Lax's Duke, a very thick fleshed one, and the dam of Richard Cœur de Lion, familiarly called "Dick," and the yearling heifers Alice from Madeline, and Beauty from Mantle. Buttercup was also there, in calf with Butterfly, and quite feeble from foot and mouth, Bessy, six weeks off calving Frederick, Parkinson's Lavinia the dam of Garrick, Lallah Rookh and Duke of Lancaster. Jeweller was another, and so was the yearling Horatio by Hamlet, from Buttercup, one of the first that Colonel Towneley sold. Lord George by Leonard, from Birthday, came soon after that, and got second Duke of Athol from Duchess 54th, which was sold to Mr. Thorne, with Duchess of Athol, at 500 guineas the pair.

buildings on the left, which were termed "Jacob's Barn," after a farmer who rented them. Old Butterfly, the first female, bar a free martin, that Colonel Towneley ever bred, was there, but the days of her glory were o'er, and she lay with her head low and her quarters high on a frame. She was so treated nearly all the time that she carried her last calf, Royal Butterfly. Among her thirty prizes, she won all the female ones at the Royal, and Culshaw considers that she "should have a book to herself." Precious Stone, a heifer calf and a great beauty, was one of "Jacob's lot," and so was Butterfly's Nephew, another white and with, perhaps, the broadest back and breast we ever met with in a bull. He was from Beauty 3rd, a half-sister to Beauty's Butterfly, and was sold for 300 guineas to Australia. Royal Butterfly held his court at the central barn, and marched out like a soldier at Culshaw's call. He was bigger than his brother, but not less cylindrical in shape, rather thicker in his flesh and richer in his roan,* and

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* We should liked to have brought back Master Butterfly to the barn from which he issued in successive years to Lincoln, Carlisle, and Chelmsford, to vanquish Fifth Duke of Oxford, John o'Groat, and Grand Turk; but the wish was vain, and we could only dwell in memory on that symmetrical form, which knew little or no change, when it was shipped at the East India Docks, from what it was, as a winning calf at Lincoln.

He knew no check to his victories either in England, Ireland, or Paris; and such was his luck, that when disease came among the cattle in the French show-yard he missed it entirely. Mr. Strafford negotiated his purchase for 1200*l.* with Mr. Bostock, after he had beaten Grand Turk for the first prize in the Chelmsford Royal Show-yard, and he was taken off to the shippers at once. He went to Mr. Ware, of Geelong, in Australia, and was exhibited soon after his arrival at half-a-crown ahead for the benefit of its Agricultural Society. Nothing could be more docile during his long voyage out, and while the passengers fed him with biscuits, it was quite a diversion among the sailors to see him answer to his name like a dog, and take so very kindly to chewing tobacco. Unhappily, the man who went out in charge of him died, and he showed some temper afterwards. The papers very early made him play in the farce of "Twice Killed," and when he

"perhaps more noble in his look." His thighs were always wonderful; and even in his thirteenth summer when he entered the ring, "a mere shadow of a King bull," at the Manchester Royal, but with two cows in calf to him in the yard, they had not greatly wasted.

Box after box was then opened in the higher yard—out marched the grand prize cow Roan Duchess II., who gave sixteen quarts a day after her first calving; Rose of Towneley, a future Smithfield first, and Beauty's Butterfly going on steadily for the next gold medal. Then we had the Chester ten in pairs, Frederica's Rosa and Venilia's Butterfly, or "Master Butterfly's last;" Alice Butterfly by Master Butterfly, and Young Barmpton Rose by "Dick," as also were Emma and Pearl; then came Evadne from Emily and Violante from Roan Duchess 2nd; and lastly Diadem and Fidelity, both of them by Frederick. That strawberry roan bull, then ten years old, was only a ruin, and we never saw his head again till it hung behind Colonel Towneley's seat along with Butterfly's at the sale lunch, looking down with glassy eyes on the scene they had called into being. Mr. Carr once claimed from the auctioneer's rostrum, the premiership of winner getting for Booth's Crown Prince, but in an instant "Joe" was at his elbow, and asking him in the most suggestive tones if he "*ever heard of a bull they called Frederick.*" "Fred" was never shown, but the tenants used him for three years, and soon found that they were getting something better than their neighbours. The calves

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rancorously persisted in living, they plunged him into "a very delicate state of health," which was also a mere play of fancy. Eighty cowes calved to him his second season in Australia, and then he died of a sunstroke by the roadside, after a long walk, with a stallion, to a Cattle Show at Melbourne; so he never became beef after all. He must have had a rare constitution, as he was turned out among an almost indefinite number of cows in a large run to fight his way for eighteen months.

generally fell about equal in sex, and nearly all the heifers possessed that milking specialty for which his dam Bessy was so remarkable. Such were our memories of '59.

Strangers and natives concur in describing Burnley and the parts adjacent as a veritable "vale of tears," all the year round. Mr. Jorrocks would have observed that he was "saliwated by the wet;" and profiting by our previous experience, we dare not have obeyed Mr. Strafford's "call of the house" without an undeniable dreadnought in reserve. "The Drum" has been certainly a symbol of fair and not of foul weather at Towneley; but be that as it may, Culshaw, amid his other avocations, had made quite an Admiral Fitzroy of himself for some time previous to the sale, and derived much solid comfort from the deluge on Sunday and Monday. There was quite a house levée in the course of Tuesday afternoon, when the cow-boxes and bull-houses were thrown open to Lady Pigot, Captain Gunter, Mr. Torr, Mr. C. P. Gell, and the other visitors. The entertainment was more quaint than usual, and her ladyship "dallied with her golden chain, and smiling put the question by," as Culshaw suddenly thirsted for information, not to say "paused for a reply," while Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess were under review, as to why two Hanover Square cheques should have been recently sent to Colonel Towneley with certain names erased.

Wednesday's atmosphere was clear and keen, and the sun went down for the last time on the first Towneley herd with calm promise for the morrow. Knuckles were busy on the weather glasses, from an early hour on Thursday, and the advance of six degrees to the good during the night in the one we noted, had its setoff in a slight fall of snow during breakfast; but twelve o'clock came and departed without any more bad symptoms, and an

afternoon loomed at last well befitting The Butterfly's Ball.

It is calculated that nearly 3000 people were present. Messrs. Atkinson, Woodward, and Barber showed up, as stanch supporters of the Towneley blood; Sir Charles Tempest and the Hon. George Lascelles came, but they were not to be tempted; the two friends from Norfolk also steeled their hearts; Mr. Noakes allowed Mr. Freeman to have all the "Kentish fire" to himself; and Mr. J. G. Wood, of Clarionet fame, was the silent "member for all Ireland." Mr. Dodds only looked on, and thought of the firsts he would have scored with Grand Turk and Prince Talleyrand if the "Brothers Butterfly" had not stopped the way; Mr. Knowles, of course, held "a watching brief" for the Duke of Wharfedale, and Mr. Thomas Booth for the Jeweller blood; while Mr. Fisher, as spruce as a bridegroom, had deserted his Silver Beards and Golden Dreams for a season, and received some very legitimate chaff on his taste for '*The Happy Link*." There, too, was Simmy Templeman, scanning Rose of Lancashire as respectfully as if she had been a first favourite for the Oaks; while the great Ex-Chief Justice of the leash was surveying Royal Butterfly's Pageant, and wondering as to whether his favourite Indian corn had a share in those plump proportions. There was also a strong sprinkling of the small dairy farmers from the hills, with their unmistakeable hats, and of course one hand in their pockets, for the fame of Barmpton Rose had spread far beyond Skipton and Settle, even to Langdale Pike and Helvellyn.

The beautiful condition of the cattle was on every tongue; and even those outsiders who, with very good reason, distrust the "racing shorthorns" and their breeding powers, were fain, after a turn "through the nurseries," to believe the testimony of their own

eyes, that thick flesh and fertility can exist together, and especially in the Butterfly tribe.*

Mr. Eastwood's career as a shorthorn breeder dates

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* The heavy artillery, with the exception of that from Penrhyn, seemed to be planted on Mr. Strafford's side of the ring, and we do not exactly remember where the Whitworth gun was laid, when its victorious boom was heard for Tenth Royal Butterfly. Mr. Freeman (for Mr. Betts), whose practice was very fine, took up his position on the right of Mr. Strafford, and Mr. Wetherell looked on as the "Nestor" of the assembly at his side. He could have told how the dam of Second Roan Duchess was sold for 30 guineas at his Kirkbridge sale, how his Barmpton Rose was sold to Mr. H. Watson and calved Buttercup (the dam of Butterfly) three weeks after she arrived at Walkeringham, and how he too had bred Bessy (the dam of Frederick) from her, and sold her to Mr. Downs, from whose hands she passed over to Mr Eastwood. Royal Butterfly's Pageant proved the champion price lot of the day. She was put in at 200 guineas, and in an instant Mr. Eastwood covered Mr. Freeman, and had the 350, 400, and the 500. Then came such a rattling cheer all round the ring, and Joe dodged about near his red and white darling, and rubbed his hands, with a noiseless chuckle. Then their firing grew slower; Mr. Eastwood's measured "and ten" fairly wore his opponent out. "Will you have any more, Mr. Freeman? Did you speak?" "No!" "And the glass runs, and your last chance with it," at 590. And so three Royal Butterflies from Young Barmpton Rose, Alice Butterfly, and Pageant, were bound for Thorneyholme, at an average of 413 guineas. "She handles like a lady's muff," said Culshaw, drawing his hand daintily over the little 5½-months white. Captain Oliver needed no telling on that point, and was not shaken off before 160: but Mr. Freeman would not separate mother and daughter, and went in boldly up to the finish, which was 170.

Culshaw himself took hold of the halter of Duchess of Towneley. Then came a very grand sleight-of-hand scene, as he played with her, and deftly coaxed her to stand up at the mature age of a month and four days, as proudly as if she was in the Royal ring for the ribbons on her own account. It was an immense treat, and certainly we have seen nothing like it, save Rarey at the Round House, or Jem Mason handing one of Elmore's over a fence. Then "Joe" changed his tune, and resigning the rope, he placed his hand on the loins of Duchess of Lancaster, as if he was an anatomical professor, lecturing for the benefit of science in general and Towneley in particular, to rather an extensive class. Phœbe Butterfly, a red, with a spot of white on the quarter, was in consideration of its 17 days allowed to run loose, and with it the female lots were ended, and in an instant Mr. Thornton handed round the average of 123*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* for the 46.

All Mr. Strafford's assurances that Mr. Booth was getting a 200 guineas hire for bulls not one whit better bred, while here was the fee simple of Baron Hopewell, could not coax Mr. Mitchell, fresh as the

back to 1843, two or three years after his father died. His first essay was hardly to his mind, and he got rid of everything, and started afresh from Mr. Henry Watson's sale. "*Which do you come for?*" said the late Earl Ducie, when they encountered each other going the rounds on the Walkeringham sale morning.

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bull was, quite up to half that sum, and Mr. Waldo stalled him off. Then Royal Butterfly marched into the ring, with the white rosette on his head, preceded by the bandmaster and two musicians of the Fifth Royal Lancashire Militia, who had volunteered their services for the day. With all due respect to that gallant corps, we do not think that melody is its forte, and the duet they performed on cornets in honour of that bull made our very blood run cold. He has known many proud days in a ring, where, "after the first five minutes, he made everything, save Dickinson's Prince of Prussia, and the mighty Soubadar shrink into nothing by his side;" but it was "the proudest of them a'," when five of his stock averaged 449*l.* 8*s.* The world may wax old, and no man ever be able to say what Colonel Towneley can, that at one and the self same time he had a Royal Butterfly with all his four-year-old bloom in the paddock, and a Kettledrum at the post. The real "champion of England" stood a few minutes while Mr. Strafford declared that a five-guinea bid over 1200 guineas would be taken; but although many a man thought that he ought to fill a five-and-twenty or thirty guinea subscription list, after such calves as they had seen that day, there was only a respectful silence. "*That's a choker; take him away!*" The musicians assailed him in his retreat with "*The girl I left behind me*," and after that stroke of genius they collapsed.

Royal Butterfly's Duchess had mellowed into a cow of remarkably grand girth. When a calf she struck us as the living *fac simile* of her father, on a scale for inches; and her huggins and loins are so beautifully covered that Mr. Strafford might well say—"She'll be one of the pictures in my book." "Ninety," said Captain Oliver, but he stopped at 180; and as Mr. Betts's and Colonel Pennant's agents fought it out by tens and twenties to 500, the face of Culshaw, which had worn a most blighted expression up to this point—despite Mr. Strafford's assurance that "the young uns will set you all going"—quite lighted up at last. Nothing walked more proudly round the ring than Frederick's Farewell, with her grand depth of rib and well-filled fore-quarter, of which she gave such promise, as, at 10*h.* 17 *min. p.m.*, on that October night when Culshaw "lent his soft, obstetric hand," and "The Druid," watch in hand, at last saw this rich roan heroine of nine firsts "blowing her nose in the straw." There was a bottle of wine uncorked forthwith in her honour, even without the aid of the "judicious bottle-holder."

Every ring motion of Culshaw's was very keenly scanned, and he

"*Well, my lord, that's hardly a fair question,*" was the rejoinder; "*but if you like, as I'm pretty certain we're both after the same two cows, we'll each write their names on a slip of paper.*" And write them they did, and both wrote "*Buttercup*" and "*Princess Royal,*" and it was settled that his lordship would not oppose

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was much more demonstrative than when we found him some years after in front of the eland's cage at Smithfield, and deciding, after a protracted survey, that such beef regenerators are "not for Joseph." On this occasion he was very calm until Barmpton's Butterfly came out, and when he advanced and patted her head all knew that a rally was nigh. Flesh, hair, and fore-quarters were "all there," and so was Mr. Eastwood when he came up under the sale waggon to give battle for this fine combination of Royal Butterfly and "Dick." The fight was short and sharp. "*It's against you at* 300, Mr. Eastwood," "and ten," "*against you again,*" "and fifty," and Thorneyholme was her destiny. Mr. Young, who was on the look out for Forth's successor at Keir, took Royal Butterfly 11th at 400 guineas, and at Newcastle that very summer he avenged himself on The Hero for his Worcester defeat.

The results of a day which will be a red letter one as long as Englishmen love shorthorns, may be summed up in 7189*l.* 7*s.*, or a total average of 128*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.* for 56. On reference back, we find that Robert Colling has an average of 128*l.* 14*s.* 10½*d.* for 61; while Charles Colling, thanks to Comet, has 151*l.* 5*s.* 5½d. for 47. It must also be remembered that eighteen of the Towneley lots were under a year, and seven born within the year. The Willis's Room Sale, when 17 averaged 481*l.* 3*s.*, hardly comes into the sale category, except merely by way of comparison with the average made by the Duchess blood on the two previous occasions of its being put up, viz., 116*l.* 5*s.* for 14, at Kirklevington, and 442*l.* 1*s.* for 10, at Tortworth. Taking the greater sales in order since Lord Ducie's, they stand thus :—

	Lots.	Average. £	*s.*	*d.*
Mr. Betts's	63	180	19	0
Lord Ducie's	62	150	19	11
Colonel Towneley's	56	128	7	7
Mr. MacIntosh's	57	116	12	6
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1857) ...	59	90	2	4
Mr. Ambler's	50	83	4	0
Mr. H. Combe's	63	80	12	8
Sir Charles Knightley's ...	77	80	1	0
Mr. Tanqueray's	101	77	13	5
Mr. Marjoribanks's (1862) ...	80	74	3	4

The average of the three leading bulls at Towneley was thirteen Royal

Mr. Eastwood for the former, which he bought for 130 guineas. His lordship was equally pleased with his own purchase. Looking round the herd at Tortworth, some years after, with Mr. Eastwood and Mr. Knowles, he stopped at each of them, and said, "*There's that dreadful tribe again;*" but when his com-

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Butterflies at 252*l.*, the same number of Dukes of Wharfedale, of all ages, from July 12th, 1863, to Feb. 29th, 1864, at 69*l.* 4*s.*, and seven Baron Hopewells at 115*l.* 1*s.* The six tribes averaged as follows :—

		£	s.
1	Mantalini	105	0
8	Pearly	106	1
5	Vestris 3rd	103	19
9	Second Roan Duchess	179	11
28	Barmpton Rose...	121	16
5	Alice 2nd	138	12

Having settled this little matter, we must run over, chiefly in the words of one who knew them well, a few of the Towneley cracks. We'll miss Royal Butterfly and Master Butterfly, and get to Royal Butterfly 10th; he was from Parade by Duke of Glo'ster; his head was not first-rate; he was a great fine bull with such a back, and such dash about him; he should have been a rich roan. Richard Cœur de Lion, or "Dick" as they called him, had as good a head as was ever stuck on a pair of shoulders. At the Dublin Show Mr. Baxter handled "Dick," and Culshaw led Master Butterfly—he never would walk, but seemed to go on springs, as if Irish soil wasn't good enough for him. Mr. Douglas's Captain Balco, a splendid bull, was second that day, and "Dick" third. At Chelmsford, one of the judges said "he walks like a gentleman," and Culshaw nodded to Dodds at those words, and said, "I've just done you." Grand Turk had not the same beautiful blood-like offal as Master Butterfly. "The Royal" was better let down in the thigh, and was a little bit better in the back than Master Butterfly, and his bosom was rather wider. His breast wasn't so deep, and his head was a little better and not quite so long. Dick was thick fleshed, and hadn't a vulgar hair about him, and thighed down to the hock. He gave Towneley stamp, thick flesh, true form, and mellow hides. He got Young Barmpton Rose and Emma—she was lovely—and Butterfly's Nephew with that wonderful back and substance. Then there was Master Butterfly 4th, by him from Beauty 3rd, by Frederick—he was poor and delicate as a calf—he went to the Emperor of the French, and he had no luck. When Frederick was a calf, he did so badly that they had very nearly exchanged him for a female with Mr. Manning, of Rothersthorpe, but he was given to the tenants, and Messrs. Willis had him for a time. From him their Lord Frederick was descended, and the 1869 Birmingham medallist cow in a slight

panion brought him up with, "*Well, my lord, how much for the whole of them?*" he only laughed, and said, "*I knew what you'd be at in a minute or two: you'll not have them.*" Mr. Eastwood had been to Killerby from the very first, and his next step on getting Buttercup home was to hire its red Jeweller, a son of

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degree. He was the first bull bred at Towneley, and Butterfly the first female, with the exception of Frederick's sister, the freemartin. Frederick by Lax's Duke, and Butterfly by Booth's Jeweller, were out of Bessy and Buttercup, both daughters of Barmpton Rose. Frederick came home a perfect ruin at three years old. He had been on the Bowland Moors. Mr. Eastwood saw his rare roan heifers at rent day, and asked his price. The farmer said 8*l.* 10*s.*, the same price as Hubback, and Mr. Eastwood gave him a ten pound note. He was calved on the 5th of February, 1849, and Master Butterfly was one of the first calves he got when he came to Towneley in '52. He was rather high-mettled and treacherous at times. He once regularly set Culshaw, who made a masterly retreat over the side of the box.

Barmpton Rose was beautifully filled up behind the elbow, and Culshaw, who was then a lad, was quite "lifted up" when Tom Mason first brought her home to Sir Charles Tempest's from the Walkeringham sale. Her first calf was a white bull; then she had a red heifer calf to Mehemet Ali: she was a smart one, but she died at six weeks. Barmpton Rose had head to spare to look at anything, deep and with fine arched ribs, back if anything a little up, and a great milker—she was a good strawberry roan, not much bigger than Buttercup. Bessy was smaller, and on a short leg, and much below the average for height. She had such ribs and such a bag and head! Princess Royal was more of the style of her dam, and very gay. Buttercup was a sort of yellow red, and like Hubback in her flecks. Briseis was another daughter of Barmpton Rose. The late William Smith had her, and Christmas Rose and Rosa sprang from her.

Norwich, in 1849, was the first Royal Show we visited. We took Beauty and Surmise there; one was the second yearling heifer, and Surmise highly commended. Beauty was second again at the Yorkshire, when the Duke of Lancaster was the first bull calf, and Ruby the first heifer. Beauty the dam of Beauty's Butterfly, was a thick, heavy fleshed one, with a splendid head and bosom and shoulders; she held her head well up and had thighs like The Royal; she hadn't the thickest of loins, and her offal might have been finer. She was the heaviest and biggest framed cow we had, but she had not Butterfly's length. Alice had a pleasant head, and "cheerful 'ticing looks"—enough to fill any one with admiration at once. She wanted perhaps a little width of breast; her hips were beautifully covered, and her underline so perfect. She was a light roan, with a little on the neck and ears, of more than the average size, but half a size less than Butterfly—a great lady with

Necklace. He was rather a short bull with a bad head and a light neck, but with capital sides and quality. His hirer was confidently assured in the North Riding, that it would be "*destruction to your herd* to use such a brute;" but he wisely chose to rely on his own judgment in the matter. Harlsonio, of

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nice offal, and it would be well if we could breed a dozen more like her. Her neck certainly did not let in nicely from the top of the shoulder, but necks are only stews after all.

Ruby was a daughter of Dick and Gem, and she had a good deal of Emma's style. She beat Butterfly as a yearling, but she had not her style, and like Alice her neck dipped a little coming out of her shoulders. The others were no use with them that year. Butterfly's breast was not so deep as some, but her touch and hair was such that if a man was half dead, he must revive if he could only get his hand on her. She beat them all when she was four years old; they couldn't keep their eyes off her, and she knew it—such grand mellow loins, and so good through the breast! Then she got a bit loose behind and looked a little lighter than she was. She was a killer; one of those ladies who sail into a ball-room and seem to say by their looks, "*Stand by—I'm here—you're not in the same day with me!*" She was so active too. She had to go up forty steps—one side of which was open to the sea—at Liverpool when she came from Ireland. Poor Edward led Jasper, and Culshaw Butterfly. She gave Jasper a good start and caught him up. She lay all the way from Liverpool to Towneley, and then she knew the place and got up and stared about her. She always lay down at once in the railway box. Alice and Ruby found out the comfort of it, and there were plaited straw mats in the boxes for them. Butterfly had six living calves, and was very unfortunate with her heifers. She had a roan one eight weeks before its time, by Frederick, and it only lived a week, and her heifer, Butterfly 2nd, died in calf from lung disease. Edward put her by mistake to Gavazzi, and she had Butterfly 3rd, which broke her stifle joint. Then she had a heifer by Master Butterfly 4th, one of the very best we ever had, but it took fits. She finished up with Royal Butterfly.

Master Butterfly went as a calf to the Lincoln Royal on July 14th, 1854. He was just a year old, as old as he could be for the Royal, and therefore he was obliged to give several months away for the Yorkshire. There was nothing but what was winning about him. At Carlisle he beat John o'Groat; he was not so heavy fleshed as The Royal, but he used his legs more like a thorough-bred horse. He was first put to Vestris, and she cast her calf early on. From a yearling to a two-year-old he made a great stride. He left England before he was three years old. In '56 he went to Paris, and was a month away; we had four there and got four gold medals—the foot-and-mouth broke out, and Voltigeur died. Two took it, and Master Butterfly escaped; he was a

Lax blood, had died just before of cancer in the nose, and therefore Jeweller had no rival for the love of Buttercup, and Butterfly was the issue. Bessy, half-sister to Buttercup, calved Frederick by Lax's Duke, and thus these two crosses produced the pair from which Master Butterfly and Royal Butterfly sprang.

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straightforward chap—all was fish that came to his net. In colour he was rather richer than Royal Butterfly. Culshaw saw him into his horse-box at Chelmsford, and he went to Grays, and from there to the docks. Red Butterfly was about the last of his get in England. Vestris 3rd was out of Venilia, and Rosemary out of Rosa. The former made up best as a heifer from two to three, but she turned patchy after that. Roan Duchess 2nd by Frederick, g. g. d. old Blanche 5th, was a gay lady, with such a back as we seldom see; she died worn out, and the last calf came wrong way first. Some said that Blanche 6th by Frederick was better; they were nearly own sisters. Roan Duchess 2nd won everything she could at the Royal and the Yorkshire, and she beat Booth's Bridesmaid at Ripon.

In 1850 Butterfly and Venilia 2nd were shown at Glasgow, and were beaten by a pair, one of which looked nearly pure Ayrshire. The judges said that the roan wasn't good enough for the pair. At Alnwick the roan was put first, but at Thirsk it was Butterfly first and Venilia 2nd nowhere. All three shows were within ten days. Hudibras, own brother to Alice, came out about this time. He was a great leathering fine bull, the same colour as his sister, but queer behind the shoulders; rather a long loose bull. In 1851, at Windsor, we had Garrick by Gaylad, from Lavinia, a fine strong-backed bull, red and white. Butterfly 2nd was by him. In the two-year-old class that year, Butterfly, Ruby, and Venilia 2nd were first, second, and fourth. Frederica, the first yearling heifer at Lewes Royal, was sold as an in-calf heifer, with Lallah Rookh, for 700 guineas, to America, and shipwrecked. Their boxes were blown down on deck, but still Frederica produced a living calf, and did well for Mr. Thorne. The best prices besides these were 500 guineas from Mr. Douglas for Ringlet, the dam of his 500-guinea Queen of Athelstane, as well as Maid of Athelstane; 1000*l.* for three heifer calves to go to America; and the 1200*l.* for Master Butterfly. Alice, Butterfly, Frederica, and Vestris were all firsts at Lewes Royal, or the Yorkshire at Sheffield in 1852. This would be the lot that took Mr. Jacob Bright's timepiece at Sheffield the same year. Vestris was a grand cow, but she had only one calf. She took a surfeit one frosty night and it killed her. Ruby (dam of Jenny Lind) was the first cow at Birmingham, where she took the female gold medal. She was also first in her class at Smithfield, but a Hereford beat her for the gold medal. In 1853 there was a great meeting at York, and Towneley took six firsts and two seconds. Voltigeur was the first bull, and Roan Duchess 2nd the first heifer calf, but Booth's Bridesmaid beat both

Neither Frederick nor Butterfly were born when, in 1848, Mr. Eastwood sold his herd of twenty to Colonel Towneley, and when Frederick did come, it was in twinship with Dot. For many years Mr. Eastwood contented himself with watching the progress of the Towneley herd under Culshaw; but, like an old

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Alice and Frederica. They didn't send anything to Glo'ster, but they met Lord Berners' old bull Pat (who had won there) with Jasper by Jeweller, and beat him at Killarney. Jasper was a fine level bull, and a twin like Dick and Frederick before him. In 1854 Master Butterfly came out as a calf at Lincoln, where the herd took three firsts and two seconds. Then the Yorkites got a dresser at Ripon. The Squire had a first—he was a thick, heavy-fleshed dog, still not so thick on his back or very nice in his huggins. Hogarth by Booth's Harbinger (who got many of his bulls rather big in their hips) was first in the younger bull class. He was a deep roan and red on the neck. Colonel Towneley only tried in seven classes and took six firsts and a second. Butterfly, Columbus, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Ringlet (a calf then) were the other firsts. Ringlet was by Frederick, out of Pearly. Ringlet's chief fault was that her head was down a bit. Butterfly won the Purcell Challenge Cup three times, and got it into possession that year at Armagh. Dublin Show brought four firsts in 1855; and at the Yorkshire, Blanche 6th paid back Booth's Bride Elect in the two-year-old class for beating her at the Carlisle Royal. At Paris, in 1856, Master Butterfly was the first bull, and Pro Bono Publico the second; Vestris 3rd was the first cow and got the gold medal. She was only two and a half years old then, and her first calf was six months old. Gold medals were given for extra merit, and Colonel Towneley had four animals in three classes (Rosemary and Voltigeur were the others) and took three firsts and four gold medals. Victoria came out and won as a two-year-old heifer at Chelmsford that year, and she and Blanche 6th, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Rose of Towneley made a great sweep at Rotherham. She was a beautiful cow, and won her honours at Birmingham and Smithfield, in calf with Gold Medal, which was sold for 400 guineas to the Atkinsons.

There was little done in 1857, but at Chester the next year the ten yearling heifers came out and were beaten by Booth's Queen of the Isles. Frederick's Diadem was second, but Culshaw always thought Emma the best of his lot. All of them had calves, and some of them were in calf then. Royal Butterfly went and was highly commended in the bull calf class, where Mr. Fawkes's Bon Garçon won. It was the first time that Culshaw ever took a nurse, but he made an exception for this pet calf, as he always drank too greedily from the pail. He was seized with purging, and had to retire from the yard under Professor Simonds's care, but it did not interfere with his winning trip to Northallerton a fortnight after. Queen of the Isles was beaten easily by

coachman, he still liked to hear the crack of his own whip, and a small, but terribly select herd, of about fifteen, with Rosette as its lady-patroness, has gradually sprung up at the Hodder side.

Except where Mr. Peel joins in on the Sladeburn side, the whole of the valley of the Hodder and the

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Fidelity and Pearl, at Warwick, the next year; and the former, after producing one calf, ended her days as first prize fat cow at Liverpool. Baron Hopewell's blood brought out a first and second in the bull-calf class at Hull that year, where Emma, Royal Butterfly, Beauty's Butterfly, and Frederick's Diadem were all winners, and the Warwick heifers replaced in the same order. Col. Towneley and Mr. Richard Booth pitted the best lot of beasts against each other at Blackburn for the Cup, and the former won. At Durham County, Nectarine Blossom beat "The Royal" for the best beast in the yard. Save here and at Chester and Manchester he never suffered defeat. They once thought Beauty's Butterfly was in calf when the Duke of Athol ran with her, and in fact she had every symptom of it. She was a month away with Rose of Towneley on their Fat Tour in '59, and they took fourteen cups or first prizes at Birmingham, London, and York. She was best in the yard at all three places. She was kept more than twelve months after her Smithfield Club medal, and won at Rugby the next year, without any extra keep, at 3 years 9 months. Perhaps she might have been a trifle heavier in the thigh, and the "dimple" at her tail-head, of which *Punch* talked, might have been dispensed with. She was never weighed alive, but her girth at her best was 9ft. 1in. At last she was killed by a butcher near Huddersfield, and her womb was found to be quite contracted. Neither she nor any of the rest ever had a gill of porter (as some people reported) but only natural food.

After this year, the showing strength of Towneley began to slacken, and Romulus Butterfly was only second at Canterbury, and Royal Butterfly 10th second at Battersea. Frederick's back gave way early in '61, when he was about twelve years old, and his *last calf*, Frederick's Farewell, from Vestris 3rd, arrived in the September of that year. The Towneley fortunes revived considerably at Worcester, where this heifer won as a yearling, and Double Butterfly and Perfume as a pair. Roan Knight's Butterfly and Royal Butterfly's Duchess also took first and second honours in the in-calf heifer class, when Second Queen of May and Rosedale proved barren. Culshaw's greatest disappointment was not winning there with Royal Butterfly's Pageant in the calf class. She was sold at the sale for 590 guineas, and died after calving. Ten firsts and one second was the wind up at the North Lancashire, and the herd left off in full show swing with Royal Butterfly in his seventh year, and as brisk as ever. The Royal was a wonderful traveller, and Culshaw always fought him with great pluck. He beat Prince of Prussia at Canterbury after Mr. Douglas had gone for the latter in Lancashire the year

adjacent hills belong to Colonel Towneley; and Mr. Eastwood has about 1000 acres in the lowland, and 4000 on the fell in his hands. His flock consists of upwards of 2300, and of these the lonks and cross-breds stick to the fell, and the Shropshires and Southdowns to the grass-lands and turnips of the valley. "The

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before; and when he had no more "Royal" worlds left to conquer, he went to York to meet Van Tromp and Skyrocket, who beat Royal Turk and such a large field of bulls at Leeds Royal the year before. In his last circuit (1863) he couldn't go to Ulverston, as he went home with his hind foot cut, so Master Frederick went and won there. Two days after that he was at Lancaster, with his foot tied up, and then off by night to Skipton, and the next night to Halifax. He then rested at home for two or three days, and off to Keighley to appear in a winning family party. On he went all night to Wigton for Mr. Clark Irving's Cup, and beat Mr. Wilson's Duke of Tyne, who had won at Worcester that year, and off all night again to Clitheroe. Thus he finished his show course—in the railway truck at night, and in the show field by day—and without a blemish. Clitheroe witnessed the close of the showing, and the five that went there had each a first. At Wigton, Mr. George H. Head, the Cumberland banker, offered 250 guineas for Royal Butterfly 11th, and Culshaw would have taken 300 guineas. There were not many in calf to "The Royal" at the sale, as the blood suited second Duke of Wharfedale, but all the dairy cows held to him. After the sale the four shorthorns which were repurchased held, and the dairy cows missed.

The first herd won in fourteen years upwards of 2000*l.* in money prizes, besides 22 cups, which included the *Farmers' Gazette* Challenge Cup, which was won by Colonel Towneley the first three years it was offered, and the Purcell Challenge Cup at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society, which had been offered for several years and had never been won thrice in succession by one breeder before. There were also 26 gold medals, and more than a hundred silver and bronze medals and other trophies. The situation of Towneley has always been bad, both on account of "the blacks" from the chimneys, the countless dogs which accompany the pedestrians along the open footpaths, and the butchers and others who will handle the cows as they pass along, forgetful that they may have been near diseased beasts. Belching chimneys are coming nearer and nearer, to within 100 yards of the farm-yard, and one where several tons of salt are burnt to glaze tiles, spreads smoke like a thick white fog, and taints the air with sulphuric acid. Several of the oak trees have died from its effects, and the herbage suffers as well.

"The Royal" was born on August 12th, 1857, and he never showed any symptoms of failing until 1867, when he had a sort of climacteric, and it was thought that he must be killed. However, he got over it,

Shrops" are a new introduction, and at first only mustered ten gimmers and a tup of Horton and Crane blood, from the flock of Mr. Charles Holland, of Northwich. Robert Parker, the ancient shepherd, who has been in the Eastwood family since he was ten, has taken his spud and spectacles, and sallied forth to make his

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and although his thighs had wasted a little, there was still the grand framework, as we visited him at Towneley on his eleventh birthday. He drew himself up as proudly as of old when Culshaw put his arm round him and bestowed some of his wonted endearments upon his cheek and forehead. His daughter Alice Wharfedale's Butterfly, a light roan, was at his side, and so were his Royal Butterfly 21st from Duchess of Lancaster 2nd, Young Butterfly 2nd from his own Young Butterfly—in short, quite a birthday party round him, with Culshaw as *M.C.* He looked likely to live to the age of Usurer and Rockingham, and Will Edmondson watches him with the most tender anxiety; "*just one more calf from Alice Wharfedale, and then, poor old follow, he'll have done his duty.*" When that comes, Will yearns for "just another," and so it goes on. Alice Wharfedale was repurchased at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale in calf of Alice Wharfedale 2nd. Frederick's box was not deserted, and there sat Culshaw on the manger, with the last of the sort, Royal Butterfly 22nd, performing a sort of figure-dance—head and tail and legs—before him. His only judicial comment was on this wise, "*it's just their way—the Butterflies were always dancing,*" and he seemed to live the proud old days over again, and to long to be "up and at them" once more on a Royal Monday. Especially stylish heads told of Baron Oxford, and there he was on the old parade ground, a very handsome bull to meet, with Baron Oxford's Beauty and Baron Hubback, to mark his first Towneley season.

The Towneley herd is fast assuming its original dimensions, and numbers between thirty and forty. The first purchase after the sale was British Beauty, at Mr. Robinson's, of Clifton Pastures. She is the dam of Baron Oxford's Beauty by Baron Oxford, which took a first prize as a yearling heifer in 1869 at the Manchester Royal and the Royal North Lancashire shows, the only occasions on which she was exhibited. Young Butterfly was bought back at an advance from the late Mr. Crisp without her Baron Hopewell bull calf. Alice Wharfedale was bought at Mr. Carr's Rugby sale, Royal Butterfly's Duchess at Mr. Betts's, then three Duchesses of Lancaster at Mr. Bowstead's, Concord at Mr. Adkins's, Baron Oxford with two Oxford heifers (from the Windsor sale), and Wharfedale Butterfly and her calf Towneley Butterfly followed. The two last were bought at the late Mr. Packe's sale, the cow at 110 guineas, or a 30 guineas advance on her Towneley sale price, and the calf (bred by Mr. Packe) at 130 guineas. Alice Wharfedale had four heifers and one bull, all singles, before she was six years old.

Duchess of Lancaster 6th was the first great disappointment that

observations on "these new-comers." He speaks most cautiously, though, we may say, patronizingly of them, but still he hardly sees why they should be crossed, even for an experiment, with those cherished lonks, the delight of his boyhood and the solace of his old age, whose tap-root he considers as fixed in the very dust of time.

The change of scene has wrought wonders with Frederick's Diadem and other breeding recusants, and "The Royal" has also renewed his strength by the side of the salmon-haunted Hodder. The beautiful Emma, who completed in Ireland what Rosette began, and brought home the Purcell Challenge Cup,* has gone and left nothing behind her, save Duke of Bowland, who was sold to the Duke of Buccleuch. The day of the massive, staring-coloured Esther, whose cushion would have served for a cushion-dance, is ended. The Hero, a fine framed white bull, with hair a trifle sharp, brought back first prize Royal honours from Worcester, and the ever bonny and buxom Rosette, whose life has been a chequered one between fat and store shows, and whose loves with Royal Butterfly have been unthrift ones, was still there in August (1868) with two daughters and a grand-daughter at her side. There too, in the Thorneyholme meadow,

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Colonel Towneley experienced in his new herd, as she flatly refused to breed, and she was only 2 months 20 days above the age of the heifer class at Smithfield. She was three weeks and four days on her Birmingham, London, and Liverpool travels, and took the extra stock prize for females at every place, and she was then sold by auction for 49*l.* 7*s.* in Burnley. She went on to the weigh-bridge directly she was sold, and had only lost 16lbs., or just a pound per day since she weighed out (2023lbs.) at Islington, with Mr. Charles Howard and Mr. Duckham as joint clerks of the scales. Culshaw might well quote this, as showing the constitution of the Butterflies, and dwell with rapture on "above a pack weight of good loose fat inside her," the fine blending of fat and lean, and the weight of beef which was carried on that delicate bone.

* Col. Towneley gave another with the same title, which Mr. Eastwood won.

were those relics of a great Towneley day, Double Butterfly, Barmpton Butterfly, and Phœbe Butterfly and Double Butterfly 2nd, which are never apart. William Ward indulged in all the joys of anticipation over a red heifer calf from Phœbe Butterfly, and when that was over he led out the Witch of Endor to drink at the fountain and show her Christmas beef. Then came the delightful stroll over the drawbridge and away to the stables. Heseltine was off to York with fifteen yearlings, each led by one of the "Whitewell Rangers," as he calls that fine clan of young fellows who live in the valley, among blood stock, game, or agriculture, and bear a hand when August arrives with its pleasant York meeting holiday. Gutter Sands, hard by the great salmon hole, in which the Colonel delights on fishing days, was once the training ground, but there was no hill in it, and how Heseltine could ever prepare Doefoot and Rejoinder and win with them as he did, was a miracle. Buttercup hit her leg before the York meeting, when The Sawyer's running with the Spy at Stockton told them that some good things were in store, and she never could do strong work again. Her dam Butterfly was barren in her third year, and then she died producing her third foal, quite a chestnut monstrosity by Kettledrum. Water on the brain had swelled its head into the size of a young West Highland bullock, and it took eighteen "Rangers" at the ropes to bring it away. The grave of Butterfly is in the hot corner of Lea Wood plantation, near the gateway where Miss Grimshaw stood and brought down her twelve brace of pheasants on a memorable day, and farther on we reach the boxes which hold "The Kettle" and "The King." The old horse's back is beginning to give a little more from age, but one-and-twenty summers have not been hard on him, and when he does go there will not be a Velocipede sire left in the land. Middleham still remembers how he used to go up the

gallop, "cracking his nose," and how carefully his tender heels were washed out with milk each morning. The elegantly turned Breadalbane was full of spirits and quality, and his attempts to dance a solo before the Bishop of Nottingham were of the most graceful kind. Kettledrum's white reach head has hardly a peer, but with his stallion top upon him he looks a trifle light in the arm.

From here as an interlude between hippothine and beef, we strolled along the Hodder side to the farm, and saw the twenty-three West Highland bullocks, over whom Ellison presides, and which had a first prize winner amongst them for the next Smithfield Club Show. An active bay Clydesdale mare, which had just won in a pair at Burnley, shows us her paces, and then we visit the upper box yard. The mares and foals to which it is devoted are bedded on the proceeds of the fern harvest, which, as the valley is guiltless of white crops, is the great substitute. Sometimes they and the foals both eat a little for a relish, and thus rob the potatoes, as fern litter manure is remarkably well adapted for "that esculent." The mares were all stabled in boxes, with sliding doors, which no chill winds can penetrate, and out of the twenty-three a score had foals at their foot, and seventeen of them by Kettledrum. Two of the "half-bred" mares, Passion Flower and Hesperithusa, which first brought out the "white with black sleeves," had pledges of Cape Flyaway, and Honeydew had the only black foal of the lot, which were exactly equal in sex. Evadne, the dam of Evelina, had been found dead in the field, and Corrivall, the dam of The Sawyer, was barren. Mr. Eastwood had a very tender spot for this colt from the time he first looked at him as a foal, and though the chestnut was not always i' the vein, he was sold for five hundred guineas. There was a good omen the week we were there, as one day Lord Hawthorne and Evelina both

won at Stockton, and The Sawyer was only beaten a short head by The Spy, so that the stud won as nearly as possible three races off the reel. The Moët corks were drawn vigorously at Thorneyholme, when the tidings arrived. It is generally brought by pigeons, which are taken in by the carts to Clitheroe in the morning, and there handed to a saddler, who ties the telegram under their wings, and starts them back. They make very short work of the twelve miles, and come sailing up the valley, poised mid-air, with many an anxious eye watching their flight. If they don't go into their house, the saddle-room, that great Tattersall's of the place, is in a feverish state, as men and lads are burning to hear the home favourite's fate. Oddly enough, on this especial day, the lad was so busy with the York yearlings that he forgot the pigeons, and Heseltine heard the news on his march to York.

Knowlmere Manor is barely two miles from Thorneyholme. Nature and civilization in the shape of fell and meadow have long waged a fierce strife for the sovereignty of the spot, but twenty years ago Mr. Peel threw a handsome Tudor house into the scale of the latter, and forced Nature to fall back upon her foxes, her grouse, and, we may almost add, her Lonks. The valley of the Hodder is one of the last places in which we should have expected to find such a substantial tabernacle, and we could almost fancy that some wandering band of Freemasons had reared it in the days when Tudor or Plantagenet were living names, carved their quaint symbol as a memorial on the stone, and departed as silently as they came. To a lover of wild scenery, however, the choice is fully justified. Knowl Hill is on the right, with its cap of fir-trees, and in the distance the dark Staple Oak ridge crosses the valley of the Hodder, so dear to the Northern tourist, and looks down on the Root Stud Farm. About 125 acres on millstone grit

and heather make up Mr. Peel's sheep walk, and of the remaining 355 acres at the Home Farm, Harrowfield and Gibbs, about 50 acres are arable. The estate lies on the western edge of the Great Craven Fault, and the union of this limestone formation with the millstone grit on the hill-side caused endless calculations and searchings of heart both to Mr. Peel and his stalwart bailiff, Henry Clapham, who originally acted as foreman of the drainers.

Only one thing was certain—that the grit would be always above the limestone, and not directly in it; but there was no great comfort in that. A.D. 1844 saw the commencement of these fierce labours of spade and pickaxe, and although the higher land does not aspire to the glories of the Hodder side meadows, which have been known to let as high as seven guineas an acre, and feed off two sets of beasts and sheep in summer, it has already brought back its increase with compound interest, in the shape of swedes, orange ovals, cabbages, and kohl-rabi.

Salmon, as well as horses and calves, have also had their turn in the park, and a stream as pure as crystal, from between the limestone and the grit, was trickling down the now deserted beds, in which the *ova* boxes were deposited for hatching. The stream ran over the young fry for twenty-one days, at the end of which they were removed to the first pond; the second became their local habitation when they were yearlings, and they then took their start for life as two-year-olds in the river. It was here that Mr. Ramsbottom, who has been to salmon what Nesfield is to landscape gardening, acquired much of the experience which he has brought to bear in Ireland, Scotland, and Hungary, and solved the much-vexed question to his entire satisfaction, as to whether "smolt" are the salmon fry of the year before, or the year before that. Of the merits of the controversy we know nothing; but those who feel dull when they

are waiting for the train at Clitheroe, and yearn to know what a young "cock salmon" looks like when it emerges from the egg, and is magnified 64 diameters, had better stroll up street and look into his shop window for some minutes as zealously as we did.

We were first at Knowlmere in the days of "Mountain King," who was then in his heyday, and had just won his thirteenth out of some forty first prizes. He made quite a picture as he stood, held by a rod through holes drilled in his horns, and with a fleece of 16lbs. on his back, of which fully 10lbs. had been made since the 6th of May. Through the heart and in the breast he was all that could be wished, and the family failing of the Lonks over the loin was very small indeed. This was in '60, and he died on November 12th, 1864.

The "black mutton," as the Robin Hoods of the district delicately termed it, has quite disappeared from the Forest of Bowland since the fiat of disparking went forth. Those who just remember the killing of the last buck have long since grown into greybeards, and when antlers were extinct, the curved horn of the Lonk King reigned paramount on the fells. His prescriptive title among sheep may be traced back for more than a century all round the Keighley Moors, Pendle Hill, and along the Forest of Bowland to Lancaster. Near Rochdale the farmers are wont to cross with the Saddleworths for the sake of greater size, and the blackfaced and sometimes a Leicester cross comes in on the lower lands near Lancaster; but the Lonk never nicks well with a Cheviot mate. Fastidious breeders consider that there is a separate breed of Lonks on every sheep-walk, and discern the difference not in the shape, but in the lighter or darker mottle on the face and legs. Quality of wool is a great Lonk attribute, and hence Mr. Peel has never crossed his flock with the

Saddleworths, in spite of the temptation of the extra size both in fleece and mutton. Width of loin is their failing point, and by way of mending it, and getting quality of flesh as well, Mr. Peel resorted to the Shropshire Down. The experiment was, however, not wholly satisfactory, and Mr. Peel returned with all speed to the "pure unmitigated Lonk." The Knowlmere flock consists of about 220 ewes, of which about seventy or eighty are drafted every year, and brought down from the fell to the valley, where they are put to a Leicester tup. The effect of this better fare is to bring many more doublets, and except the foot-rot (for which the fell is an invaluable specific) attacks them very badly, they are never moved back again. Their lambs are sold fat in the summer, and the draft ewes are passed on in November to the Lancashire butchers, and average from 17lbs. to 19lbs. a quarter. Such is their peculiarly tameless nature, acquired from four roving years, that they will not bear being taken up to feed.*

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* The hill ranges of Yorkshire and Lancashire are believed to be the earliest home of the Lonks. We find them extending north from Clitheroe over the Forest of Bowland towards Lancaster, east by Colne and Skipton as far as Keighley and Ben Rhydding, and south along "the backbone of England," by Pendle Hill, Burnley, Todmorden, and Bacup, almost to Blackstone Edge. The Penistone breed, a shorter and thicker description of Lonk, then hold the hills, and Saddleworth has also a large and plain sheep of its own, with a white face and legs and coarse bone. The Saddleworth is a slower feeder than the common Lonk, with which it is often crossed for the sake of size, and its wool, which is worth as much, is a little closer and shorter in the staple. Derbyshire has also Lonks on most of its hills and peaks, and its flock-masters often go over to "report progress" at the Craven Show.

Where there is a mere copyhold fell-right attached to a Lonk farm, the wether lambs are nearly always sold, but never where a flock-master has a great fell range, as, for instance, on the hills behind Bacup. A right of common is attached to many farms, and the flocks go mixed, with nothing but the "Lonk Book of Marks" as a guide to the owners. The old system of the flock going with the farm has been worked out except in one instance. It very much tended to support purity of breed, as now, if there is a flock of pure Lonks on a farm, the incoming tenant will not give the price for them, and commences forthwith to cross. On

Mr. Peel's first herd was swept off at the end of five years by murrain, in 1856. The disease raged without intermission from the October of that year up to the April of the next, and the Knowlmere homesteads became one great lazar-house. A common cow, which was bought in for milk, was supposed to have spread

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the fells from beyond Bowland Forest to Lancaster there are Blackface flocks, but some of the owners have lost on the wool, and have accordingly fallen back on the old sort. The Falkirk Blackface ewe drafts still come over Foulscales and Browsholme on their way from the trysts, and sometimes wait at Birket Moor to gather a little bloom before they proceed to Clitheroe Fair. Lonks in their turn have gone as far as Sutherlandshire, and the Grampian ranges between Perthshire and Argyllshire, and in some instances to Northumberland as a wool cross. The cast ewes are generally sold at Moiser Fair near Keighley, and four to five thousand of them are dispersed round the neighbourhood among the small farmers, who take one crop of lambs from them by a Leicester tup. This cross knocks out the horn in the gimmers, and makes capital hoggs, which feed to 16lbs. a quarter at twenty months on good lowland pasture, without any artificial food. Cotswolds and Southdowns have also "hit" pretty well with them, but they have been but seldom tried.

Some maintain that the pure Lonk should be copper-coloured on the nose, and have the face and legs of the same hue; but fashion differs from them on this point. A white face is generally eschewed as soft, and any approach to a brindle shade as indicative of cross-breeding. The blending of pure black and white is now generally endorsed in the show-ring, more especially if the poll is white, and the white streaks fall over each cheek. Lightness in the fore-quarter is a characteristic of the Lonk, and, as in the Ayrshire cow, betokens good milking. Their scrags are rather light, and their legs long, and the loin too often lacks strength. The lambs shoot their horns with the new year, and the wethers never go beyond one curl. Breeders make much of the horn, and consider its strength a great proof of constitution. It ought to be self-coloured and finer than that of the blackface; but it should come out low from the head, and with the same fine, gentle curl.

For cunning the Lonks are unrivalled. They are, in fact, always working for themselves, with a zeal and sagacity which makes them very bad neighbours. Small farmers buy the wethers from the Moor by twenty or thirty at a time, and if there be one better acre than another in a parish, be it garden or churchyard, the strangers very soon make themselves tenants at will. Hence it is often necessary to "hopple" them in spring time. On the hills they run up walls like a cat, when they cannot take them "off and on;" but a wire fence five feet high is too much for their philosophy. A curious anecdote is told about one which wanted to get back from the Ings to the hill. A canal

the taint, and in less than a month it had gone through nearly the whole herd. In the height of its violence it seemed to obey some subtle law, as while it swept all the east side of one house, two Alderneys on the west side never suffered at all. Even when it attacked the first in a row, it did not go on by rotation, but

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was in the way, and the bridge gate was strongly barricaded ; but the Lonk bided his time till a canal-boat sailed past, and then jumping on to its deck, cleared the canal at twice. The story is true enough, and, as our informant naïvely added, "*What possible inducement could a man have to lie about a Lonk?*"

Both ewes and lambs are very hardy, and a little cow near Skipton might once be seen suckling four cades, and as proud of them as if they were calves. Except on the fell tops, the lambing begins about March 20th. Most of the ewes lamb on the enclosed ground below the hill, and stay there three weeks. They are not especially hardy, and require to be wintered pretty well with hay, if it is a snowy season. Fell life for a certain portion of the year is essential to the Lonks, as the heather gives them bone, and acts as an antidote to foot-root. The hoggs are generally kept down in the lowlands from September to April, and those which are meant for store or Christmas shows are "fed from the post," and scarcely ever see the hill. For lean wethers the quotations range according to quality from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.*, and for fat from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 3*l.* Mr. Jonathan Peel has often proved at the Smithfield Club what sheep fed below the hill could do, as his pen of three prize shearling wethers once averaged 215lbs. each, when they were weighed on October 25th, and their clip on April 4th had averaged 11lbs. The celebrated show-sheep "Mountain King," which was bred at Hould Top, and made the Knowlmere flock, was the grandsire of this trio on both sides, and when he was in his heyday, his own fleece weighed 18lbs.

A breeder of many years' standing once wrote to us : "I never saw my *mountain* flock so full of wool. The average will be about 5lbs., but it is generally 4½lbs. Those kept on the low lands will of course clip more—about 6 or 7lbs., and some as high as 8lbs." These calculations will, however, only apply to a flock which is well looked after on a good fell range. The wool is long in the staple, but rough about the breeching—a point on which the Leicester cross improves it, and it goes principally into the hands of the manufacturers of Rochdale for blankets and the finest cloths. During 1857-65, prices varied from 18*s.* 9*d.* to 32*s.* the stone of 16lbs. Three-year-old wethers from the fell, when grazed out on good grass land, kill to about 18lbs. per quarter of fine-grained well-mixed mutton, which a Lonk breeder would consider it flat heresy in an epicure to rank after Southdown or Welsh. With fairly good feeding and a fillip from turnips, 5lbs. to 7lbs. a quarter more can be reached ; but the sort cannot be ranked among very fast feeders.

generally singled out the heaviest milkers for its earliest victims. Crumbling of the lungs, which rendered it impossible to chew the cud, was its most prominent symptom; and, although the lives of a few were prolonged by the adoption of Horsfall's plan of gruel and cod liver oil three times a day, only two or three fought through, and were kept up in apparently the last stage of exhaustion by iron and other tonics. Old Pearl by Tom Steele (8715) withstood all infection.

A whole host of Booth bulls—The Monk, Valasco, Elfin King, Sir Samuel, Fitzclarence, Sir James—have been in that hovel on the hill; and, while Sir Lawrence Peel and the venerable Mr. Armstrong, Q.C. (who was spending part of his last summer with his old Northern Circuit friend), prolong their drive a little, we sit with Mr. Peel under that warm summer sun, and watch the present herd, as one by one they go down to the stream which joins the Hodder, hard by the fishing-stone. Bashful is up to her knees, and "a right-down, good, old, honest cow she is." There, too, is Boundless of the same tribe, Basilisk (another good one), and the big, massive Pride of the Isles by Sir James from Bride. Bloom is there to tell of Blush, which died at 21 score 9lbs. per quarter, and Marion traces back to old Water Witch, through Mistress Mary. The roan Banter and the white Banana seldom leave each other, and old Balmful keeps the top ground. Bride of the Mere by Horsa has to keep the house, and oilcake is her portion for Christmas.* We have seen odd markings—a large

* At Mr. Peel's draft sale in July, 1861, Lalage by Prince Imperial (15,095) from Lally, a pure Bates cow, brought 235 guineas (Captain Oliver), and Duke of Knowlmere, then a little over three months old, 115 guineas, the general average being over 56*l.* 10*s.* The Knowlmere herd has never contended for Smithfield honours. Three animals only have ever been in preparation for it, and their appearance at the Great Fat Show has, in each case, been prevented by circumstances so adverse as to have given rise to almost a superstition on the subject.

belt of white, for instance, looking like a tape-line, from the crops round the fore-flank; but "The Bride" looks as if one side of her face had been covered with a white cloth. The bull-carriage is in the yard, but Knight of Knowlmere is not in his box—he is waiting quietly at Clitheroe for a couple more shows, and if there is a chance, to play out the rubber with Commander-in-Chief before he rides back in state over the hills. Malachite took the first yearling prize at the Canterbury Royal, and he was eventually sold to Sir John Sinclair of Barrock, Caithness, to cross with polls and cows of the country, and many a good yearling by him has gone to Georgemas Fair.

CHAPTER XIII.

"When North of Tweed and South of Tweed
Join hands at Waterloo."

Sporting Gazette.

Manchester Racecourses — Heaton Park — Thomas Godwin — Mr. Atherton's Farm—Mr. Dickinson's Farm—Great Coursing Grounds —A Visit to Chloe—The late Mr. Nightingale—The Duke of Devonshire's Herd—Mr. Bolden's—The Duchesses and Grand Duchesses —Sketches of Great Greyhounds—A Waterloo Cup Day.

WE strolled out from Manchester to have a look at the old Kersall Moor racecourse. The deserted Newmarket and Chesterford railway is nothing in comparison. Part of the ballast is left, although it is grass grown; but there is nothing from which we might guess the antecedents of Kersall. A church is built on the top turn; the run-in is quite effaced, and no one could suppose that the trying down hill finish which shook every joint in Galaor's body could have existed in that troubled surface of potato enclosures and rubble heaps, which now cumber the ground. The Grand Stand, once so vocal with Tom Bland and

Crutch Robinson, has wholly vanished, and there is nothing save green sward within some thorn hedges.

We never saw it but once in its glory, and that was "in Satirist's year." Sim Templeman was saddling Wee Willie, the first of the Liverpools; and Bob Heseltine was looking after the grey Bolus, one of the first of the Physicians; Jack Holmes was wasted to a thread paper for a 7st. 12lb. mount upon Kingston Robin; Cartwright, then quite a Nat of the North, twice donned the Vansittart orange to win upon Galaor and had the broadest of Yorkshire congratulations from John Gill; and the rough and ready M. Jones scored a race for Lord Stanley on the chestnut Cornuto. Still these horses were mere pigmies in point of fame to others which trod "Karsy Moor." The beautiful Magistrate with Bill Scott in the green and gold, and Mytton's Anti-Radical and Barefoot were all winners. It was here that Signorina slipped Memnon round the turns; that Longwaist, with "Uncle Sam" up, defeated Fleur de Lis; that Templeman got that marvellous head on the post out of little fifteen-hand Catherina, which "made history;" and that Miss Bowe ran away in a three-mile Queen's Plate from General Chassé, who had to come down hill at the finish, instead of having his favourite Liverpool Cup rise (on which so many cracks had come back to him), when Jack Holmes slipped in the whalebone and the Ripon rowels.

The Committee had very hard work to secure their late course at Castle Irwell. When Kersall Moor was taken from them, some people said that Radcliffe Bridge race ground would do. Horwich was also anxious that the meeting should come to its Moor; Newton was ready to make its fixture for Whitsun week, and it was only at last when White Moss had been rejected, that Castle Irwell was fixed upon.

The meeting on the Irwell meadows began on May

25th, 1847, with a dead heat between Louisa Newell and Meaux. George Simpson on Sheraton got the whip for winning the principal cup, and Tommy Lye, who died at last with as many pence as he had once had pounds, wrote regretting that a fall at Catterick had prevented him from contending for it in the town of his nativity. Peep o'Day Boy was bowled out the next year by Swiss Boy for the Cup, and for some time the Chesterfield and B. Green colours had quite a cup patent. Legerdemain, Frantic, Black Doctor, Longbow, King of Trumps, Rataplan (9st. 3lbs.), Typee, Underhand, Ivanhoff, and Ellermire have all been winners over these meadows. The prophets saw nothing in the future winning "pony," Saucebox, when he was a Trades Cup winner, and Nat was never more astonished than when he took his celebrated leap over the rails on the perverse Iron Duke. On September 21st, 1867, Mr. Eastwood wound up matters with Rejoiner, who ran away from Merry Harp and old Queen of Trumps.* His horses played a prominent part when the new course was opened at Old Trafford, as Lord Hastings came under the charge of Arthur Briggs, and Buttercup of Watson, and each had full liberty to do his best to win the silver cup which the committee gave to the trainer of the first Trades Cup over the new ground. They compared notes the night before, and each was equally confident; but Butterfly's daughter made short work of the "Lord."

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* This hard-working old "charwoman" ran 164 times in her six seasons, and won 42 times, or about every fourth time, which is anything but "monkey's allowance" in these days of severe "competitive examination" for the turf as well as the civil service. She first appeared as a bad fifth in the Doncaster Trial Stakes of 1862. Oddly enough, her stable mate, Moulsey, who ran his last race at Warwick Autumn, came out at Doncaster Spring in '63 as a bad fourth for the Betting Room Stakes; and he retired about the same time, after having run 113 times, and won 34 times.

R. W. Procter, a Manchester poet, has told us of

> "A party who went, on pleasure bent,
> On a journey to Heaton park;"

but the spring-carts which carried the "Rough Robins" and their ladye loves on Sept. 25th, 1827, when the park was opened for races, harmonized very ill with the Duke of Beaufort's four-in-hand, or with the team of six piebalds driven by Mr. Knowles, the coach proprietor. There was such a crush, that at three o'clock the gates were closed, and the scrambling through the hedges did such damage, that in future no one was admitted without a ticket, and then only on horseback or in a carriage. Then the great question arose, "Is a truck a carriage?" and it was argued for the appellant, that anything that could carry was a carriage, provided it were drawn by a horse, ox, goat or dog. The best illustration as to how a "carriage" should be drawn was, when "The Squire" brought Tom Thumb there in his match cart, and gave him some rare "steps out" round the course. He rode Catherina against Chancellor (Earl Wilton) in one of the finest finishes ever seen in the park, but "my lord" had the best of it on the post. "The Squire's" greatest victory was on Rush; and coloured engravings of it may be seen to this day. For two years running, Captain White, who was then in his Melton heyday, won the Matilda Gold Cup; and Becher, "the captain with the whiskers," after professionals had been admitted in 1835, screwed in Jagger first to John Scott's amazement, despite his vile temper and a broken stirrup leather. Earl Wilton had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins; and he was also on Prizeflower, the great bashaw of "cocktails," when Harkaway and Cruiskeen, the Irish chestnuts, fell. Don John came on from Doncaster

with John and Bill Scott, and Nat in his train ; Slashing Harry and Miss Bowe ran the most slashing of dead heats ; the beautiful Vanish was great in Gold Cups, and the dam of Orlando did one of those "short, sharp, and decisive" things, at which for half a mile she has perhaps never had a rival.

About thirty years ago Lancashire had better racing on the whole than Yorkshire. People can hardly realize now what an event the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup was when General Chassé, Inheritor, and Charles XII. were winning it, or when Harkaway first made his appearance in England, and was beaten by Tommy Lye on St. Bennett. Very few turfites went to bed on those nights, watching for the mail guards to bring the news. "The days of its glory were o'er" with the Cup dead heat between John Day on Vulcan, and Chapple on Rodanthe. Lord George infused such energy into the Goodwood management, and Mr. Etty was such a quiet-going person, that owners gradually began to reserve their horses for the south, and with The Baron and Van Tromp, its famous St. Leger ceased to throw any shadows before. The late Lord Derby's racing heart was not in his country. It might be in the days of Verbena, for whose sake he always fancied the Velocipede blood, but when John Scott began to train for him, Doncaster and the great Southern meetings pleased him better. He cared for few things more than going by the night train to see a trial run at Doncaster at dawn, and we remember well, how he seemed to enjoy walking right round the course with his lot, at their morning exercise in Knight of St. George's year.

During our stroll to Heaton Park, we called upon Thomas Godwin (late head groom to the Earl of Wilton), that fine old man, of whom Dick Christian affirmed in his weird-like accents—"*Pleasant fellow as need to be, and the best groom rider as ever come to Melton.*" He was born near Elton New Closes,

sacred to the shade of Tom Sebright, in 1786, and owed his education to the village school. Out of doors he became a capital swimmer and skater; and his diving abilities were of such a high order, that the "diving dog of Moscow" might have been jealous of him. As it was, a Newfoundland entertained some such feeling, and, seizing him as he rose to the surface at about the 999th essay of throwing himself into the water with the smallest possible impression, very nearly shook the life out of him. When very young, he entered the service of Earl Carysfort as second postillion, and had such a nice seat and hand that he was soon made second horseman, and distinguished himself early by leading throughout a run, on Taffy, from Elton New Closes to Yaxley. His lordship went as straight as a bird, but suffered heavily from asthma; and at times he would almost be hanging on, gasping, by the bridle, till Godwin could dismount and adminster the soothing dose which he always carried with him.

One of Godwin's first pieces of sleight-of-hand, and one that he always loved to recount, was drilling a horse, which would never approach the steps of the front door to be mounted; and he seldom failed to cap it with how he swam his own and his lordship's horse across some flooded meadows, while my lord took to the foot-bridge. The late Earl Fitzwilliam more than once asked him to take a whip's place, but he liked his present berth better. He gradually rose to be head groom at Lord Carysfort's, and made his first acquaintance with Lancashire by his trips across the Channel to his lordship's Irish estates. The sight of the Mersey never failed to elicit a word to the memory of Vandyke, one of his master's stud, which jumped overboard about a mile from Liverpool. The vessel's pace was not great at the time, and the horse swam in its furrow like "the bold shark," and was only beaten a few lengths to the pier-head. He was none

the worse for his bath; and Godwin, on the pretext of getting him measured for a new saddle at Stamford, soon after attended the great Cribb and Molyneux meet at Thistleton Gap.

On leaving his lordship's service, he went back to Elton, where he broke young horses, and there carried out a notion which had long haunted him, of going abroad with Lord Strathaven, afterwards Marquis of Huntley, and Mr. Harvey Aston. His dancing abilities had great scope while travelling through Spain and Portugal; and, in spite of his memories of Vandyke and Taffy, he took quite kindly to the muleteer business, and enjoyed his new life all the more from one or two rencontres with banditti. However, the yellow jack cut his roaming short, and the doctors ordered him home, Mr. Aston giving him a very pleasant berth at Aston Hall, in whose stalls he found Minister and some other capital hunters standing absolutely idle. He kept them in leaping-pole exercise in summer, and sent them along very merrily for some seasons while Will Head hunted the Cheshire; and taught his son to imitate him on a pony, which he had got pretty sound by keeping him perpetually in bran-mash boots. Mr. Aston's next visit to England was not of long duration; and when he left, he placed a mysterious letter in Godwin's hands, with injunctions that he was not to read it unless he heard of his death. After a long absence, his master returned, without notice, in the dead of night, knocked up Godwin, and burnt the letter; and then told him that the horses, some of which proved worth 300 to 400 guineas each, were to be sold.

For the next nine years Godwin stayed in the county as the landlord of the "Ring of Bells," a great house for funerals and weddings at Daresbury, where he broke ladies' horses so artistically that their fair owners would have it that he was one of the "Whisperer" family, of whose Irish prowess so much had

been written. He didn't care what he rode; and on one occasion, when the doctor was making a call, and the lad was holding his horse, the sight of Will Head and the Cheshire excited Tom so much that he jumped up and went well on "the unknown," in a nice 40-minute thing. The doctor took it in very good part when the horse arrived back with "an honourable hunting diploma, such as I could never have conferred on him." Mr. Hopwood's beagles occasionally came into the neighbourhood, and were hunted by a pole-bearing enthusiast; and even Godwin was found aiding and abetting them in treason against "Sir Harry, Will Head, and the hounds," when a fox jumped up in their faces, near an old pond.

Having his eyes pretty well about him, he purchased an Irish horse for 20*l.* out of a drove going to Chester fair, with full warning that he was a hopeless savage. Fighting and coaxing did its work; and he exchanged him with one of Sir Harry Mainwaring's, which had defied Will Head, Tom Rance, and all the rest of the kennel division. With a good ash plant and spurs newly rowelled, he commenced his task; and as sliding up to trees and houses, and planting its forelegs against them, constituted a great part of the performance, the pair had a lively time, to the great edification of the village. The end of it was that he could ride him hunting in a halter, and sold him back to Sir Harry for 100*l.*, after a hard run, and felt sure from his after performances that he was given away. His little grey pony, the "three-legged horse," and his terrier bitch, which, weeks after the night of the robbery, marked the man who did it, by springing at him as he called for some ale at the bar, were all landmarks in his Cheshire stay, and through Sir Richard Bulkeley's influence he was engaged to the Earl of Wilton as stud-groom. Jenny Sutton and Arachne (dam of Industry) were among his first charges; and it was when he stopped at Melton *en*

route to Newmarket with Chancellor and Bras de Fer, that he had his first Leicestershire mount from his lordship. This taste of old times made him rather dislike the monotony of a life in the paddocks, and from being stud-groom he soon succeeded Allen at the head of his lordship's hunting stud. As a lady's pilot across country he was first-rate, and he used to reflect proudly on the brilliant riding of the Earl's family. He always persisted that he knew many ladies whose judgment was quite equal to gentlemen's with hounds, and that they "mauled their horses about far less."

All his actions were quick, and his punctuality a proverb. Sixty miles on his hack and a hundred by rail, when he was looking after a horse for the Earl, were nothing to him; and if he stopped at an inn, and went into the bar for a little warm beer, he would drink it and fall asleep, leaving word that he was to be awoke "in seven minutes." Training a horse for his lordship at Heaton Park, and beating one with the Whitewall polish on it, was a great joy to him; and he did not fail to have his joke with Mr. Scott about home training, when he was performing his annual task of driving him and his brother Bill in the Irish car, to meet the coach. At these races he generally acted both as starter and course clearer, and he had very little sleep during that week. "Hard necks" and "sensible heads," "great hind-quarters," and "short legs" he regarded as the constituent elements of a "regular napper," among which his lordship's Brilliant, Cannon Ball, Roland the Brave, The Rose, Pigeon, the Piebald mare, Spectre, and the grey pony ranked very high with him. There was also the hack Telegraph, which was sold and bought back some time after; and if Godwin had loved him in life, his admiration of him rose to blood heat at last, as he broke away from the grave-side and had a gallop about the pleasure-grounds just before he was shot.

This story he generally coupled with one of Jebb, the groom, who was commissioned to bring a donkey from Heaton Park to Melton. At Chesterfield the donkey died, and either for an excuse or under a solemn belief that he was doing his duty, Jebb came on the forty miles simply to announce the lamented decease. In his heart he did not blame the lad for seeing that journey through, which he himself enjoyed so much each autumn and spring. His good nature and jocularity made him quite a popular character in the towns and village on his route. A more business-like man never kept a stable key. He gave his horses a good deal of work before his lordship rode them, and after a very hard day a few drachms of aloes, but always on their return from hunting as much warm water as they would drink. Oatmeal he detested, owing to the trouble he once had with a pony from using it too freely; and he seldom physicked a horse without flinging him a batten of straw for him to pick over and keep himself in action with. He rode long in the stirrup, and always holding his snaffle rein shorter than his curb, and with the heel of his hunting boots not deep, but remarkably extensive; and his mode of getting on horseback was exactly the reverse of Rarey's. When his day was over, his noble master pensioned him handsomely, and he lived in Heaton Park, in a little house near the old course. When we saw him he was seventy-two, and he seemed to be failing fast. He did not live much more than two years, and died at Melton during one of his annual visits to the old spot, whose cemetery holds the remains of this right good and faithful servant.

Chapel House lies five miles from Liverpool, on the Aigburth and Garston road, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the Mersey, which bounds it on one side. The Welsh hills tower above the woods of Hooton and Eastham, which run down nearly to the opposite shore; steamboats go churning on their

way, and sloops with "their top-gallants set, and their streamers unfurled," come dropping down with their heavy cargoes of coal and rock-salt from the gloomy treasure-houses of Runcorn and Warrington. The farm is almost on a dead level, and laid out in seven fields of nearly thirty acres each. It was originally a rabbit warren, and was eventually purchased by Mr. Richard Watt, the owner of Blacklock and Altisidora. "Time works wonders," and in 1857 three societies awarded Mr. Atherton a prize for the best cultivated farm. His great shorthorn sale was in the July of 1862. Three Grand Dukes made 750*l.* 15*s.*, the 7th, by the 3rd from Grand Duchess 4th, going at 320 guineas to Captain Oliver, and the 3rd at 195 guineas to his neighbour Mr. Robarts. Six Cherry Duchesses made 696*l.* 3*s.*, and of these Cherry Duchess 7th (205 guineas) went to Lord Penrhyn.*

Mr. Atherton's farm was tenanted for twenty years by his father (who is now at Mount Pleasant, a larger farm close by), and comprises about two hundred acres. Potatoes, wheat, and barley form the crop rotation, and the facilities for getting manure afford every inducement to farm high. There is a great market for hay and straw, and it is Mr. Atherton's general practice to sell the first crop of hay, and use the second for his stock. Speke farming has always

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* Mr. Atherton has both bred largely and had several shorthorns of much value through his hands. The brothers Robert and Thomas Bell, who had left Kirklevington after the great sale, came to reside in his neighbourhood, and gave him the first start with pure blood. A lot of heifers, with Marquis of Speke (13,307), and then Cherry Duke 2nd (which he got from Mr. Bolden) to serve them, brought the herd to 50 strong, and these were sold in March '58 for nearly 33*l.* a piece. Cherry Duke 2nd headed the bulls, and was bought by Mr. George Shepherd's son, a mere boy, for 205 guineas; he did good service at Shethin, and went thence to Rossie Priory, Inchture. Mr. Atherton's second start was with Gwynnes from Mr. Caddy, and Wild Eyes from Messrs. Barthropp and Crisp; these were augmented by the Springfield Duchess, Cherry, and Finella purchases. Czarovitz (17,654) was bought from Knowlmere Manor. Moss Rose (which he successfully

had a great character, and in the Report of the Manchester and Liverpool Society for 1853 (the year after Mr. Atherton succeeded his father at Chapel House), his neighbour, Mr. John Cartwright, appears as the prize-taker for the best cultivated farm of not less than 150 acres, and Mr. William Ashton for that between 60 and 100; while Mr. James Langshaw has a prize for laying down land to grass, and Mr. Atherton for mangold wurzel, swedes, and yellow globes. Plenty of medals and money were brought home by them and Mrs. Edwards in the intervening nine years; but '61 found both Mr. Atherton and Mr. Cartwright with prizes for laying down land to grass, and the former with a sub-soiling prize as well.

A sight of the capital midden with its 600 to 700 tons of "ripe, rotten dung," speaks both to eye and nose of mangolds, with nearly 44 tons to the acre, and turnips with 42½. Kooria Mooria guano is also called in aid, and applied very freely by hand to the turnips after the potatoes are taken away. Mr. Atherton has been rather fond of the latter combination of green crops. The potatoes are planted in March in drills, and then ridged up; in May or June a ridge of turnips is sown at the side of the drill; and in the latter end of June the early potatoes are taken out and sold, and the turnips remain. It was for a crop grown on this

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exhibited) and another heifer or two came from Wetherby, and with them the Duke of Wetherby (17,753), the first-born of Duchess 77th, on hire. After a short season with him a second sale took place in '62, the 51 averaging 67*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* Since then Mr. Atherton has never lacked a good animal. In '64 he bought Mr. Mark Stewart's two heifers of the Cherry tribe, and one of them, Southwick Cherry Flower, illustrates the 18th vol. of the Herd Book. He also bought some of the Kirklevingtons, which he has recently sold at a large profit to Mr. Pavin Davies. The American bull Lord Oxford 2nd (20,215) was purchased by him soon after landing in '62; after nearly four years' use he was exchanged for Imperial Oxford (18,084), who died in a short time, and was replaced by Thirteenth Duke of Oxford (21,604) (bred at Holker), from Killow. The latter has lately been sold with some heifers to Mr. Edgar Musgrove.

principle that Mr. Atherton won a turnip prize* for two years in succession.

A ride of twenty miles, with a couple of changes, amid a network of railways which it is hopeless to unravel on paper, found us at the Pimbo-lane station, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Dickinson's Balcony Farm. It lies at Upholland, about four miles west of Wigan, and it is now the property of the Marquis de Rothwell, of Sharples Hall, near Bolton. The stone-mullion windows and the comfortable entrance-hall, all mark the old manor house; and the Derby crest of the eagle and child is still decipherable on the front. In extent the farm is a mere garden of 112 acres, and in such a cold and rainy spot, that when Mr. Dickinson took to it in 1838, it had been untenanted for a whole year. There was not a road on it; it was all undrained, and with hardly a serviceable fence, and very little wood except a few "hedgehog trees" upon wide caps with a crooked ditch, and divers rows of stumps which required clearing. The prospect was not enlivening, and the croakers were in great force when they caught the new tenant at the market ordinary. The most sanguine of them kindly gave him a year, and the majority of them six months. Most men would have thrown up the cards in despair (and no blame to them either), but Mr. Dickinson would not flinch. Fifteen years of steady, unresting diligence brought its reward, and in 1853 he was enabled to claim, at the first time of asking, the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society's prize for "the best cultivated farm between 100 and 150 acres;" and again in 1861, the earliest season for making a reclaim. In the interval between the two awards, he

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* Several other prizes, including the Centenary one given by the Manchester and Liverpool Society, with a challenge cup of 20 guineas, for the best cultivated farm in 1867, against eleven competitors, have fallen to Mr. Atherton's lot.

had drained no less than 2600 rods with two and two and a half-inch pipe tiles from three to five feet deep, besides carting the tiles seven miles; and when we add, that he had stubbed up 720 yards of old fences, and drained the ditches with four-inch pipes, and planted 1030 yards of new fences, and the whole at his own expense, with the exception of the quicks and planting, we have a pretty good proof of what Saxon perseverance can do.*

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* It was eight or nine years before he thought of shorthorns, and when he did speculate in a bull-calf it could get no stock. The second did not fare much better, as, after keeping it six months, it died off at a day's notice. So far, so bad; but nothing daunted, he went again to the same herd (Mr. Birchall's, of Ribbleton Hall), and returned on that occasion with Louisa and two bull calves. Louisa gained an H. C. at the Liverpool and Manchester Show, but she would not breed to Statesman, and then Mr. Birchall presented him, to make up for his previous ill-luck, with Tipton (12,228) by Brewster (7847), as a mate for her. From this lucky cross (which was the turning point of the Upholland herd) came Tipton Slasher (13,888), Amelia (the dam of Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Holland), and the Duchess of Lancaster; and then Louisa considered her mission accomplished.

Lancashire had hitherto bounded Mr. Dickinson's journeys, but he could not resist a peep at the Fawsley sale, and returned with the ten months' Pope's Eye (15,071), by Duke of Cambridge (12,742), from Smockfrock, by Earl of Dublin (10,178). Never were 45 guineas better laid out; and Prince of Prussia, in 1857, and Duke of Holland, in 1858, were the results of the cross with Amelia, but, as if to square matters, their own brother died in 1860, when he was four days old, and she cast an own sister to them in the following year.

Mr. Dickinson began as an exhibitor at the little Upholland gathering; but he got well beaten at first, and could do nothing until he sent Louisa into the ring. His first Liverpool and Manchester prize was at Warrington in 1853, when "Tipton" beat a large field for the yearling bull prize. Amelia was also a great winner both at this Society and others in the district; and among her fifteen prizes she could count one as "best cow or heifer in the yard," at Southport; and that for the "best tenant farmers' cow or heifer" twice over at the North Lancashire. So far Mr. Dickinson has nearly 500*l.* to his credit side in prizes, and of these 70*l.* (and five silver medals) were contributed by Prince of Prussia. This bull was never shown till he was a yearling, and, except when he thrice met Royal Butterfly, and one of Mr. Ambler's (once), he never missed a first prize. It was rather hard lines to have Towneley in such especial force at the time, but still a second to such a bull at the Royal, with the first animal he ever showed there, and a third in the

But we have had enough beef for the present, and as Lytham is so near we must be off after the greyhounds. The year of memory with modern coursers goes back principally to Mr. Nightingale's rise and steady reign at the head of coursing judges. In Craven the young fellows take to the sport by nature. Mr. Greenwood of Bank Newton, near Gargrave, was Mr. Nightingale's chief instructor, and the pupil could soon stand without holding, and judged his maiden public course, in 1831, at Mr. Legh of Lyme's. In due time his scarlet was seen at the Waterloo, and he judged there eighteen times in twenty-one years. In one of the other three, he was elected, but declined to give up the Roman Camp. During that period Speculation was a cup winner under Mr. McGeorge, and Cerito under Mr. Watson and Mr. Bennett. Mr. Nightingale's jurisdiction began with Fly, and ended with that "merry dog" King Lear. This was his last public course, and as Sunbeam ran up, he had the consolation of feeling when illness began at last to lay its iron grip on his sturdy frame, that he had "left off with two good ones." King Lear was the freshest, and led to his hare, wrenched, and turned her. Sunbeam then got in, wrenched, and killed so soon, that nothing under two more good points could have changed the shout from "*Fawn!*" to "*Red!*"

There used to be sad dodging with stewards on some coursing fields, and a judge could only sit on his saddle and bear it. Stewards would wilfully shift the beating on to plough when a "dangerous stranger" had to be knocked out of time. Partisans would "steady" the hare by getting, at such a crisis, between her and a plantation or sough, so as to make the

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same class the next year, behind two like Skyrocket and Royal Turk, is (as the disappointed candidate always observes on the hustings) "even more than a victory." Prince of Prussia was sold after the Canterbury Royal for 200 guineas to go to Australia.

course as long as possible. Ground, where it was almost impossible to kill a hare, has been selected for a bye; and once, to the judge's bitter indignation, the beaters were actually ordered back a mile, that "a very dangerous stranger" might run among flints. The admirers of the "steadying" principle did once succeed, as they thought, in gruelling a crack, but he warmed up wonderfully next day, and although the hare ran away from both in the decider, he got farthest up the hill at the finish and won.

The Ridgway Club holds four meetings in the year —one at Ridgway; two (open) at Lytham, where the Clifton Arms is their head quarters; and one (open) at Southport, where they hail from the Bold Arms. Lytham is seven miles from Ridgway, and separated from it by the Ribble. When the 168 Dog Stake was run for at Southport, and Rocket ran up for it as well as for the Waterloo Cup, there was no coursing at Lytham; and Crosstown meadows, two miles south of Southport, where the stake finished, afforded some rare trials. The great, soft, grey hare, which is bred on the black earth near Marton Mere, lower down, is not so good; but the Churchtown meadows have the advantage of the brown sea-side hares, which are driven from a strip of meadow and plough, on sandy soil, by the side of the road. Mr. Knowles lives at Lytham, and lends much life to the sport; and so does Mr. Hardman, the owner of the manor of Gisborne. The latter has been for thirteen years chairman of the Ridgway Club, and is as felicitous a speaker as he is a good fisherman, shot, and courser. The stubbles are very deep, both at Lytham and Southport; and the Lytham pastures have the advantage of some rare moss hares, among which "John o' Podd's," who lives at the bottom of the moss, had a mighty renown. The Ridgway Club judging is always done from a ladder eight feet high, as the ground is too soft to ride. Mr. Nightingale never could bear

the ladder, and would maintain that he was "not a lamplighter." Jim Maple carried it after him till well into the afternoon, and finding it a case of "Love's Labour Lost," he flung it away into a ditch. Mr. Bake had it fished out and varnished, and Mr. Warwick and the present bench all go aloft. The ground, both at Lytham and Southport, is nearly all plough and stubble, and with open dykes, like Altcar; but it is heavier work for the dogs. A few small whin covers, and some whins by the side of the dykes, form the only cover.

There are an immense number of hares, and many of the old ones are levelled off during the summer, as they are so hard upon the crops. No less than 205 were killed at one open meeting at Lytham. This was one which Mr. Nightingale has never forgotten. He had judged at Baldock, and he had to get from there to Wolverton to meet the mail train. He was at Lytham by a quarter before nine—got a cup of tea, and began and decided eighty-four courses the first day. They left off five miles from Lytham, and even Mr. Blake had quitted the field. However, Mr. Nightingale walked home, and danced "into the small hours" at the Clifton Arms. Will Warner slipped at that meeting, and Lyddesdale won. Will has grown fat and pursy now, and Tom Raper is still the star, while Metcalfe and Wilkinson have a good practice; but Mr. Nightingale maintained that "Will was the first slipper who put the dogs in a straight line on their game." The practice is now abandoned, but Mr. Nightingale would always keep the slipper in hand and give the distance; and on one occasion, when his "Go" was not waited for, he turned his back on the dogs, and gave it a "No go." A Waterloo slip will be from 100 to 120 yards.

Raper still runs well, and delivers his dogs very smoothly and straight on the hare, and will stay any distance. His predecessor, Dick Nobblet, was a

short, thick-set little fellow; but still he ran fast, and in rough ground no one could lay his dogs on more scientifically.

"It is a common saying," observed Mr. Nightingale, "that hares run so much better after frost, but it is not that the hares run so well after the frost, but that the greyhound generally runs worse at that time. Hares cannot bear starving in wet, and get their backs up; and dry, windy weather suits them best. A good hare, under such circumstances, will wrench herself to hold her ground; and a wrench does not count unless a dog is pressing her and forces her out of her track. Hares are very curious, and go by hearing far more than sight. I have seen a brace of greyhounds running actually strike them out of their form, and yet they would sit down again. Shap or Knipe Scar is celebrated for its wonderful hares, and the 'Shapbeckers,' as they are called, have worn out many a good brace of dogs in a one and a-half mile race to the plantations at the top. When a 'Shapbecker' gets on a hare track, with her head for home, perhaps nothing in the world travels faster. The Shap fields are all grass, of 300 or 400 acres each, and are well fenced. There are some scars and bits of boulders, and plumps of trees and smeuses in plenty."

Mr. Benn, late steward to the Earl of Lowther, was a very good courser in his day, and the owner of Eden, who ran the international match with Dusty Miller. During his great career as a judge, from which (in consequence of a spinal complaint) he retired with a handsome testimonial, Mr. Nightingale never had harder work than when he drove in his gig 70 miles in $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours, with four changes of horses, from Harewood to Kendal after judging; and he was in his saddle at 9 A.M. next morning, all ready for the Shapbeckers. A judge now-a-days has mail trains to help him, and Mr. Warwick finished, about 5 P.M.,

in Worcestershire last season, drove fourteen miles to the train, reached Stafford, changed trains, and on through the night to Carlisle, down the Newcastle railway, and then by "The Dandy," *alias* the horse-tram carriage to Brampton, and on the field some six miles away by ten o'clock. Six different conveyances, and sleep as you can! Such are the labours of popular officials.*

There was once some beautiful running at Broughton, which has no plough, and fine undulating grass fields, of from 50 to 100 acres. The Ox Pasture, which is bounded on one side by the river Air, was the queen of them; and Selby, Clive, Hughie Graham, and Dalton ran there. At one meeting they had twenty-one courses out of it, but that was done by drilling the beaters like soldiers. There are a few hedges, but the majority of the fences are walls. Sir Charles Tempest took great interest in the sport at one time, but an attack which was made upon his keepers by a Lancaster band of poachers disgusted him, and he ordered all the hares to be shot down. It was a very great grief to the Skipton people, but since Sir Charles died the meeting has been renewed. Harewood is bad, enclosed ground; and Baldock, which is all grass, is something like Wiltshire, with plough farms, very few fences, and thin barley land. Cardington Great Field is shaped like a water-dish, and very little intersected with hedges. The hares are in the low parts, and the skirts always take the hill, and like the Dirleton hares, find them where you may, they are evenly good.

"As a rule," according to Mr. Nightingale, "hares are more equal on corn than grass-land. They differ very much. At Eaglesham the red-legged hares were

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* At Ashdown there were formerly two tryers, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the hill.

For Ashdown Coursing see "Scott and Sebright," pp. 244-248.

very large, and miracles of stoutness, and near the Three Mile House at Bendrigg, in Westmoreland, there used to be a dusky-coloured breed which screamed ten yards before the dogs—a pretty strong indication of rottenness."

Market Weighton has fine large enclosures, and small hedges, but flints are sadly in the way. The meadow ground at Barton-on-Humber is very good, and not unlike the Churchtown and Altcar meadows; and the "Leger-field," as they call it, is a very grand one for racing stretches. It was here that War Eagle and Wicked Eye won the two stakes as puppies.

At the Border Union they always commence the first day's coursing at Gretna Station on the Guards Farm, and almost within view of Gretna Green. It is a most central place, as three railways meet there. The beaters then go on to the Rosetrees Farm (Mrs. Gibbons'), and after that finish the day on The Bush, which is tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons, of Burnfoot. The second day's coursing was held last year over English Town and Cubby Hill farms, about four miles from Longtown. All the coursing about twenty years ago used to be over that ground. The old Hannah, or "the *real* Hannah," (as Jock Saunders once called her when she was winning at Morpeth), The Young Hannah, Tramp, and Bendigo all won or ran forward there. On the third day the meet is at Longtown Station, and they course over Sandbed, Oakbank (Mr. Tinning, the Secretary's farm), and Smalmstown, and finish up on the old Longtown racecourse or adjoining fields, all tenanted by Mr. Tom Gibbons. They never slip on the plough, but drive all the hares off it. It is one of the most economically managed clubs in the kingdom, and beats nearly all the crack clubs hollow in the small percentage for expenses. The list is filled very soon after it is published, and Mr. Tinning's balance-sheet might inflame with envy the hearts of Quilter and Ball. The draw dinner at

Longtown is also a great affair with Mr. Tom Gibbons as perpetual president. Mr. Wightman, the senior field steward, is a notable character on his half-Arab mare, "Fanny," and the way in which he drives a hare up a long fallow field, nearly half-a-mile in length, sometimes right in the face of a crowd, is a treat to see. Although he has been born and bred a foxhunter, being brother-in-law to Willy Routledge of The Crook (who has owned a small pack of foxhounds for half a century), and does not care much for coursing, still he lends all the help he can, and is most capitally seconded by Mr. James Little of Guards.

Mr. Nightingale considered the Altcar ground to be in most respects superior to all other ground, barring the best parts of Amesbury and Ashdown. The only drawbacks are the smeuzes for hares to run into and the open ditch system. Nothing spoils a dog so much as to lose sight of his game just as he is going to strike it. The ditches have changed the fortune of many a course; but they are wanted to take off the waters from the levels into the larger cuts, and from thence to the engine-house, where it is pumped into the river at a higher level. The great main cut to the engine-house has never been jumped by pedestrians without a leaping-pole; but Mr. Nightingale once threw his whip over and did it in his riding-dress, with a pair of light buckskins and long knee-boots, without a nail in the sole. After a heavy fall of rain, such is the variable nature of the Altcar ground, that some parts are very spongy, and others firm and hard. Still, all styles of greyhounds can run over it, if they only understand how to fly a drain, from Judge at 67lbs. to Lobelia at 43lbs. Besides the Waterloo Meeting, the Altcar Club generally meets there twice in the course of the season; and Lord Sefton is as true a patron of the leash in the North, as Lord Craven and Sir Edmund Antrobus in

the South. The best coursing at Altcar is in two or three of the meadows or marshes, commencing at Will Warner's house. The fallows, from which the hares are driven on to grass, were so full of "fur" this year, that when we were all ranged by the side of the engine meadows on the first day, more than a score cantered down almost abreast, and there were more coming.

A leisure hour in the neighbourhood of Skipton found us at Chloe's home, which is about a mile from Bolton Bridge, that inn dear to tourists and newly-wedded pairs. The weather had broken the day before, and we met two of the former toiling along into Skipton under their knapsacks, grinning a most ghastly smile, and trying to look as if they enjoyed the rain. Next day the sun shone out, and the grass, as our driver observed, was "pricking up famish" everywhere in Craven from pastures which had been as brown as a coffee-berry. A field of corn in those parts is a rarity, and the one which was cut would not in ordinary seasons have whitened for harvest so soon by six or eight weeks. The Wharfe, which had been reduced at Wetherby pretty nearly to a mass of dry shingle, was rolling along once more past Bolton Abbey, which is about a mile or so from Chloe's home. Our driver was again most communicative: "*My word, but they are rarely bucked up for the occasion,*" was his observation on some of the lady visitors, who were preparing for that walk up the woods to the Strid. On the architectural remains he was less diffuse. He certainly did notice the east window, and remarked that "*Yon would take a rood of glass one time or another to kep it going;*" but he dwelt most upon the two greyhounds, which flank it, in memory of the young De Clifford, who perished many years since in the Strid. "*They're greyhounds,*" he said, "*but stone-mason's made them a vast sight more like pointers.*" As for their story, he referred me to the "History of Craven," which records how the poor lad tried to jump

the river with a brace of them in the couples, and how one held back at the critical moment and dragged him into the torrent. He only made one addition to the text in reply to my query, whether the greyhounds were drowned. "*Drowned?—he was tied to stick to them—it looks like it.*"

From the greyhounds in stone we adjourned to Chloe, and found the old lady a little greyer in the face, but still "beautiful for ever," without Madame Rachel's aid. She had then had four litters by Canaradzo, King Death, Reveller 2nd, Racing Hopfactor (out of whose dozen only a couple lived). Old Cheerboys, that hero of Ashdown, a rough-looking never-say-die gentleman, was still in good force; and there was a black puppy (Captain) by him, as well as an infant brace from Royal Seal, which were consorting with two lusty, smooth, liver-coloured pointer pups, with spotted heads and paws, and skulls and ears such as one rarely sees nowadays. Charming May is nearly as pretty as her dam, and there is the same curious dip behind the chine. Cock Robin was a handsome, muscular dog, but a little heavy-shouldered, and his running has not been so uniformly brilliant as it once promised to be. Chloe's running-weight was 56lbs.; and when she was once reduced to 54lbs., she wouldn't struggle at all. Boynton always considers that her best course was with Sapphire, at Ashdown, when she was beaten "under disadvantages" in the run up for the Oaks. She goes out occasionally on to the grouse hills behind the house, to show the young ones the way over the old Waterloo gallop. It is two miles from the Harrogate Road to Popplewell House, near Beamley Beacon, up-hill, and over all kinds of ground, with a brook and plenty of stone walls in it. The puppies learn it by a field at a time, and are tied to a gate and unloosed with a hundred yards' start of each other. They run in faith or by memory, following each other for the first mile, and after that they can

hear Boynton calling to them. Sometimes he has a live rabbit to turn down for them when they reach him ; so that they soon learn the line, and keep it. It is half over grass, half over heather, and the two miles are generally covered in about five minutes.

The kennels were not more than four miles from Skibeden, and there was nothing Mr. Nightingale loved more dearly than to look out of his window and see Boynton coming across the field with his "Ashdown Volunteers." Of Chloe he always said that she was perfection, if her forelegs had not been a trifle too long. Charming May was his delight, and he had her up to his bedside shortly before the Waterloo Cup of last year to pat her, and "give her some good advice." Illness was irksome to a man of his eminently active habits ; but we never heard him murmur. In his prime he was possessed of great muscular power, able to hold any mail-team, and even master of Chapman, when they once met at the Greyhound Inn, Shep, and had a bout at throwing half-a-hundredweight under and above arm. He used to tell how a stalwart bully once put his head into a coffee-room in the South where he was sitting, and insinuated something about his judgment of a course. "It was well," he added, "that he ran down the passage, and locked himself up in a parlour, and apologized through the keyhole, or I know I should have killed him." Skibeden was three miles from Skipton, and the hospitable welcome within made up for the cold look of the house. A neater farmer was not to be found in Yorkshire, or a better judge of bullocks. Everything was in the most rigid order—"not a straw dared to be out of place." When his coursing days were ended, he still took the judge's chair at the Caledonian Hunt Meetings, and on one occasion (so we have heard) decided "by a nose." On his way back he would generally stop at Mr. Sharpe's, of Hoddom, and talk over Hughie Graham and "the family fawn" with "The Laird" and

poor Will Carfrae. He also enjoyed an outing at the Waterloo and Lytham Meetings; but his affection of the spine and rheumatism stealthily increased upon him, and for two or three years before his death he could not get further than to his sister's house at Skipton in his gig. He died on September 2nd, 1869, in his seventieth year, and was buried at Gisbourn, and in obedience to one of his last wishes, his coffin-lid bore the likeness of a greyhound.

As a coursing judge he has never been surpassed, and the beautiful silver testimonial which was presented to him on his retirement by a subscription amongst the very first coursers in England and Scotland told that his fame was unsullied to the close. A more righteous judge never got into the saddle, but his judgments were not always appreciated. His knowledge of the science was so deep that he was apt, at times, to reckon up a dog's work very differently to mere ordinary observers, who are generally the most captious critics. The really good judges of a course knew and made allowance for his one fault—viz., that if he once saw a greyhound shirk its work in any way, he never forgave it, and the transgression was apt to be remembered the next time the offender was in the slips. This was a weakness to which he was quite alive, but which he could never quite shake off; and there is no doubt that it sometimes led him into decisions that were perhaps hardly warranted. Still, this was a mere speck on a very brilliant career, and as a public official we see few like him in any branch of sporting. He never seemed to forget any incident of a course, and it was his delight to sit and talk them over, as if they had been run only yesterday. He always inclined to Bennett's Rocket as the fastest dog he ever judged, and he thought that Gregson's Neville ranked next in pace, with just a shade the best of Judge.

He loved to tell of the King Cob stock, which

always "ran so stout, and kept their backs up and their heads so well down." Sunbeam's head was his idea of perfection, and he delighted in Sam and his "beautiful style of running—so true that you might ride for miles after him, and never see his nob." Waterloo was his wrencher and great "dog on plough," Barrator his "acrobat," and in fact he never went to Lytham without going to see the spot where the black "pressed his hare to a gate, and went round as if on a pivot, turned her back, and killed her in his second jump." As a killer, he considered nothing superior to Cerito "for safety and science;" and Ladylike's and British Lion's knack of stopping on the side of a hill, along with Mocking Bird's power of throwing herself at the hare further off than any greyhound he ever saw, never lacked a mention. He loved the sport for its own sake, and understood field management and beating to a nicety; and he always said that, however long the day, he never lacked Mr. A. Graham as his companion when they left off.*

From Skibeden we skirted the many "windings of the silver coast," on the branch line towards Ulverstone. The sea breaks under the very wall of the railway, and winds in and out among innumerable creeks, clothed with dark-coloured plantations, which slope down to the water's edge. In fact, the marine and rural scenery are so strangely blended, that at one moment there was nothing to be seen but a few seagulls out for a wade, or a stately heron standing on one leg and a green weed reef, ready to strike a fish, and at the next there would be a troop of plump pheasants feeding on a knoll. The inland side presents a range of rocky fir-clad terraces, with primroses still lingering at their base; just the spot in which a professor of geology might choose to "spend a wedded

* For his portrait and analysis of Scottish crack greyhounds and coursing fields, see "Field and Fern," vol. "South."

eternity with a greywacke woman," while occasionally up some gorge we could catch a glimpse of a distant church, or what seemed like a beacon tower. Guides and beacons have for centuries been often useless across these treacherous sands; and "one little man, round-faced, drowned 1577," "a poor apprentice, and officer for salt," "a native of Geneva (Domenico Curatto)," and "nine in one cart," are but a tithe of those which have gone down.

A walk to the top of Bigland Scaur, which looks right down upon Holker Park, gave us the most comprehensive bird's-eye view of the pastures. The rocky platform on which we stood seemed like a sort of Arthur's Seat, amid a profusion of oaks and ashes. To our right lay Ellerside Breast, pointing over some thousand acres of peat towards the lake country, where the snow was just seen to linger upon Coniston Old Man. More in front of us was the hill of Hoad, rising above the woods of Low Frith, from whence the seaboard stretched boldly away past Ulverstone and Conishead Priory, to the headland at Peel. Ulverstone was a fitting feature in a shorthorn landscape. Its Young Ben had a few days before defeated all comers in the aged bull class at Dublin; and we had but to carry our mind back to an August show, to see its brace of Barons, Messrs. Torr and Sanday, adjudging the ten silver challenge cups, and Mr. Unthank beckoned over the rails into the ring, to decide the moot point between Duchess 77th, her companion Moss Rose, and Mr. Eastwood's Rosette.

Just beneath us, to the right of Holker Park, lay fully 130 acres of reclaimed land. The salt marsh was nearly all drained by the Duke of Devonshire to the depth of four feet, with two-inch pipes, covered with peat moss or soil, to act as a filter and keep the sand out of the drains. It has been cropped with oats, green crops, wheat, and clover in succession, and the latter yielded two heavy crops last year. A Fowler's

plough was at work with four breasts on, and taking a half-mile field at twice; but the marsh is all grass now, as it was almost impossible to keep it dry enough for ploughing.

Nine years before, Cozy and Statesman's Daughter were in the land, and old Sarah Gwynne, with her head down and her back up, was making, according to the weigh-bridge, 84lbs. per month. The Cozies and the Nonsuches are given up, and The Grand Duchess (1), Oxford (8), Wild Eyes (7), Blanche (8), Barrington (2), Gwynne (1), Oxford Rose (3), Cleopatra (2), and Waterloo (1), are all represented. We had only to seek the herd last summer in the field behind Mr. Drewry's. Eighteenth Duke of Oxford was the last hope of the calf-house, and Lady Oxford 5th (the 600-guinea Royal Worcester calf) was on the eve of calving her Fourth Baron Oxford to that grand old Duchess bull, Seventh Duke of York.

Two of her calves were sold for 500 guineas each at Mr. McIntosh's sale, and the other for 250 guineas to Lord Kenlis at Killhow. Countess of Barrington 4th somewhat reminds us of Duchess 77th, and has a son by Tenth Grand Duke at her side. The light roan is Blanche 3rd, grand-daughter of old Sylph; and a broken horn marks Seventh Grand Duchess of Oxford, who also rejoices in a beautiful-haired daughter, the 12th of that line. Lady Oxford 5th is the queen of the field, fit to found a world of shorthorns for substance and true character. Oxford Rose 2nd by Grand Duke 4th from Rose of Raby makes a nice pair with Oxford Rose by Baron Oxford. Old white Dustie has no heifer to perpetuate her line, and Morning Star is the last dying bequest of Lord Oxford. Fifth Grand Duchess of Oxford is a wonderful milk and butter cow. From her we pass through the park to the home of Tenth Grand Duke, who is mourning the loss of Mr. Davies's Moss Rose (who bore him Royal Chester), and we bid him be of good cheer, as he puts

forth his beautiful head to greet us, and walks most vigorously the whole length of his paddock into his shed for further recognition at Mr. Drewry's hands. Third Grand Duchess of Oxford was up feeding, and Mr. Fawcett's Eliza 10th and Lady Butterfly's Duchess were in quarantine in a paddock. The crosses between Fifteenth Duke of Oxford and Galloway heifers were in "the marsh meadows" some forty strong, and they prove to be grey, or jet-black, or blood-red, or bronze, or rich roans, and nearly all without horns, when five lads drive them up.

Grand Duke 3rd by Second Duke of Bolton (by Grand Duke from Florence, a daughter of Mr. Richard Booth's Fame) was in residence at Springfield Hall, near Lancaster, when we first went there in '59, and so was Prince Imperial, that son of Second Grand Duke and Bridecake a daughter of Bridget, to whom the Grand Duchesess also owe their Booth cross. He was thick through the breast, and with well-laid shoulders, and though not with quite the grandeur of some of our best bulls, a touch must be dead or saucy that did not own him mellow. We found the footsteps of Fame in the Fenella family which sprung from her daughter Fay crossed with Grand Duke. Mr. Bolden's brother purchased Mussulman, a son of Old Cherry, to take to Australia, for 150 guineas. Mr. Bolden liked the sort, and had Cherry Duchess by Grand Duke from a Cherry cow which he purchased at Mr. Lax's sale. Her son Second Cherry Duke was sold to Mr. Shepherd of Shethin. Mr. Bolden also had the Waterloo tribe, on which Mr. Bates set very great store. The latter bought a heifer by Waterloo (2816), dam from Waterloo, from a small farmer who had used the bull. She was so good that she was sent with five of the best cows from Kirklevington to Mr. Whitaker's Norfolk, and had a rare calf, Waterloo 3rd, by him.

Mr. Bolden inherited his taste for shorthorns from

his father, who, like Mr. John Colling of Whitehouse, and Mr. Lax of Ravensworth, caught his inspiration from the Brothers Colling. He died in 1855, at Hyning, near Lancaster. No man was fuller of shorthorn lore, intermixed with the quaint sayings and the doings of the old Durham and Yorkshire worthies. He kept a herd for many years, always sticking to the old-fashioned, roomy, heavy-fleshed cows; and hired Leonidas, Leander, and Royal Buck, and other bulls, from the Booths, in days when a man who gave only sixty guineas for a season was considered quite an intrepid character, and when Warlaby females could be had for money.

Four of these then "Veiled Prophetesses," Fame, Rachel, Bridget, and Vivacity, were purchased by Mr. Bolden soon after he commenced breeding, in 1849; and along with cows of the Duchess, Cambridge Rose, and Waterloo tribes, from Kirklevington; the Cherry tribe from Colonel Cradock, and the descendants of No. 25 at the Chilton sale, they gradually formed the herd.*

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* The late Mr. Bates, when he published the portrait of the Duke of Northumberland in 1839, did not fail to improve the opportunity by giving an abstract of the title-deeds of the Duchess tribe. Through that document we trace them back to 1784, when Charles Colling purchased from the agent of the Duke of Northumberland the original cow, whose ancestors had for two centuries peacefully cropped the Stanwick herbage, or been driven off by the mailed mosstrooper in many a border foray. Hence it was that he rechristened the cow *Duchess* "after that family, because they are justly entitled to be held in commemoration for having possessed a *tribe* of cattle, which Mr. Charles Colling assured me *was the best he ever had or ever saw*, and that he was never able to improve upon *her*, although put to his best bulls." There is quite a Hebrew grandeur in the pastoral simplicity of the old Kirklevington enthusiast, as he spurns the nine hundred armorial ensigns of the blood royal of England and the chivalry of France, commingled in the Percy banner; and calmly paints in the old red and white cow grazing.

Still, write as he might about their glories, his deep partiality for them had nearly been their ruin, and although they had been in his hands for five-and-forty years, they were reduced to a very low ebb

Thirty-four years have raised the Waterloo Cup from a stake of 2 sovs. each for eight dogs, to one of 25 sovs. each for sixty-four, and "Dog Derby" books are rife in the land. The three kingdoms had stuck to Blue Gown for the previous Derby, with a loyalty which no Rosicrucian declarations could quench, and now Lord Lurgan's crack became their greyhound idol, and to see him win at Altcar a second year was their leading dream of the future. There were no

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when he died. Duchess 64th, the dam of Second Grand Duke, he did not live to see, and she was the youngest of the eight which stood up before Mr. Strafford. Her dam, Duchess 55th, has been a very Barbelle in the herd world, as three of her produce were sold for 2300 guineas, and she was both the dam and the grandam of a thousand-guinea bull. Mr. Bolden bought the first of the Kirklevington eight, to wit Duchess 51st, dam of the Fourth Duke of York, for whom Lord Ducie gave 200 guineas at the same sale, and sold after three years' use to the Americans for 500 guineas. The salt water was fatal to him, as he broke his neck in a storm; but the change from the banks of the stately Tees to "the gently curving lines of creamy spray," that wash the Red Bank Farm, redeemed his dam from the curse of barrenness, which had sunk her to 60 guineas.

She bred three heifer-calves, the first of which, by Leonidas, died in the birth, and the others were ushered into the yard at Springfield for us, in the shape of two roan cows, Grand Duchess and Grand Duchess 2nd, by Grand Duke. A noble pair they were. The eldest was a beautiful specimen of a "toucher," silky hair on a nice elastic hide, with that peculiarly dainty cellular tissue between the hide and flesh. The head too had all the most favourite characteristics of the tribe, slightly dished in the forehead, with a prominent nostril, and a great general sweetness of expression. They were also well down in the twist, and great milkers, combined with heavy flesh. Grand Duchess 2nd bore a strong family likeness to her sister, but she had more substance and gaiety of carriage; and she held up her head, as if right conscious of her lineage.

Three of the heifers were red with a few patches of white, and it was curious to notice in their marks the exact resemblance to that original Duchess, from whom thrice 183 guineas would hardly have separated Mr. Bates at the Ketton sale. Coates's Herd Book has preserved to us her picture, as she feeds on the Tyneside, with Halton Castle in the distance. The white patch on the flanks and crop, the star on the forehead, and the gay little beauty-spot just above the muzzle, are all there; and with the exception of Duchess 3rd, who is enrolled in the Sibylline leaves of Shorthorn fate as "a light grey," there was no break in the "red and white" succession till Duchess 19th was crossed with

symptoms of frost to disturb their serenity: and a fervid Liverpool Fenian must have thought that "the hour and the man" had come at last, when the Irish packet-boats disgorged hundreds of mysterious and bearded men at the landing-stage, who told each other without disguise that they would "tak siven or six anyhow" (evidently meaning Saxon lives), and used two passwords of dire import, "Woman in Black" and "Master M'Grath." These conspirators might be

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Belvedere of the "White Bull," or the Princess family, and two roan heifers were the produce. A double cross of Belvedere brought the colour to white for the first time in Duchess 50th from Duchess 38th, by the Duke of Northumberland, from the first roan, Duchess 33rd.

Cambridge Rose 5th, by Second Cleveland Lad, was five years old at the Kirklevington sale, when Mr. Bolden, senior, bought her, and with the exception of Cambridge Rose 6th, who was kept as a memento at Cobham, and Cambridge Rose 7th, which was purchased by Mr. Downes (and died in '67), and from him by Mr. Bolden for 70 guineas, the next autumn, there were then no more descendants in the land of the celebrated Hustler's Red Rose. Cobham proved the value of this blood by the biddings for the gay old cow, and her Marmaduke calf, Moss Rose. The First and Second Duke of Cambridge alone represent Cambridge Rose 7th, and as she persisted in breeding nothing but bulls, the tribe was lost to Springfield at her death.

When Mr. Bolden had got home old Duchess 51st, and compared her with some other very good Shorthorns on his farm, he became so convinced of the goodness of the Bates blood, that he determined to make his stand on it. His first move was to purchase Grand Duke (10,284), by Second Cleveland Lad from Duchess 55th, for 205 guineas, the same price that Mr. Hay of Shethin, Aberdeenshire, gave for him at Kirklevington. At the time he bought him, he and his father had several cows almost useless, after having been served repeatedly by idle bulls; but with him and successive Duchess bulls, the fertility (which Mr. Bates attributed, in the case of the Duchesses, to the cross with Belvedere) gradually returned. The same was observable in other herds where Duchess bulls were introduced, and Earl Ducie did not conceal his opinion that his was saved by the use of them. Grand Duke was four years old when he came, and he departed for America two years after; and whether in addition to the Dukes of Cambridge we look at May Duke and Grand Turk (the sire of Great Mogul), from Booth cows; and two Cherry Dukes from the Cherry tribe, all of which have been sold and resold at high figures, Mr. Bolden stands as a bull-breeder second to none.

Grand Duke 2nd, by Fourth Duke of York, from Duchess 64th, who was calved at Mr. Bolden's, had rather more white on him than Grand

found at Lynn's, as the hour for dinner and the draw was at hand on Tuesday. Most of the old faces from Caithness to Compton Bottom were also in the throng. Mr. Bake moves about as brisk as a bee; and a little dark man, with a tall Scottish "shepherd king" at his side, might have a printed bulletin on his breast, as everybody asks him after "Bab." "The Emperor of Coursers" tells us how he has just proposed the Home Secretary for Renfrewshire, and then dashes off to the favourites of his early days, Oscar and the rough-coated Gilbertfield; the tall and handsome owner

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Duke, and was only two years old when he followed him, in November 1855, to the New World. He had not quite the bold look of Grand Duke, and although it would seem to be the perfection of a Shorthorn to read good nature in his face, the Americans always thought that he looked too placid. Unlike the gentleman who described himself as having been absolutely unable to close his eyes from emotion, the live-long night after his unexpected "Vision of Fair Women," in the shape of Queen Mab, Nectarine Blossom, and Queen of the May, a recent visitor to Thorndale does not seem to have been the least stirred up by treading such classic soil, or much struck with anything beyond Grand Turk weighing 2800lbs. He tells us, however, how he found him in company with Second Grand Duke and Neptune of the Booth blood; and how he calculates that Duchess 64th and 66th, Oxford 5th, 6th, and 13th, and Bloom, Frederica, Lalla Rookh, Buttercup 2nd, Miss Butterfly, and Pearlette would be alongside them. Such an American Congress would be worth all the sea-sickness and all the expense to see. Duchess 64th (600 guineas), which was generally considered the best of the eight Duchesses that were sold at Tortworth, died after some years in America, along with Duchess 59th (350 guineas); and Duchess 66th (700 guineas), that "brand plucked from the fire" (as Earl Ducie termed her, when the news was carried to his dressing-room one morning that a calf had at last been found in Duchess 55th) was among the fifty head which Mr. Thorne purchased after poor Mr. Becar's death, for 7000*l.*

In 1854 Mr. Bolden sold seven bulls at an average of 59*l.* 8*s.*, one of them Second Duke of Cambridge, for 100 guineas. When Mr. Bolden, sen., died in 1855, his herd, with some of his son's bulls, were sold at Hyning, and the 28 head (including 11 bulls) realized an average of 61*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* Mr. Torr bought Gertrude (100 guineas), and Lady Hopetoun (220 guineas), both of them Booth cows. In 1857 Mr. Bolden sold 14, at an average of 65*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, at Mr. Strafford's farm at Dudding Hill. This was followed in 1860 by a sale at Springfield, where 29 head averaged 87*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Of these a score were Waterloos,

of Riot is quite a consulting counsel on leash law; and Lord Lurgan, a fresh-looking, hearty patrician of fifteen seasons' coursing experience, passes a word of good cheer to the Irish Brigade about the black dog's health, and then adjourns upstairs to head the coursing parliament. Cerito, that triple Waterloo Cup winner, looks down from the walls on the sixteen Club delegates, and so do the pictures of the late Earl of Derby and his father, and other Lancashire worthies. Then the venerable Skipaway case is discussed once more, and the plaintiffs and the defendant contradict

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and they averaged 92*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* Sir Curtis Lampson gave 165 guineas for Waterloo 20th, and Mr. E. Bowley 130 guineas for the Waterloo bull Charger. In 1862 the herd was sold to Mr. Atherton, who soon after parted with the Grand Duchesses (nine cows and four bulls), to Mr. Hegan, of Dawpool, by private contract, and sold off the Cherries, the Fenellas (from Booth's Fame) and the Grand Duke bulls. Mr. Hegan paid 5000*l.* for his lot, and three cows were barren. He died in 1865, and his herd was brought to the hammer at Willis's Rooms, where Mr. Strafford gave a splendid lunch to his friends and supporters. The 12 females were in four lots, and were all purchased by Mr. Betts, whose herd was sold off in 1867.

GRAND DUCHESSES.

Prices in 1865. Gs.		Herd-book Numbers.		Prices in 1867. Gs.
1900	Prince Imperial Booth cross	5th	Duke of Devonshire	200
		7th	Killed	
		8th	Lord Penrhyn	550
1300	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	9th	F. Leney	210
		13th	Killed	
		18th	R. E. Oliver	710
1800	Prince Imperial Booth cross	10th	Died	
		15th	J. Miller	80
		17th	R. E. Oliver	850
1200	Cherry Duke Cherry cross	11th	Earl Spencer	400
		12th	Died	
		14th	Died	

Bred at Preston Hall.

Cherry cross (yearling)	19th	C. H. Dawson	700
Booth cross (calf)	20th	Earl Spencer	420
Do. (calf)	21th	Dr. McIntosh	330

each other most lustily. The latter uses legal terms "like a very learned clerk," and eventually gets a majority of more than two to one to dismiss the case.

Fifteen years before, we had left Liverpool for the ground on Bob Castle's coach, behind four spanking greys, with Mr. Nightingale on the box seat, and several Scotland Yet enthusiasts as our freight. In '64, Tithebarn-street station was the trysting place. A man on the very outskirts of the crowd seemed green and indifferent, and his mate was exhorting him: "*Theese com this far—doant go back, lad, its sic fun—they nobbut louse two dogs at yence—there's hot pot and dyke-jumping, and a' manner of things.*" "Owdham chaps" and "Boulton fellies" were there by the dozen. They are a rough lot, and on big excursion days there is sometimes a regular swearing match between them and those "Peter the Wild Boy" sort of officials which abound in Lancashire. To do the latter justice, they have no respect of persons. Once upon a time, the late Secretary of the North-Western was travelling along a loop Wigan and Kenyon junction line, when the station-master put his head into a first-class carriage and said: "*Now then yo' chaps for Chow Bent, Checquer Bent, and Bank Lane, get out wid ye!*" The secretary objected to such official language, and said quite indignantly, "Don't you know who I am?" "*Ye'es,*" said the man; "*Huish—secretairy—two thoosand a year,*" and passed on to the next carriage, "*Now then yo' chaps, &c.*" There seemed from the heavy train to be few Liverpool laggards by the stuff this day. Away they leapt over the platform rails at Hightown, and the ticket-collector had to "fall back on his supports" in the station, and give collecting up as a bad job. "The Rifles Inn," which looks like a superior Irish cabin, had no charms for them so early, and bending to the left by the stone cross, they went crashing and stumbling over hedge

and fallow. In vain did a yokel rush from his harrows, and with outstretched hands and wild dances endeavour to harry them back from the arable, as if they had been sheep. The Lancashire lads laughed the "Johnny Cake" to scorn, and formed, after one or two light skirmishes with another protectionist, into a marching column of nearly a quarter of a mile along the road. They enter into coursing as they do into Bolton creels, or pigs, or flowers, or bell-ringing, or glee-singing—with a will. "*Live Hare!*" is a great shout of theirs when a favourite dog is beginning to work off the points against him. They have bets on from a pot of ale upwards, but we heard one of them refuse to do anything on King Death's courses, "*because I'se afear'd I'd dee if I backed him.*" Sometimes if a favourite kennel is to be sold off, they will follow it from a sort of chivalrous feeling up to Aldridge's. When they do get there, if they can find a carriage in the sale-shed, they as often as not get in and sleep through half the sale. Two were once reposing most peacefully in a phaeton when a stentorian offer of 70 guineas for Mr. Borron's Bright Steel fairly roused them up—"*Seventy guineas,*" said one to his fellow sleeper, "*why, you and I, lad, wouldn't fetch that thegither!*" We once heard a still more emphatic sentiment as a pair of them walked over the Liverpool steeple-chase ground to take up a position. A number of grooms and helpers were standing near a brook jump, and one of the pair caught a few words of their conversation. He stopped, with quite a beaming countenance, "*Eh! Jack, lad! I'll gan noe father—they say there's been fowre lives lossen here—dal, it's the best jump of the lot—we'll stop where we are.*" On the coursing field itself there was an old fellow with a pole collecting sixpences to jump over the great cut and uniformly landing up to his waist in the middle. He was not so drunk as he pretended to be, and he made a nice amount by becoming "a water-baby."

While the ring were settling on one course there were rumours of a fight. Books were shut up instantly and away they rushed. The gallant owner of Tim Whiffler made a Jack Macdonald of himself in an instant, and brought his man up to the scratch without ever taking his cigar out of his mouth. As he afterwards observed, "it was a most cheerful fight." And indeed it was—a big man and a little man—a pair of spectacles permanently disabled—a pair of arms in a white paletot and going like a windmill—a white hat rolling on the sod. So it was in old days, but we have to tell of '69.

The morning finds us at Lynn's once more, and the cards of the day show that Master M'Grath has been drawn with Borealis. The latter has been winning a good stake at Lytham, but "the talent" have taken her measure well, as 25 to one can be "got about her for the Cup, and it is only 6 to 1 against the black." All is life and activity among the coursers. They are buttoning on leggings, and lighting pipes, and driving bargains with Hansoms and coaches, into which they mount, looking like very jolly Cromwellian pike-men, with their long mahogany-coloured leaping poles. The route lies principally by the dock side, and its dusky forest of masts, till we strike rather more inland at Formby, where the greyhound trainers keep their charges. Seven or eight miles bring us within sight of the Altcar plains at last. On the left are interminable sand banks, tenanted by coneys and vitriol works; while ditches of all degrees, high mounds, and engine houses help to break the dreary Altcar dead level of grass and fallows, which look as if they had merely been pared. Be that as it may, they are full of "fur," and during one portion of the meeting, Hard Lines got among a wandering troop of nearly a hundred hares, and didn't know what it meant. There are a few trees, and there is a conventicle-looking church in the distance, but even when the sun is out,

it looks quite a joyless land, inhabited by the descendants of Mat o' the Marsh.

There is life enough at the North End Farm, where the carriages make their halt, and the official card-seller sets up his basket under the lee of a barn. He is wise in his generation, as if he once faced the open there would be a rush at him, and, like good card-sellers before him, he might be pressed into the ditch. The trainers are here in great force, each with his champion in hand, or snugly ensconced in a dog-van. Speculation (late Red Robin) occupies the front seat of a cab, and a large wisp of straw is spread artistically over the front window, for fear any minute draught may visit his honoured head too roughly. Alas! it is of no avail, as India Rubber challenges him to the slips ere two hours more are over, and "wins a good trial cleverly" at his expense. Some of the dog carriages are drawn in great state by three donkeys, but many trainers discard them altogether. Light Cavalry is at the ditch side straining for the fray, and we also mark the dingy face of Bethell (by Boanerges from Mischief), own brother to Bab at the Bowster, and the grey features of Ewesdale, not a remarkable dog in his day, but now of good repute among greyhounds at the stud. The trainers are a motley lot as regards dress; but the real Altcar thing is supposed to be a sort of seal-skin cap, with lappets for the ears, and a green coat, with mother-of-pearl buttons about half the circumference of a cheese-plate. What Lancashire Witch can stand against that?

It is barely five minutes past ten, and up comes Mr. Warwick, the judge, in his scarlet coat and blue bird's-eye, to judge for the ninth year in succession. Another bit of scarlet shows that Tom Raper, the slipper, has also stripped to his work. He looks very worn in the face with so hard a life, but the heart is as good and the legs are almost as nimble as ever. We

look in vain for old Will Warner, but we are told that he has "turned it up." The crowd thickens fast, and as far as the eye can reach towards Formby, they come steadily tramping on. The vehicles alone seem to stretch for more than half a mile in the line of march, and half of them are in the commissariat service, and laden with pies, and cheese, and liquors. Many visitors carry their own little polished drink barrel slung across their shoulders, and those who have the office look out, when luncheon time is nigh, for the hospitable red flag with the white star in the centre, which flies as a token at the top of a private omnibus from Lytham. Half the point of the meet at Northend was lost this year by the absence of the house party from Croxteth, and we might well long to see the four dark chestnuts dash up in the green drag as of yore, with the Earl on the box. It seems but the other day that his father was riding off across country to Croxteth, to tell of his Sackcloth's victory.

The march of the cracks round and round the farm paddock is one of the most beautiful sights. We have noted there—before the first couple were called, and the hare-boys (looking like tortoises erect) started on their march—the shining brindle of Streamer, the dark black of the great bitch corps—Spider, old Belle of the Village, Rebe, and Reliance; the blue of Coodareena; the fawn of Sea Rock; the red of Monarch and Sea Girl; while the brindle on the tail deftly told the difference between the flying whites of Liverpool, Mr. Spinks's Sea Pink and Sea Foam.*

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* It may not be amiss to run over a few of the principal winners from Sultan's day. Oscar, British Lion, Gilbertfield, Barrator, Waterloo, Canaradzo, Scotland Yet, Ciologa, Neville, Sam, Canopy, Jacobite, Cardinal York and Picton, Bold Enterprise, Blue Light, Black Cloud, Border Union, Matilda Gillespie, Motley, Tollwife, Ladylike, The Baron, Selby, Clive, Monarch, Mercury, Hughie Graham, and King Lear, &c., have all been touched upon in volume "South" of "Field

A quarter past ten, and there is no time to lose; off comes Mr. Warwick's overcoat, and he mounts a good looking grey. Requiem and Morning Dew are in the slips, but three hares get away before Raper gets a slip to his mind. It was a bad beginning, as both got unsighted before they had been long at it,

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and Fern." The whole is in the words of Mr. Nightingale or Mr. Warwick.

Sultan was own brother to Empress, "and a good dog that Southport week," when he had 167 against him for the Cup; but he was not first class, either in work or pace. Empress was the best of the pair, and her defeat of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! with one of the terrific Eaglesham hares, where "fur" does "run like fury" was her finest performance. She was a very handsome squarey bitch, with lots of wear and tear, and good all round, and was left in amongst the last six with her brother at Southport. Bugle was a short, thick, and not a fashionable style of dog, with great pace and muscle, steady to his game, and clever in every way, though not a smooth runner, and with a curious style of pitching himself from his hind legs. His blood always united remarkably well with King Cob's. Earwig was not a flyer, but he went a good steady pace. Emperor, the sire of O Yes! O Yes!! O Yes!!! was left in with Earwig, for the Waterloo Cup, but Mr. Easterby declared Earwig (the worst of the two) the winner. Emperor was a very good dog, but rather thick and plain. Both of them were blacks; but one of them had a white tail end, nose, and claw. When Glider was in the slips with Rocket, there was no telling them apart, except by Rocket's black muzzle. Lord Sefton mistook them, and galloped back, shouting "Glider's won!" Mr. Robert Bennet bought Rocket, Ranger, Reuben, and a bitch for 120 guineas at Chatsworth.

There is little question that Bloomsbury is the worst runner on the Waterloo Cup roll. Priam, by Emperor, was, "perhaps, the best big dog of this day." He ran at 74lb., and yet he was a first-rate worker, and never gave a chance away. Mr. Pollock's Major was a fast but not a first-class dog, and beat, among others, Father Tom M'Guire's celebrated Irish bitch for a cool hundred a-side. Still "he couldn't use his hares as some of them can." All that can be said of Titania is that she was "a good steady bitch, but not a great one." British Lion was an every-day dog, very game, and always ran respectably. Harlequin, a slow son of Emperor, won his courses by steadiness (which was his sire's specialty), and had a memorable one with Oliver Twist (brother to Senate). "Oliver" was "a great dog, and a wonderful killer." He won a sixty-four-dog stake at Lytham, without being once challenged, and he killed every hare. This talent with his teeth was the more remarkable, as he had a short thick neck. He had great power, and went a rattling pace. Senate was a bad killer, but a rare wrencher, and a steady racing-like dog. He ran a hare at Lytham for a quarter

and then Requiem went on with the hare by herself, and had such a severe singlehander, that the hearts of her backers die within them, and any hopes of pulling off 33 to 1 become a vanishing fraction. Then every eye is on Lobelia as this rare granddaughter of Canaradzo comes out bright and beautiful, and not

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of an hour, and the very next week he won the Waterloo Cup, for which Webb's Flirt ran up. He was "a wandy dog, full of muscle, and his wrenching had always this grand peculiarity, that he did not wrench too hard—did not put them too far round, but gave no opening, and kept the game to himself. It was done in the real Eglinton Waterloo style—he never wrenched the hare out of his line."

Shade was a useful steady bitch ; handsome, but with no remarkable pretensions in pace or work. Slater's Sandy ran hares in a dodging sort of a way, but he got well placed for all that. Magician was a racing-like dog, with good speed to his hare ; high on the leg, but with no great wear and tear about him. Hughie Graham's finest race in the Waterloo Cup was with Staymaker. He got very badly away from the slips, and Staymaker led in a most splendid racing stretch. Hughie got up inch by inch, and headed the dog sixty yards from the hare. He gave two or three wrenches, and then turned her into Staymaker's mouth. ("Immense cheering.") Tom Oliver, who won a pony on it, was so delighted, that he threw himself down on the bank, and roared with pleasure, and kicked up his legs "like some one daft." Mr. Temple, true to his usual way of expressing his satisfaction at a very grand course, promptly lay on his stomach, and threw his heels over his back. Hughie had another fine trial with Mocking Bird, in the Waterloo Cup. She had a particularly fine eye to a hare, and when it disappeared in a ground hollow, she exactly marked where it would reappear, and gained a length or so, while Hughie ran out a bit. She met two or three wrenches, and then Hughie was busy again, and she killed out of his mouth. "The Bird" wanted a very fast stout hare, as she was not a remarkable worker, and Ebb fairly beat her on this point at Amesbury. "She threw herself at her hare farther off than any greyhound I ever saw." Egypt was a thick, little, short dog, rather like Jacobite.

Cerito had fine pace, and sense to correspond ; and her heaviest beating at Altcar was when she met Dalton—a dog who put in a great deal of work in a little time—for the Plate. "As a killer there was nothing like her for safety and science. Her measure was perfection. She would never make a flying kill, but draw herself back and be ready for the turns, and kill them just on the bend or the broadside." Grass was her forte. Waterloo (a bad killer), on the contrary, was all for bare fallows, and went as light as a cork over it. Wicked Eye was a rare drain-jumper ; in fact, she skimmed them in her stride like a swallow, and could always make a couple of lengths at them. Protest

one mass of diachylon plaster as she was last year. She hung in the slips a little, and then she warmed up and raced past Exactly in the brilliant style of her Trovatore days, and made a masterly kill. The Lancashire men may well shout for her after such a performance, and wish her well through the Cup. Now

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ran very much in her style, and with great spirit; but she was not in such small compass, and took more time to settle. For pace she beat Riot in a short course; but Mr. Randell's bitch was a steadier worker. Sackcloth was a good steady dog, and a very close worker, beautiful both at his turns and wrenches. He was one of the British Lion blood, "an every-day dog," and the amount of travelling which he had to Ashdown and back before he won the Waterloo Cup has known no equal. Judge, whom he beat in the fourth course for the Cup, was a grand dog, and a great worker when he settled. For work, pace, and fencing combined, Riot has perhaps never had a peer, but like Patent she failed twice in the Waterloo Cup. Reveller (Seagull) had not her pace but he ran in very determined style when he had steadied down and ceased to rush. Rival was a lovely fencer; and she never gave coursers a greater treat than at Sundorne, when the hare threaded a holly fence near the Castle, and she and Jebb's No Hurry were "just like shuttlecocks in the air, backwards and forwards." There were never so many lamentations heard at Altcar as when Sunbeam failed to beat King Lear for the Cup. He had got a fearful bucketting the day before, as, when he had run Tempest to a standstill, he took off with a hare to Hill House. His great point was his beautiful, smooth working, but his pace was not like Judge's. Effort went a great pace, and put in plenty of work in the earlier part of the course. If the hare lived, he would slacken and then come again. This style was very observable in his courses both with Barman and Prizeflower at Hampton Court. Regan went with great fire, which he did not communicate to his stock, and was a rare timber and iron-hurdle jumper. He had fine pace and led Woodpigeon at Patshull Park farther perhaps than one greyhound ever led another. Cardinal York's style was nice, but not equal to Picton's. Little Trip-the-Daisy had a low, stealing way with her, and was wonderfully game. When she beat Belle of the Village at Sudbury, she ran the hare till it dropped dead, and was so exhausted that she had to be carried to her carriage in Mrs. Cartwright's rug. Bribery had a slow, game, and persevering style. She would get to her hare, drive it a mile, but not kill it. Sapphire was great over the Downs. She would go through a sixty-four-dog stake without ever being challenged, and make a course short by killing.

Maid of the Mill was a fine big racing bitch, a little too arched in her back, and a trifle lacking in length. At Waterloo she fairly ran round Blue Hat in a short course; but she beat Sampler handsomely in

the drain jumping begins, and sorely tests the limbs that are stiff with "age's frost." Some bound over them in their stride like antelopes, or use the comfortable pole; others go at them with faces indicative of resignation and agony combined, and if a foot slips there is a roar like a salvo of artillery down

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a noble one. Roaring Meg was very determined and steady—not very fast, but so very persevering. Canaradzo had very fine pace, fire, and working power. He commanded himself beautifully, and was particularly determined and clever in closing with his hare. In his Waterloo Cup he gave Faldonside a regular towelling, and only let Gilbert get first turn by favour of the ground. His stock are generally rather quarrelsome and require work. If they are bad they are very bad, or the reverse. The dogs, on the whole, have been best. His sister, Sea Pink, always went best over Altcar; but, owing to temper, she would often throw out very wild turns, like Protest in her first course. She was a game bitch, and she never showed it so much as when she came again in a course at Sudbury, where Bribery had got her beat. Sea Foam was rather faster than her, and very much steadier. Chloe's thighs, hocks, and back ribs are perfection; if she has a fault, it is that she is half-an-inch too long in her fore legs. She was a little short of fire from the slips, but had good pace, always greater than Rebe's in her stretches, was smooth in her work, and clever with her teeth. It is upon this last point that her consort King Death's fame principally rests; and some of his cross kills were very beautiful to see. Bluebell had the same talent, and saved some courses out of the fire by it. Ciologa, the best of the Scotland Yets, was also a wonderful flying killer, and went through a 32-dog stake at Sudbury with only one point against her, made by Klaphonia.

Patent was a dog of great power, not especially fast, but very cool and steady, and certain to kill when he once got possession. He had a nice style of driving, and went beautifully from his turns. One of his cleverest kills was at Tredegar, when he fairly grabbed puss as they flew a fence together, and again when he beat Calabaroono in Scotland. Like all the Davids, he did not excel on marsh or ploughed land. Like David, again (whose bitches don't require much work), he never seemed tired. After being beaten at the Waterloo, he wound up with three cups in a month at Hereford, Ashdown, and the Scottish National. In the Craven Cup he had a splendid half mile straight with Riotous Hoppicker. They ran almost locked from Kingston Warren Bottom to Compton Bottom; and then the dog began to draw out, and reached his hare two lengths first. Save and except Master M'Grath, Mr. Warwick considers him quite the best dog of the last seven or eight seasons. David was a steady and cautious dog, and not a flyer. He had ordinary pace, and did not close resolutely with his game. He was unlucky in his Waterloo Cup, and went head over heels into a ditch;

the line. Occasionally a stout gentleman determines, rather than be left behind, to jump or perish in the attempt. He is gravely advised by some athlete to "pull himself together," whatever that process may be; he balances his arms, rushes, regardless of family considerations, at his work, funks, towers, is deposited

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but his name lives in his stock, when far flashier greyhounds are forgotten. Calabaroono had fine pace, and a deal of cleverness. Still, Jessica was very nearly too much for him in the Plate at Altcar. She was getting very busy at last; but the hare did not live long enough. Rebe was one of the most persevering bitches that ever was put in slips at Altcar, and she went a good pace as well. She had a remarkably clever way of taking a drain and then stopping herself; and she twice overdid Sea Pink by that dodge, as the latter got over and tumbled about, while the black was scoring-up points. King Death had only just the best of the pace with Rebe in the Waterloo Cup run-up; but the hare soughed. Theatre Royal "just wanted a little pace, or she would have been quite first-class." Kingwater's action was as smooth as oil, but he was rather soft-hearted. His pace was wonderful, and he had cleverness to correspond. His finest course was with Romping Girl for the Douglas Cup, in the Greenfields at Abington, Crawford St. John. It was a very long slip, and they ran neck and neck for three hundred yards, when Romping Girl drew out and got first turn. Kingwater had the second, and the bitch the third, and then she raced past him, and ran her hare to a standstill. Romping Girl's daughter, Restless Belle, understood driving in the highest degree. She would drive them a mile, and never bring them round, and let nothing else get in. Prize Flower could go a good pace, and delighted in long game courses; and Belle of the Village was very staunch, and excelled in a long driving course on the downs. Cauld Kail was a very steady and smooth runner, but not exactly brilliant. Fieldfare was not fast, but smooth at her turns; Silkworm had good pace, but did not like to be punished; Cheer Boys was a very game dog, and ran like a puppy at Ashdown in his fifth season; Grand Master was a rare puppy until he met with his accident; and Mr. Warwick always quotes the way in which he knocked about a hare on the Black Hill, Abington, as a marvellous specimen of "high art."

Brigadier went rarely through the Liverpool Cup, and was only once challenged by Fieldfare. He was so clever with his hare, that she must have jumped over him to get in. This was once done at Hordley by Butterfly (by Lopez), and she won the Cup by it. Brigadier's daughter, Brigade, is a beautiful bitch, with great pace, very determined, and very clever withal. She goes faster from her turns than Jane Anne (now Sweetbriar), who, clever and game as she was, rather lacked pace. Bab at the Bowster was hardly so brilliant as Brigade last season, but very determined and clever, and goes a great pace. In fact, she is good all

with a splash, and ignominously crawls out up the opposite bank. What comfort is it to him to be told to "put on more powder" when all is over, and he is wet up to his middle? A policeman in a helmet has a most tremendous reception when he jumps short, but still there is not the fun there was when fewer people came, and poor John Jackson, in his lusty manhood, went striding and shouting with his short stick in his hand, over the ditches, and when Jem Mace, or Joe Goss, were putting on condition after that fashion.

And so the courses go on, and at last the crowd, some six or seven thousand strong, line the high embankment on both sides of a field where Patent ran one year. A sort of nervous thrill goes through them when a beautiful worked course has been run in full view between Jolly Green and Innkeeper. "One more bye, and then the crack comes out," is the key to it. They are so closely packed that it is difficult as you stand to see right along the bank. In a minute a roar is heard at the distance, and we know that the black is coming. Nearer and nearer, and the shout is taken up all along the line, as when the St. Leger horses reach the Intake turn, and the last struggle begins. Mr. Warwick tears along at full gallop on the grey, almost level, and twenty yards to the right of the hare, in order to be handy at the finish; and then

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round, and seemed even better in her 1868-69 season. Lobelia was good at all points, and never was greyhound more cut up than her in her first course for the Waterloo Cup, with Lord Soulis, and yet she went through the stake and won it. She was just too clever for Trovatore all that season; but Master M'Grath was in turn too much for her when they met in the Waterloo Cup. The Irish dog's pace and tact were almost supernatural. He jumped a ditch into the road with Lobelia; the hare came short back over the hare-bridge, and the dog jumped back, and nailed her as she came over, to use Mr. Warwick's words, "just as a cat does a mouse." "It was," he added "the cleverest thing I ever saw." In the earlier part of the course Lobelia led on the inside, he raced past her, and put the hare to her; then he gave her another go-by, and then came this remarkable kill.

comes the black dog with the white breast and the white neck mark, going like a whirlwind twelve lengths ahead of Borealis. She looks, in fact, like a mere terrier scuffling after him, and when she did get up, the Irish dog had raced right into his hare, and flung it up half dead into the air. Raper said that he had never seen a greyhound go so fast, and the Cup seemed to be over. Then Woman in Black delights the Irish division once more, and Ask Mamma and Charming May ran as sweetly as ever. Except Lady Lyons, there was nothing more beautiful than "May" on the field. Ghillie Callum then gives the Scotchmen a good turn, and fastens on his hare, when he kills so savagely that they are obliged to bite his ear before he will resign it. Two other dogs cannot settle the knotty point, and so they dash away and jump a wide ditch, holding the hare between them. Luncheon succeeds, and the coursers are found in carriages, or on the top of them, on the grass, or sitting on a rail "transacting business" with hampers and parcels which would have done Epsom no discredit. Even a horse and gig rolling in a ditch doesn't rouse them. They were a singularly quiet and well-behaved crowd, and though the stewards had left them pretty nearly to their own devices, in despair of handling so many, they encroached but a very few yards. It was a fine, genial day, and each man seemed bent on good-humoured enjoyment, and an oath or coarse word was almost unheard.

Luncheon over, and we got into position for the last time that day, and all along the Engine-house Meadows. For some time it was hopeless to begin, as "fur" was too plentiful; but at last they came off the fallows by singles, and Master M'Grath was slipped once more. There was no enthusiasm over this course. On he sped raking lengths away from Hard Lines, but after turning his hare he tumbled and got shaken, as he put in no really good work afterwards,

and Hard Lines killed. The crowd were quite still and disappointed, but there were some cheers as Lord Lurgan, who loves the sport dearly, and boasted a huge pair of leggings, walked up to him to pat him.

Then arose the bronchitic strains of that comical old man who had gone about all day with Master M'Grath blazoned on his hat and selling sweetmeats: "*Master M'Grath 'Umbugs!*" followed by a list of the towns in which they were patronized, one of which seemed to have an especial ludicrous suggestion in it. We cannot say that "still his speech was song," but on it ran, "*Four a penny—I puts it in the sinking fund—my wife taks the money, and I niver see it noe moor.*" Malt Liquor, Ghillie Callum, and Randolph, a son of Romping Girl, went with immense fire, and some began to fancy Ghillie for the Cup. "*India Rubber 'Umbugs!—India Rubber 'Umbugs!*" from the old quarter, whose wares were re-christened as each good dog won, told of the victory of another son of Ewesdale, and we could not forbear leaving our post to see the beautiful blood-red Lady Lyons rubbed down after winning. But the twilight draws on, and at last the hare supply begins to fail.

Not a beater can be seen, as they are far away, quietly stirring up the hares, and sending them stealing over the fallows, towards the big sough, which has been such a city of refuge to them time out of mind. We stand waiting for minutes while Raper has Bab and Sir William in the slips. "*Sporting Eagle 'Umbugs—niver see it noe moor,*" indicate the last registered winner and break the reverential silence which falls on all good coursers, when such a *prima donna* as Bab is coming once more on to the stage. At last the word is passed that a hare is in sight; Bab is ready for her, and a beautiful course, ending with a rattling kill, carries the bonnie Scotch lassie through her second round. Such was the opening day, and the next night found the puppies all beaten off, and

England and Ireland each with one, and Scotland with two champions. Ireland and Scotland fought it out at last, and Lord Lurgan's dog could only beat Bab about a length for speed, and get very little the best of the working. Perhaps two such flyers never met before, as the winner has never been beaten, and the loser, we believe, only once. Bonfires were lighted on Friday night on the hills near Belfast, to tell of the second Waterloo victory of their black dog. At Waterloo, it created such enthusiasm in the bosom of one Celt, that having flung away his own hat, he rushed at Lord Lurgan, plucked off his lordship's wideawake, flung it wildly into the air, and kicked it when it came down again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Johnson: "Mrs. Thrale's mother said of me what flattered me very much. A clergyman was complaining of want of society in the country where he lived; and said, 'They talk of runts—that is, young cows.' 'Sir,' said Mrs. Salisbury, 'Mr. Johnson would learn to talk of runts;' meaning that I was a man who would make the most of my situation, whatever I was." He added, "I think myself a very polite man."

Croker's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. vii. p. 194.

Cheese-making in Cheshire—The late Captain White and Dr. Bellyse—Mr. D. R. Davies's Herd—Cattle Plague in Cheshire—Penrhyn Castle—Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds—Mr. Naylor's Herefords.

IF cheese had been our mission in Cheshire we certainly saw plenty of it, when the County Agricultural Society held its meeting on the Roodee, and wives and spinsters crowded the long booth to look at the champion lot. One of its four cheeses was brought to the dinner, and was pronounced good but not superfine. Mr. J. D. Harding, the professional cheese-maker, who did so much towards teaching Ayrshire* the Cheddar plan, spoke in the course of

* See "Field and Fern" (South), pp. 278-285.

the evening with no small energy against mere rule of thumb management. We heard this Makesbury "Minister of Public Instruction" very well, but the acoustics of the room are so bad, that although we were not more than thirteenth from the chairman, Mr. Barbour, the only thing we gathered from him and the speakers round him, was the word "Rabbits."

Cheese-making in Cheshire runs very much in families. Some have a sort of hereditary genius for making it almost irrespective of the land, which is generally a very strong loam, and others, with every chance and appliance, never make a first-rate article.* The cheese farms generally run from 100

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* The following is a portion of Mr. Harding's lecture on Cheese-making, delivered before the Tarporley Club: "There should be a proper dairy room; but this indispensable item in dairy practice, as a rule, is wanting throughout the length and breadth of our land, in the absence of which there can be seldom a guarantee for making *good* cheese. The milk, so delicate in its nature, requires to be deposited in a place entirely free from every impurity; the floor of the room should be clean, and every precaution taken to render it dry. Cement should be used where necessary to fill up joints or cracks, so as to destroy every lodging-place for filth; every utensil in use should not only be clean but appear with a polish. The milk should be poured into a receiver outside the dairy-house, and conveyed by a pipe, or rather an open shoot or conduit, to the vessel prepared for its reception in the milk-house, that the milkers may not enter the dairy. Under these circumstances milk may be kept sweet in ordinary weather, in a temperature of 63 to 65 degrees, during the night in one vessel (say, the cheese tub), to which the morning's milk may with safety be added, and a fine cheese be the result. I cannot understand why persons prefer the labour of making cheese twice a day, when cheese of a superior description can be produced by making once as I have described. As to preparing the milk for the reception of the rennet, in the absence of Cockey's or any heating apparatus beyond 100 degrees, during the summer months it frequently happens that no heating is required, the evening milk in the cheese tub having stood at 56 to 70 degrees; and that of the morning coming in to mix with it at a temperature of 90 degrees, will at once fix the bulk at 78 to 80 degrees, the temperature required. The rennet, which should be perfectly sweet and its strength practically known, should at once be introduced and stirred into the milk so as to take immediate and universal effect, and at once arrest the particles of cream, and prevent their escape to the surface. If the atmosphere be close and damp, and the temperature high, care should be taken to prevent the over-heating of

to 200 acres statute measure; some few may be larger, but the majority scarcely average 150 acres. The general estimate is a cow to every 4 acres, in addition to which there is the usual proportion of stirks and calves. Of course, where the farmers bone

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any portion of it, lest its condition became affected before the rennet is added. It is not safe to heat it. The evening milk may have acquired sufficient acidity to slightly affect litmus paper, to which there is not always much objection; but if it has remained perfectly sweet, a little sour whey of a clean acid taste *may* be added to assist the rennet, the quantity being regulated by the experience of the dairy-woman. Breaking the Cheese: The coagulation should occupy fifty to sixty minutes, it may then be cut across at right angles with a long knife or other cutting instruments, when the whey should immediately begin to appear. With the milk at this stage of the proceedings, in the condition I have described, the character of the future cheese is entirely subject to the skill of the operator. To follow the Cheddar method, after remaining a short time in this state, it should be broken or cracked up carefully, to prevent waste, when a little whey is taken off and warmed. When the breaking is completed, this heated whey is poured over it, which tends to harden the curd and clear the whey, when the curd will be found to be in small and distinct particles: it is then allowed to subside. A portion of the whey is then drawn off and heated for scalding, which may occupy thirty or forty minutes. The curd is then stirred up, and the heated whey poured amongst it until it has reached a temperature of 100 degrees. The stirring is continued till the particles of curd again separate and sink, when the whey remains clear. With Cockey's heating apparatus, the breaking and the scalding is performed by one operation, the temperature being gradually increased during the stirring till it reaches 100 degrees. There is probably less necessity for the curd being so finely broken when it is not to be scalded, as there would be some difficulty in again collecting it without the application of heat of a high temperature. After being subjected to the heated whey for twenty-five or thirty minutes, the whole of the whey is drawn off, the curd becomes a compact mass, which is heaped up on the convex bottom of the tub; the temperature being carefully retained, the whey readily escapes. When this is effected, which may occupy from one to two hours, according to circumstances, it is placed in the press to remain twenty or thirty minutes, when it is removed and broken in the mill, and salted with the best refined salt (which is prepared for the purpose by Titley of Bath), at the rate of 1lb. of salt to 56lbs. of curd, when it is again placed in the press. The next morning it is turned in the vat, and a dry cloth is given to it, which is not subsequently wetted. At the end of the third day it is removed to the cheese-room and bandaged, when it is turned every day for a few days; as it hardens it is turned twice a week, and ultimately once, till it is sent to market at two to four months old."

and manure heavily, the same land will carry many more, but rich grass does not improve the quality of cheese. The rent is not regulated by the price of cheese, and there is no bowie system as in Ayrshire. Cheese-making commences in early spring, with what is termed "the Boosy Cheese;" but the opening day of "the prime season" is the 12th of May, or "the turning-out day" when all cattle begin their summer grazing, and cheese is made more, or less, until October 12th, when the ley season closes.

The principal cheese market is at Chester. There is also one at Crewe, but the factors generally travel about from farm to farm, and purchase the whole or the greater portion of their cheese from the same places, year after year. The cheese of the North or North Eastern part of the county is made for the Manchester market. It is lifted from the farms about October, and is used in a green state; and in fact it will not keep. The farmers adopt this plan because they want to have no trouble with their cheese during the winter months; they have also no loss in weight, and they get their money sooner. A much smaller quantity of cheese is now made on the Knutsford side, as the demand for milk in Manchester has increased so largely. Tarporley and the country round Chester is of good report; but perhaps the best Cheshire cheese, which is generally sent to London, is made in the Nantwich and Broxton Hundreds. This cheese is made to keep, and is generally not lifted from the farms until February or March It commands a higher price in consequence, and is worth, on an average, 90*s.* per cwt., whilst the more ordinary sorts range from 55*s.* to 80*s.* Prices ruled high in 1869, and they were at their lowest point before the cattle-plague fell upon the county with such fearful virulence.

Our "Cheshire worthies" are connected more or less with the Roodee. Of old Joe Maiden and his doings, and the wooden leg of later life, we have told

elsewhere, and we can see his smile of pleasure as Captain White looked over his youngest son, one Cup day, when he heard that he was intended for a whip, "to see if he had good legs and feet." We never remember the immortal Captain so amusing as when, with Sir Watkin and two ex-masters of hounds, he was helping to dig out a fox on a frosty bye afternoon in the Wynnstay Woods, and stood at a bolt hole with a stick, as he said, to "nobble" him. Again he was very great, when he was bidding at Mr. Blenkiron's for Lord Stamford, and kept popping his head at intervals out of the window of the drag, and requesting Mr. Tattersall to "knock him down." He was always very good-natured if any writer asked him about old times, and most pathetic on the horrors of the great frost of '15, when he was obliged to leave Lincolnshire, where he was hunting with Mr. Assheton Smith, and employed his London leisure in looking at the skaters and the bonfires on the Thames.

He hardly understood being followed by a pencil, and his scream when he saw one produced with an author at the end of it, was a sort of compound of Tom Rance's and Rachel's for intensity. And then his language and his power of simile, when he described the points of his hunter Harlequin! The echoes of the laughter of those who heard him, must linger yet in the smoking-room at Cherry Hill. If there was a bit of fun, there he was in the midst of it, with a joke and a comment which would have often sounded as nothing in another man's mouth, but were so rich and so mellow in his. He and Mr. Osbaldeston were born in the same year, but the "Old Squire" outstayed him, although he was reduced to his Bath chair. He rode his grey mare, Alice Grey, which originally cost him 20*l.*, for ten or twelve seasons, in fact almost to the last, over Cheshire. Every year he had a week or two with The Duke's at Badminton, and enjoyed the stone walls amazingly. He was also a good deal at

Quorn, while Lord Stamford was master. He would ride anything, but Comet was generally "the Captain's horse," and they were wont to joke him about having cut his initials on him with his spur, when the pair had a bit of a scramble at an ox fence. He was Master of the Horse to his lordship and then to Mr. Naylor; and one of his proudest recollections was the way in which (when, in consequence of Godding's illness, he and the head-lad were in charge) he hood-winked the touts about Macaroni's trial. The Manchester men grumbled at the hard measure which he sometimes dealt out to them; but the mirth of the land is gone, and the Cheshire covert-side now lacks its most radiant element.

"I would give half a hundred men,
Black Douglas were alive again."

Dr. Bellyse was nearly as well known in the county as his father, and by virtue of his long connexion with coursing he was always allowed to ride with the beaters at The Waterloo. He was true to the sport to the last, and a fall from his pony at the Sudbury meeting somewhat hastened his end. Latterly he did not run dogs in public, but still he bred a few for private coursing. Bachelor, the founder of the Bugle blood, was bred by him, and he never forsook that strain. He left Audlem some years before his death, and the practice which he had inherited was transferred to his son. Latterly he occupied a pretty little Cheshire home at Dorfold not far from Nantwich. His love of the leash peeped out a hundred ways—from Cerito on the wall to the "Stonehenge" and "Thacker" on the table, and the greyhound *couchant* on the paper-weight and inkstand. Everything about him was as natty as himself. He did not inherit his father's taste for the Turf, but he treasured the stories he had heard from him of The Roodee, and the Mostyn Mile. Beyond keeping the box of silver spurs (over which he waxed quite eloquent when it was drawn out) and

the lineal descendants of the black-breasted reds, he had quite deserted "the Sod." We remember him once saying, as he put a carving-knife into a pair of noble pullets which tasted like pheasants, after their final three days' bread-and-milk probation in a dark pen, "It's like carving gold; what would my poor father say if he saw us? he wouldn't have killed them for two hundred guineas apiece." Our friend had, however, only anticipated the change in public taste, as these martial roosters did not average more than 16*s.* to 18*s.* per pair at the hammer.

Mr. D. R. Davies' herd is kept near his residence, Mere Old Hall, at the Bucklow Hill Farms, where he has nearly 400 acres, inclusive of plantation belts, in his own hands.* Mr. Davies had a second herd of

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* He began in February, 1862, at Mr. Grundy's, where he purchased after the sale Victoria Regina of the Booth, and Roan Queen (served by First Grand Duke of Wetherby) of the Bates blood, by way of starting impartially. To these were added in due course Medora by Master Rembrandt from Mr. Barber's, Surmise by May Duke from Mr. Hales', Mildred Rose and Dairymaid (both of the Sylph tribe) from Mr. Jonas Webb's, Leonora from Mr. Jolly's, Countess of Burlington by Third Grand Duke and Minstrel 2nd from the Duke of Devonshire's, Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, Stanley Roan from Mr. A. Maynard's, Lady Best from Mr. Langston's, and Thorndale Duchess and Thorndale Rose from Mr. Robinson's. Gradually he went for Bates, weeded-out animals not of that blood, and began with Marquis of Oxford by Sixth Duke of Oxford from Moth. After him he bought Ebor, who was third to Forth in the old bull class at Newcastle Royal, and second at the Manchester and Liverpool meeting. Then he went on with Garibaldi by Third Grand Duke from Cambridge Rose 6th, which he bought in 1864 from Miss Combe. On February 23rd, 1864, he sold two dozen females and nine bulls, and made 120 guineas for Master Warlaby from Leonora, whereat the Cheshire farmers, who know of no such prices for "a bull fed on rushes," cheered lustily. The average was 31*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.*, and Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitworth were the leading purchasers. Since then he has purchased Cleopatra 5th by 9th Duke of Oxford and Charlotte 4th by Duke of Knowlmere (first prize at Plymouth Royal) from Mr. Logan, Bracelet and Bland (own sisters) by Sir James from Mr. Wythes, Moss Rose 2nd by 4th Duke of Thorndale from Mr. E. H. Betts (Preston Hall), Moss Rose (dam of the above) from Mr. Foster (Killhow), Wellingtonia by 3rd Duke of Thorndale from Mr. McIntosh (Havering Park), Harmony by Cherry

eleven cows and heifers, some of them calves when the plague began. He believes that preventive measures failed, simply because, when the grass came, he placed his cattle in the field for a short time daily, out of the influence of chlorine gas. In this belief he is confirmed by the experience of his near neighbour, Lord Egerton of Tatton, whose milch cows and feeding stock were subjected to the same treatment, but never allowed to leave the shippons. Hence, in spite of a severe attack of the plague on several farms in the vicinity of the Tatton Home Farm, they all escaped, while some of the West Highland bullocks in the park went down. Chlorine gas was quite the fashion in Cheshire, and as farmers were very "jealous" of contagion, every rural policeman carried, at the suggestion of Professor Stone, a wooden kit with him, as well as a waterproof bag, for disinfecting his dress. The kit had four compartments for bottles of muriatic acid, chlorate of potash, Stockholm tar, and "soap and sundries." The two former generate chlorine gas by contact, and a few drops of the tar poured upon some hot cinders will disinfect boots or clogs when suspended on a poker within reach of its vapour. The inspection dress is made of strong calico and fashioned like a diver's, and it is fumigated and made ready for the next visit by putting it into the bag along with a perforated box in which chlorine gas has been generated and retained on pumice stone.*

Duke 3rd from Mr. Adkins (Millcote), Cleopatra 9th by Lord Oxford from Mr. Harwood (Winterford), Grand Duke of Essex 4th by Grand Duke 4th from Mr. McIntosh (Havering Park), and Twelfth Duke of Thorndale, bred by Mr. S. Thorne of Thorndale, U.S. The last named was one of the animals offered at the Windsor sale, and afterwards purchased from Mr. Thomas when in London.

* Mr. Davies' shippon is at the junction of three roads leading to Chester, Warrington, and Knutsford, and in the centre of a district through which the plague wended the same fatal way that it did in the last century—commencing near Warrington and coming along the low ground. In the small township of Tabley alone 662 beasts died; 41

Shropshire sheep have been another great fancy of Mr. Davies, and he has won at the Royal North Lancashire, the Manchester and Liverpool, the Yorkshire and Cheshire, with his rams. For the last two or three years he has given a prize for the sort at the Yorkshire Show. The flock numbers ten score ewes, and has been established from the oldest and best flocks in Shropshire—Horton's, Matthews', Crane's, Evans', Smith's, and others, and the wethers are all sold off as shearlings. Many of his rams went last year to South America, Australia, and Germany, and one of the latter took the first prize at the Leipsic Fair. Horton's Lord of the Isles, Duke of Kent, and General Lee (all Royal prize winners) have been used, and did much both for size, heavy flesh, and wool.

We did not care for the estuary of the Dee, its countless small flat "lumps" of coasting vessels, and

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were slaughtered, and only 20 per cent. were left. It skipped some farms and attacked others, and it would sometimes in its later stages take one cow and return to the same herd for another victim at the lapse of three weeks. Cleanliness was of no avail, and some of the very worst kept shippons escaped. Mr. Davies' precautionary efforts were unintermitting from the first. Every beast about the place was vaccinated; hyposulphite of soda, beginning at 3lbs. and so on to 5lbs., was mixed for four or five months in 100 gallons of water, and chlorine gas was used night and day in the shippon. Sawdust was substituted for straw, in consequence of its absorbing the *fæces* better, and being so much more easily removed. The cattle were never more blooming than when they were turned out in the middle of May, for a few hours daily, into a field adjoining the shippon and abutting on the high road. There was no infected farm nearer than a mile, but at the end of three weeks an Alderney heifer was taken ill and died in 36 hours. She had no symptoms of illness about her except a slight discharge from the vagina, and until the veterinary surgeon opened her he thought she was ruptured. The bull by which she had been recently served was slaughtered immediately, but there was no arresting the evil, and in two days more nine or ten were down with it. Leonora, from Mr. Jolly's, was the first decided case, as they found her one morning with her back up, her coat staring, and her head and ears drooping; but Lady Best from the late Mr. Langston's, Minstrel from Holker, Heiress from Mr. Hales', Cherry Empress from Mr. Logan's, and Water Girl from the late Mr. Anthony Maynard's soon followed suit. They sickened for three or four days, and on the fourth there was a strong dis-

great manure and alkali works, but we should have been sorry to miss Conway Castle or Rhyl, or that peep up the rich vale of Clwyd, with its black cattle and scraggy sheep, its Cathedral of St. Asaph, and its old castle of Ruddlan. The railway follows the line of the sea-coast in all its windings, till it comes in sight of the bold, rocky headland of Penmaen Mawr, and the blunt surface of Priestholme or Puffin Island, which is the very Bass Rock of those Western Seas. Generations of fishing fowl have made it their fishing residence since a Prince of North Wales fixed his eye on the promontory of Penrhyn (head of the mound), from which only a few miles of salt water divide it, and founded the first castle of that name. The solidity of his masonry still speaks for itself in a small portion of the western side; but he would stroke his beard in amazement if he could rise for one hour be-

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charge from the nose, eyes, and vagina. They could neither lie nor stand; their legs and heads were never still, and their moanings were sad to hear. They would become feverish, and then shiver like a man in the ague, and their *fæces* were quite lax and costive by turns.

As they were very valuable stock, and Cheshire was at its wit's-end in the hope of discovering some alleviation or remedy, the local committee consented to have them treated, but everything was useless except the iodine ointment, a compound of iodine, mercury, and lard, which was recommended by Mr. Lawson, veterinary surgeon of Manchester. His object was to set up a counter-irritation if possible, and the ointment rubbed twice or thrice a day on the chest gave apparent relief. When applied in the early stage it seemed their only chance, but unfortunately it was not thought of till some of the best had died. The climax was generally on the fourth day, and those which died often lingered on about three days more. One old cow of the Towneley blood fought on for upwards of a fortnight. When the turn for the better came, frequent doses of oatmeal-gruel were administered. Up to that point they could not be got to take anything, as their mouths were sore with inflammation, and they did not even notice water. Countess of Barrington and Surmise were never so ill as the others, but they wasted to skin and bone, and it took them and seven others (which had all been treated with iodine ointment) several weeks to recover their bloom. None of these nine survivors out of thirty-six were able to carry their calves, but slunk them, a perfect mass of putridity, after which they "came to hand" much quicker.—Royal Agricultural *Journal* (H. H. D.).

fore cockcrow, and visit the massive Anglo-Norman keep, which his descendants have reared. For upwards of fifteen years did the Anglesea quarrymen patiently hew out block after block of grey limestone, to embody Mr. Hopper's designs.

A continuous ride of fifteen miles from its lodge-gate through Caernarvonshire scarcely brings us to the limits of the Penrhyn property, which comprises other estates in the same county, and extends in the shape of sheep farms to the top of the snow-peaked mountains which join the Snowdon range. His lordship has been most diligent in draining, and succeeded most effectually in ruining his snipe-shooting. One field of 34 acres involved an outlay of 850*l.* for blasting, draining, and trenching with the spade, and the rough morass at the foot of the mountains required 10 cwt. per acre of half-inch bones, in addition to the two latter processes, before it could be made suitable for sheep. The mountains, however, pay something more than a tribute for their surface wealth in the shape of tons of slate, which are being daily raised by 2700 workmen in the quarries near the village of Bethesda. The blocks are blasted out, and then split up and cut by hand or machine, ready for transport down the five or six miles of tram-road, which carries them to the railway and the Bangor pier. Slates haunt you everywhere. You find them fixed up lengthways and bound together with iron for fences; they start up as corn-chest panels, chimney-pieces, and water cisterns in the cow-houses; they bristle on wall tops as *chevaux de frise;* they form the narrow passage by which his attendant slipped craftily up to Marmaduke whenever he required "hooking;" and, cut into countless shapes, they bear the last living tribute of many a simple heart, "*Er cof am,*" in the beautiful churchyard of Llandegai.

The park wall of Penrhyn, which measures about seven miles round, commences in the immediate out-

skirts of Bangor, and skirts the old Chester road for the first two. The dairy is close to one of the lodges, and carried us back, with its cool slate slabs, its mimic fountains, and its white and blue rimmed delf bowls (on which the emblazoned boar and griffin surmount the Bruce's heart and locket), to the dainty dairy of England beneath the Belvoir woodlands. The farm buildings themselves are a substantial stone pile, rather noticeable for their convenience within than any architectural pretensions without. Many of the calf-boxes in the second yard were especially built for Dorkings, in the days when the fowl mania was at fever-heat.

Penrhyn has pretty well held the lead in Welsh runts,* both at Birmingham and Smithfield, since

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* Most money is asked for the black runts from Anglesey ; but they have become "more coloury" than they once were, and many of them are red. The dealers go to the yards in the spring of the year, and take them younger, and they can make of them at 2½ years what they used to do with a year more on their heads. The graziers in Essex and Kent buy young heifers of 15 to 18 months (many of them from Caermarthenshire), call them "calves," and winter and feed them off. On good land the heifers "have more swell on them" than the bullocks. The latter go principally to Leicester and Harboro' markets, and not on to Northampton. Some of the best three-parts-bred, twos off, make 16*l.* to 20*l.* in good years. The Midland Counties men buy bullocks in October, and keep them twelvemonths, but seldom a second winter if they can help it. Mr. Bennett of Marston is an especial admirer of North Wales blacks. He generally picks six of the best to get up for show, and sometimes feeds a hundred. William Evans buys a great many in the spring and after August for the Midlands ; and the three brothers Roberts, and David Owen, and Jarratt all bring large supplies to Daventry, Rugby, Leicester, and Harboro', and the remnants on to Northampton. The Evanses (William, John, and Lewis) were once very great in the trade ; but all of them are dead. Richard Evans is one of the oldest in the trade, and brings many Shropshires as well as Welsh beasts, and Dan Davis has had a great lot down the last three years. "Spectacle Jones" has sometimes brought nearly 1200 to the Midlands between March and November ; but he has in a measure retired now, and only looks to old customers and his farm.

In Anglesey beasts generally do well, as there is plenty of green crop ; and "the calves" went to Barnet Fair until the plague regulations were put in force. Heifers used to go only to Essex, but now more of them go to the Midlands. The bullocks have the best land, and a bull

1855. One of its heaviest was sold for 66*l.* at 4 years 6 months, and cut up to 220 stone of 8lbs., whereas the others have generally run from 180 to 200. The Chester and Warwick Royal Shows brought out the heavy blacks of Penrhyn in great force. Ten out of the twelve winning cards, and four of them firsts, were their portion on the Roodee; and at Warwick the head bull prize, open to all breeds save three, fell to their lot, with Lord Southesk's Poll Angus, and H.R.H. Prince Albert's Alderney next in merit. A cross between the Welsh and West Highland was tried. It improved the quality of the beef, but the females did not milk so well, and the calves fell small. Whitaker bulls, followed by some of Mr. Fawkes's

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is often put in with the heifers, so that if they do badly, there's the calf. There are now many more buyers of heifers in the Midlands than what there were eighteen years ago, and they turn off two sets of heifers to one of bullocks.

Caermarthenshire and Cardiganshire both get Pembroke bulls. The former county has them of a good sire, but coarser in quality; and Cardiganshire, for lack of green crops, hardly attends to them as it might. Pembroke keeps the black line most pure; but all these counties use Hereford as well as shorthorn bulls. Its Roosa and Castle Martin beasts are pure. The latter have more quality and less bone, and are shorter legged, and not so big as the Roosa beasts. The Castle Martin lack fineness of horn; but it is a favourite saying, "Don't buy me a bull without a good thick horn—his stock feed and come to the weight best." The Castle Martin cows are generally good, and, like most Pembrokes, with white spots, and white under the belly, and horns yellow with a black tip. In Pembrokeshire horses are often seen yoked in front of oxen in carts. In Caermarthenshire many of the runts are brindled and black, and with "a white ribbon," like the almost extinct breed near Hexham. The bulls are small, and anything but good; and even in Anglesey, West Highlanders, Galloways, and Herefords are all creeping in. They are now of all colours—black, brindled, dun, red, black with white face, &c.; but still the better pasture and green crops keep them at the head of the pole for size.

Glamorgan has got rid of the old sort, and taken more to Herefords, or white and smutty-faced black beasts. Only one or two keep the old white-tailed sort, which were higher on the leg than the modern Glamorgans. The moderns are not a good lot of beasts, coarser than the Pembrokes, excellent workers, and good for the pail, and generally red-brown or ruddy, and dragged up on bad iron ore pasture. Many of the best ponies and best trotters come out of Glamorganshire. There

and Sir Charles Knightley, introduced the shorthorn blood to Penrhyn some six-and-thirty years ago, and about 1851 a few pedigreed females were brought from Edgecote, Rothersthorpe, and elsewhere. Booth's King Arthur and Vanguard were both hired, and Marmaduke was a very good 400-guinea purchase; and the herd has not only taken firsts with a Lovemore steer and cow at Birmingham, but the first calf prize with Jessamine at the Canterbury, and again with Waterloo 26th at the Leicester Royal.

Sheep-breeding has been made a great point of both at the home and the mountain farm, which lies at the foot of the mountains, fully five miles away. The flock, which numbers about two thousand, is really half Cheviot and Welsh, and the wethers are kept to four years old for the sake of their mutton. A disposition to kemp or hair in the Welsh fleece has been very much counteracted by a cross with the Cheviot, which has increased both the quantity and texture of the wool, without spoiling the flavour of the mutton or the natural hardness of the sheep. The Leicesters and Shrops form a distinct flock of from 1000 to 1200 on the lower Penrhyn Farm. The

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are also many ponies in the upper part of Radnorshire. The fairs are cried at Chapel, and many pony lots are sold from 50*s.* to 7*l.*

Beddgelert, Llanllyfui, Llanberis, Capel Curig, and Bettws are all noted fairs (and so is Llanbedr, between Conway and Llanrwst) in October for cattle, wethers of all ages up to six, and broken-mouthed ewes. The four-year-old wethers have gone as high as 28*s.*, and the draft ewes to 22*s.* for England. The fair at Menai Bridge is held monthly, and dealers, as elsewhere, have generally had the offer of everything, so that you are obliged to outbid them. Llangefui is also a fair of note, and Caernarvon, Conway, and Llanerchymedd are for steers principally. Caernarvonshire has good feeding between the base of Snowdon and the Menai Straits, and again between the Rivals and Llyen districts. Welsh mountain farms of 1000 to 1400 acres will let for 60*l.* The grey-black sheep don't generally die well; in Caermarthenshire the whites are better liked, and in Merionethshire yellow legs and black faces are more the order of the day. July 15th is the general clipping time, and they are pretty generally their own shearers. It strips away from the neck, and leaves the scrag as bare as a deer's.

former were originally bred from Robert Smith's stock, crossed with rams from Hewitt, Sanday, and Burgess. One season they were crossed with Cotswolds, but the result was a general ungainliness of frame and lumpinesss in the shoulders. First-class "Shrops" have been the latest introduction. They required a short time to become acclimatized; but their mutton finds Welsh purchasers at all seasons, which the Leicester fails to do.

Pigs have also been successful prize-takers, and many of them are sprung from a sow and two boars bought at Earl Ducie's sale, and the progeny of one of the sows alone made nearly 300*l.*

A mile walk from the first lodge down the great Parliamentary Road, for which Wales has to thank the late Sir Henry Parnell, brought us to the village of Llandegai. "*Twenty-four hours from London to Holyhead*" seems stamped on it yet, as, although the grass is growing on the sides, the middle testifies how carefully Telford must have executed the subpaving and draining. Posterity has, however, to pay pretty freely for its dashing, break-neck memories of the Chester and Holyhead mails. Before road-making rose to the dignity of a science, the late Lord Penrhyn had made one from Capel Curig, which, by adopting the base of the triangle for its route, brought grass and grief to Conway; and a picture in the castle represents him pointing out on a map the intended route, which spurned many of those valleys along which Telford was content to creep. At Llandegai flower worship seems to exercise the same manifold witchery as the chirp of the knitting needles. The Virginian creeper, the foreign currant, and the cotoniastus cling round every porch, ready to burst into bloom under a milder sky, and the hydrangea and fuchsia are wont to peep in at many a lattice from "plaited alleys of the trailing rose" half-way up the mountain. Passing up a dark-shaded avenue of yew-trees we

read in the chancel how the first Baron Penrhyn, a Chancellor and Bishop, and the Lord Keeper Williams, "enriched the county with buildings, agriculture, and plantations," and then leaving the road to wind itself out of sight among the trim laurel banks near the school-house—that fitting *In Memoriam* of the late Mrs. Pennant—we strolled through the Castle grounds on our homeward route to Bangor.

The high winds and the nature of the soil may have borne hard on the oaks and ashes; but they battled with the sycamores in vain, and the laurels, hollies, and rhododendrons "enjoyed themselves amazingly." Looking down from the terrace of the Castle—near which Her Majesty planted two trees on the last morning of her visit—they formed one richly-tangled mass of green, under which many a white scut was seen darting back at each fresh footfall, from his trip for the tiny grass blades among the bracken and the briar. The ground is blue with the hyacinth, and the ragged robin with its scarlet leaves, creeps coyly among the fern. Far beneath,

> "Where alders droop and willows weep,
> You hear those streams repine,"

as the Ogwen flows through its wooded valley to the sea; and whatever belief we might have previously accorded to the legend of the Virgin Monacella—who, according to the guide-book, protected Welsh hares under her skirts in a grove and the year of grace 604, when the Prince of Powys hunted them near Pennant Melangell—was wholly dispelled, as the kennel cry of the harriers rose above its murmur at feeding time. The place seemed a complete epitome of sports and agriculture, which would keep struggling for pre-eminence.

A merino ram roamed in a garden meadow with a steeple-chase brood mare, and an English dog and a French vixen fox (which had a litter of cubs) were

chained up as good genii in front of the boxes, in which The Hadji succeeded Russboro', Malcolm, John Cosser, Corœbus, and Mango, and where the hunters for Northamptonshire are soiled down.

In the cart stable there was a score of horses, nine of them greys by Matchless, the Salisbury Royal winner; and the mare at one end was pointed out as the last love of Russboro'. The Eleventh Grand Duke with his sweet breast and head met us right well, and behind him came the deep-fleshed Duke of Geneva out of Marmaduke's box, who had a two to one run with Booth's venerable Prince Alfred at Peterborough not long after. Messrs. Robinson and Tallant were with "The Duke," but Mr. Savidge would not give in. A Welsh bull and Sambo from Montbletton represented the black bull interest, and the latter has been put to native cows. Old Marmaduke had left eighteen or nineteen roans behind him, and none of them much prettier than Duchess of Lancaster 5th, and a sweet head and breast marked China Rose of the Duke of Geneva's line, and reminding us of Stanley Rose in her colour. Runts and Cheviot-Welsh sheep are in the park, and the latter know no knife till five years old, and then at 15lbs. per quarter.

Now we take our road towards Snowdon, and past the great slate works. "Holy Thursday" is the miners' favourite holiday, and four or five hundred keep it by being up betimes, and off with guns and terriers after that "Welsh wolf," the fox. Nine full-grown ones have been in view at one time on the side of Glydyr Mawr, and the assembly of hunters in full chase with whoop and halloo on their track. If they can take them alive, it is a guinea for a full-grown one, and half a guinea for a cub, to go in to the Grafton country. These "wolves" take great tithes, and twenty lambs a week have been known to go.

Scotch fir, larch, oak, and ash are all on the moun-

tain sides, but they are generally clothed with larch against the west winds, which are very fierce for nine months in the year. To the right are the slate works, looking like great bastions of rubble with steel blue terraces of slate rock. There are millions of tons of rubble at the tip head, and the arsenic galleries seem like hermitages in the rock. The rubble has buried, lava-fashion, the old church of Starns, but his lordship has built a new one in lieu of it higher up the mountain. There are others in the neighbouring town of Bethesda, beyond which we come to the Vale of Nant Franckon, where the tup never leaves the ewes, and the gimmer is always a nursing mother. But "Nature is a holy thing;" they are titled roamers, and there is not much restitution. Jones, own brother to Owen (seeing that the eldest son often takes the father's, and the second the mother's name), hunts them with dogs upon the mountains, and gets them back with their necks and half their bodies peeled. Above us is the Idwal Lake, with its dark legend that birds will not fly over it. In it are the one-eyed trout, which being interpreted are trout too quick for men with two eyes. Then there are goats, white, with blue necks and spots, waiting to be milked. A solitary man is doing his bush-harrowing, with furzes bound in a gate (which he has taken off for the purpose), and top-dressing with the road dung he has gathered in his barrow. A cormorant, with his crop full from his valley stream fishing, sails off aloft to his lake, and it gets a great-coat colder as we near Capel Curig, and face Snowdon at last.

The North Wales sheep are generally white in the face and legs, and the ewes have scarcely any horn. The flocks number from 50 to 500 ewes, and some of them are still larger. Very little care has been taken to select proper tups; bad ones reign on from year to year, and a *progenies vitiosior* follows in male tail. The hoggs are mostly brought to the low grounds in

winter, and the older wethers as well, before they go to the butcher or gentlemen's parks in England to be finished on grass. Among the smaller Welsh farmers they only see turnips or hay occasionally. In fact, they never take very kindly to turnips, from not having eaten them in their youth, and they would rather starve at a show than touch artificial food. Like the Shetland sheep, they own no covering but the sky. Many of their mountain haunts are little better than large loose heaps of stones with patches of coarse grass in the crevices. Others, on the contrary, have good pasturage, at great heights, from 1500 to 1800 feet, and these are generally overstocked. Some Caernarvonshire sheep-walks are 3000 feet above sea-level, and are let at a rent proportioned to the quality of the pasture, and not, as in some parts of Scotland, according to the number of sheep kept. Several of the tenants have rights of commonage for so many head of sheep, but this is not generally to the flock-master's advantage, as it often tempts him to put more sheep on the already overstocked commons, and keeps the poor animals in such a state of starvation that the winter cuts them off by hundreds.

At four years old the fat pure Welsh wethers do not weigh much above 40lbs. dead weight, and clip from 1½lbs. to 2lbs. of washed wool. The Blackface cross was tried, and brought an increase both in size and wool, without any sacrifice of hardiness; but it was not persisted in, as the wool came coarse, and the mutton rather yellow. Lord Penrhyn has done much by crossing the Welsh with the Cheviot ram, which is bought on the first day at Kelso Ram Fair; and on one of his lordship's mountain farms they have thriven well at an altitude of 1800 feet. The Penrhyn Castle crosses are bred on the mountain farms, and sent down to be weaned and wintered. They then return to the mountain for three years, and are brought down at their fourth winter and kept on

grass, a few turnips, and hay if the weather is very bad, and killed off when they are ready. Sometimes, but very rarely, the cross produces a true type of Welsh sheep. Two crosses of Cheviot have increased the Welsh sheep from 40lbs. dead weight (*i.e.*, carcase without the head or legs from the knee, when the farmers sell by so much per lb.) to about 70lbs.,* and have also more than doubled the wool, on which the second cross seems to have good effect. Sheep of this cross were too heavy for the mountain, and the trial of a cross-bred ram sent down the size again. It was also found that the continued use of the Cheviot ram, which improved the texture of the mutton, and gave it more fat, as long as it was confined to two crosses, tended to make it too light in colour. No pure Welsh leg of mutton should exceed 4½lbs.; larger ones are doubtful in their origin; and even a voucher that they were from the Vale of Conway and the parts about Penmaen Mawr, would not satisfy a man of strictly eclectic appetite. For Welsh wool, pure and simple, the highest quotation has been 15*d.* It has now come down to 8*d.* or 9*d.*, while the cross-bred still touches 16*d.* Both are brought by the Yorkshire and Lancashire wool-staplers. The Welsh people still knit stockings and comforters as industriously as ever from the old sort; and there are mills in Anglesea and Caernarvonshire where flannels, blankets, and winseys (a sort of tweed) are manufactured principally for home consumption.

Radnorshire, or, as it was once more termed from the bench, "that little sheep-walk, which calls itself a county," where pony-fairs are still given out by the clerk in the porch on Sundays, has some very Astecs of sheep about Cwym-dau-ddwr, or "the dingle of the two rivers," Wye and Elan, near the church of St.

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* Fed on *hay* and turnips, they have reached 90lbs.

Bridget. The range of hills, with hardly a hut for shelter, extends for twenty miles by the course of the Wye, along the upper part of the country, which in Scottish phrase "marches" with Montgomeryshire, and "the sweet shire of Cardigan." Rhayader is the little town of the hills twenty miles from Radnor and about six more from Kingston. The flocks seldom number above 400 ewes; ram selecting is a refinement not much cultivated; and the gimmers generally "chance it" with the old ewes. Light scrags and big bellies are among their attributes; their sharp or "keen noses" are nearly as white as their faces, and their bleat is as meek as a kid's. Storms and hard fare make sad havoc among the lambs, both in preventing doublets, and starving nearly a fourth of the singles which do come. Foxes have also a goodly portion, and even the ravens and hooded crows will make a sally, drive off the dam, and when they have picked out the lambs' tongues and eyes, they devote their best energies to the flanks. Still, with all their disadvantages of pasture and inbreeding, "the capon-thighed ones," as the jobbers call the Upper Radnorshires, swell out nicely after four years old, when they have left their hills for rich lowland grass.

A sheep-washing day on the Wye is a very picturesque and primitive matter. The flock-masters and their men fling them off a rock, and on they go, through stream and eddy, from hole to hole and stone to stone, till they reach some sure landing-place below. There is also quite a muster from the sheep-farms with scissors, shears, and pitch-pot on shearing and lamb-marking days. The Lord of the Manor's paddock is generally full of estrays, which have a withy round their necks, in token of errantry; and it is each shepherd's duty to go there periodically and claim his sheep by their marks on payment of so much a week for their food. The wethers are generally kept up to five years old, and are then sent to Welshpool, and

more especially to Newtown Fair on October 26th, where the jobbers and farmers have often 1000 to pick over.*

Sir Watkin Wynn may well have foxes counter-salient on his quarterings. His career as M. F. H. extends over nearly thirty seasons, and when John Walker became huntsman, on the death of Will Grice, in 1848, he found forty-five couple of hounds in the kennel. Sir Watkin had given 400 guineas for four couple when Mr. Foljambe's were sold off. There were no stallions, and the Duke of Rutland's and Lord Henry's kennels were generally resorted to, as well as Mr. Foljambe's Render and Shropshire Comrade. Tamerlane, by Belvoir Fencer, from Grove Tempest, and Herald, by Belvoir Grappler, from

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* What has been said about Upper Radnorshire applies as much to the higher parts of Montgomeryshire and Cardigan, but with this exception, that the Cardigan wethers seldom go to a fair. Many of them are bought for parks, and improve amazingly on the 5lbs. to 6lbs. per quarter which they would weigh on their arrival. Once the farmers were glad to sell the draft ewes at all prices, from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 7*l.* a score; but although there is little or no change in their size, the jobbers and the railways have brought them out, and 18*l.* to 20*l.* has been reached for them. Some jobbers will buy their 10,000 from two or three counties, and have no difficulty whatever in placing them out each September and October. Many of them are bought for the lower ground in Montgomeryshire, and others go into Surrey, Bucks, and Berks—where their fame as sucklers has preceded them—and breed excellent early lambs by a Leicester or Southdown. A small percentage are killed in driving, and they require some shepherding before they settle down to their new rural life, as they have been known to break all bounds, and to be drowned in the rivers and ditches.

In the lower part of Radnorshire a different style of sheep and sheep-farming prevails. Radnor Forest and Clun Forest, which form the boundary-line between Montgomeryshire and Shropshire, have been enclosed. The paring-plough has done its work, and seeds and turnips on the hundred-acre allotments have succeeded heather and ling. The hardy, close-fleeced Shrop has also been a most able adjutant, and lambs by him from the Clun Forest ewes, and fed on these pastures, are worth from 30*s.* to 35*s.* at seven months. Very good lambs of the sort are also to be found about Knighton, and some of them near Kerry Pole (which lies in the route of the sale wethers from Knighton to Newtown) fetched 54*s.* as two-shears last year.—Royal Society's *Journal* (H. H. D.), 1867.

Wickstead's Handmaid, were the cleverest of the '48 entry, and Herald was used. In 1850 Walker's first entry was made, and Hopeful, Heroine, Harriet, and Harbinger, with Primrose and Proserpine, all of them by Wynnstay Admiral, were its peculiar stars. The late George Wells (a first-class whipper-in, a good servant in every respect, and a beautiful horseman over a stiff country) and James Shaw were the whips, and poor Shaw was drowned during cub-hunting in the Dee near Nanty-bellun Tower. He had galloped towards a ford in order to stop the hounds, which were running for the Chirk Woods, and tried to cross by some rocks, when the horse slipped and he was dragged into deep water. Rufus, Rutland, Ruby, and Ruthless, all by Belvoir Gainer, were great entries in 1851-52, and the purchase of Gossamer, Gertrude, Gratitude, and Gipsy, at old Mr. Drake's sale, was a fine hit. The foundation of the present pack was not, however, laid until 1853, and then with Cautious, Captious, Chorus, Charlotte, Caroline, Cheerful, and Curious, by Lord Henry's Craftsman from Wynnstay's Precious (own sister to Phantom) by Bruiser by Cheshire Bruiser. Like their sire, Craftsman (by Lord Ducie's Comus, from Burton Sanguine), they had rare quality and shoulders, were determined drawers, and hardly ever smeuzed a fence. Adjutant and Anderton by Herald, Phœbe and Prophetess by Belvoir Royal, and Phœnix and Princess (a clipper) by Burton Champion, from Proserpine, were the strength of the entry in 1854, and the following year brought in Goblin and Governor, by Herald, both of which were used. Herald was a rare dog to hold the line down a dry road in the spring, when foxes run roads very much; and so was Goblin.

The year 1855 was the renowned Wynnstay Royal's first season. He was one of four which came in of a litter by Fitzwilliam Singer, from Wynnstay Rarity, by Yarborough Harper by Yarborough Rallywood.

Tom Sebright always called Singer his best, and he told Walker, "You've got a plum in Royal." He was a great fence jumper. When the fox was sinking, he once tried to fly a double post and rails up hill, near Gredington Park, and fell back. However, he went at it again and over, and Lord Combermere never forgot it. Walker always thought him the best he ever followed, and the Belvoir, Grove, Fitzhardinge, Badminton, Fitzwilliam, Cheshire, and Eglinton kennels all borrowed, or sent to him. The Beaufort Ragland, a first prize stallion at Islington, was by him, and the Belvoir kennel bred from two of his sons. Never was hound more attentive to business in and out of cover, and no whip ever crossed his back. He hunted for ten seasons, and died in his thirteenth. Even in the ninth he ran well to head; whether going to cover or returning home, it was his whim to be a quarter of a mile ahead of Walker, and he would wait for him and wave his stern when he came to a cross road. His stock have the same habit; and Walker left eighteen couple of them in the kennel. The old dog was sent in a basket to London, to be painted by Sir Francis Grant in the Wynnstay presentation picture of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn. Unfortunately nothing would induce him to rise in the studio, and there he sat, looking steadfastly up in the face of Sir Francis, who presented Walker with his sketch of him, and a very cherished centre bit it is in the parlour at Marchwiel.

In 1856 the produce of "We are Seven" of the Craftsman and Precious litter were entered, and Comely, Clara, and Conjuror proved the best of the four couple. In 1857 the blood of Mameluke (by Yarborough Comrade) gave much strength to the entry, and Old Pyramid, whose ham-string was bitten in two by a fox, contributed two couple of good ones by Yarborough Harper. The Ruthless litter of seven was also a hit, as Walker had taken her on specula-

tion to Quorn when Mr. Richard Sutton sold off, and got Lord Henry's permission to use one of his purchases, Rambler. This was a great season, and 58 brace of foxes were killed, principally in the Carden country, Styche, and Shavington Park. The foxes never went so straight, and some of them ten to twelve miles. In 1858, Actress and Amazon, by Belvoir Singer (by Comus, the stoutest blood in the Duke's kennel), from Wynnstay Abbess, were the pride of the entry, and so high couraged, that Walker had to take them out eight days in succession to get master of them.

Grappler, by Craftsman, from Gaiety, was another pet, and we so well remember the greeting of him and his guardian, in his puppy season, through the kennel rails, "He's tasted three foxes, and likes them very much." Ruler from Pamela was the first Royal puppy in 1859, when Belvoir Guider and Yarborough Nettler were dipped into pretty deeply. Rosy, by Belvoir Clinker, was the crack bitch puppy of the year, and Prattler, Prompter, and Proserpine, by the same dog, from old lame Pyramid, were rattlers. There was only one clever Warwickshire Saffron—*viz.*, Sylvia, in 1860; and in 1861 came Rustic, Rover, and Relish, from Guilty, the first great lot of Royals. Six couple of Beaufort Roderick's, all of them rare drawers, were amongst the 1862 entry. His colour, red pye, was against him; but his stock were undeniable. Royal got a first-class litter from Stately, two couple of which were shown in a sweepstakes against six Royals in Mr. Foljambe's kennel. Mr. Parry and Mr. Williamson were the judges, and declared for Mr. Foljambe's. One of the two couple, Signal, fell off the Nescliffe Rocks near Baschurch, and rolled seventy feet with the fox; and another, Stormer, was four days up an earth. There was a splendid entry in 1863, and two stallions, Clinker and Chaser, came out of the two couple of puppies by Grappler, from Cap-

tious. Painter, by Belvoir Druid, from Posy, was a rare dog, and Walker always reckons him second to Royal. The Singer blood came out in its highest strength in 1864, as nine out of the 15½ couple were Royals, and nearly all did well. Forester, by Foljambe's Furrier, from Wynnstay Countess, was a rare one of the sort in the 1865 entry, and so was Romeo, by Fitzwilliam Regent from Rally. Mr. Foljambe's Furrier had been strongly used, and he was borrowed by Sir Watkin in exchange for Royal on condition of having the pick of the kennel; and 5½ couple by him were kept.

The kennel has not gone down in Charles Payne's hands. Challenger by Yarborough Vaulter from Wynnstay Careful was the first crack entry, along with Grappler, Gallant, Gertrude, Gamesome, Pretty Lass, Remus, and Romulus, all of them by Guider. Seaman by Foljambe's Sparkler from Comfort, and Sportsman, Sanguine, and Songstress by Statesman from Tragedy, are also quite to his mind, as well as Solon, Sylvia, and Speedwell by the same dog from Prudence. Friendly and Garland are beautiful bitches, and 2½ couple of very clever ones, Captain, Conqueror, Comely, Comedy, and Captive, were entered out of the Chaser and Prattler litter.

At the Wynnstay sale in 1858, three hunters averaged 483*l.* Among them was Constantine, with a strong dash of Arab on his dam's side, and a great favourite of Sir Watkin's. So were King Dan, Cassio, and Castor, the last of which went into Mr. Little Gilmour's stable. Cassio, like Castor, was bought in Ireland, and Mr. Gilmour bid 420 guineas for him. After 500 guineas, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Foster fought it out, and Mr. Anderson's "620" decided the day, amid loud cheering all round the ring for "Piccadilly pluck." He was a thorough specimen of a wiry fifteen-three Irish horse, very deep in his back ribs, and like all the rest with excellent legs and feet,

and with a peculiarly expressive, old-fashioned muzzle, and very straight hind legs. Railway King was a remarkably handsome hack, and Phœbe, by Charles XII., which had been ridden by Walker for eight seasons, in some of his severest days, had not mark or blemish on her.

It may be set to the credit of his fine horsemanship, that he never staked but one horse, and killed but one, which put its foot in a grip, during his eighteen seasons at Wynnstay. Simpson, the stud groom, who had been with Sir Watkin for twenty-two seasons, brought the horses out in great form—no easy task, as the sale took place one month after the season, and Sir Watkin's hounds are proverbial for making long days. They have no grass roads, and frequently never get home till ten or eleven at night, after thirty miles of road work. Nearly the whole of Sir Watkin's horses are Irish, and have been selected for him by Lord Combermere at four years old. Walker finished with Limner, and Shropshire, and Sir Watkin presented him with the former when he retired to his small farm and his "Shrops," within a stone's throw of Marchweil Gorse. Its "red rascals" have laid a heavy poll-tax on his poultry, but he bears it like a stoic, and revenges himself by hunting them two or three days a week. The Don, Cockatoo, the Major (an entire horse and great for an hour), the stout December, the Emerald Mare, Silvertail, President, Phœbe, and the Felon have been among his especials. He brought his own Nimrod from Fife, where the dark chestnut had left several foals of four seasons, besides hunting all the time. Sir Watkin then bought him, and rode him for two seasons, and Walker for two more. Mr. Lloyd took The Felon to Leicestershire, where "the bay stallion" in such hands made many a well-mounted field remember him.

The *Monday's* fixture is in the Carden country, which is principally grass. Royalty is its great cover,

and Walker's best thing was from there nearly to Bryn-y-pys, over Worthenbury Meadows, down to Bangor, and across its steeple-chase ground, when they changed foxes and got beat. It was fifty minutes without a check, and grass nearly all the way; and only seven saw the finish. The Broxton hills and the Peckforton hills are neutral, and require routing perpetually. At Larges Gorse they only find old foxes. Sir Watkin gets to the hills once a fortnight, if he can, and likes to sink the vale for the Cholmondeley country. There have been many good runs from Peel's Gorse, and also from Captain Clutton's Gorse and Burton's Wood, but the foxes are generally bred on the hills. Some rare runs have also been known from Maesten with Cholmondeley and Carden foxes. The Cheshire men meet Sir Watkin principally on the Monday, and Mr. John Coupland and the Messrs. Behrens are their standard-bearers.

On *Tuesday*, it is the turn for the Shropshire or Baschurch country, which has much more plough, and always requires a great deal of wet to carry a scent. Hopton Gorse and Boreatton are favourite meets, and Woodhouse or Aston is generally drawn from Rednal Station. The foxes are small and lengthy, and the enclosures large. Petton Gorse, which has some fine woodland foxes, is a great draw from Baschurch Station, and they sometimes go with a good fox ten or eleven miles through Oteley Park to the Duke's woods.

On *Thursday*, they are generally in the Oteley Park country, and have some rare finds at George's or the Duke's, or Lee's woods, but like the Baschurch country it requires plenty of rain.

On *Saturday*, it is the turn for Sutton Green Gorse, in the Gresford country, Marchwiel Gorse, Cloverley, Shavington Park, and Styche, from which they run to Combermere, that *alma mater* of fox cubs, and often into the North Staffordshire country.

Shavington Park to Peel's Gorse, and *vice versâ*, is a very favourite fast thing, with a rare scent over grass.

The cub-hunting is confined to the Wynnstay Woods for a week or ten days, beginning with the last week in August, until the corn is cut. Then they adjourn to the Duke's Woods (so called after the late Duke of Bridgewater), which have rare lying, and are full of foxes. Chirk Woods furnish an off-morning from Wynnstay, but when they draw Llangedwin Woods, they shift to kennels on the spot, and stay out a week. Sometimes they go there at the end of the season to make a finish. Oswestry racecourse for Llandforda is the last day of the regular season, and the Welshmen come out to see the sport on their ponies. The general average of "noses" is fifty brace, of which twenty are killed in cub-hunting.

A forty minutes' ride down the Vale of Welshpool was a grand relief after Oswestry—that dullest of towns—when Sir Watkin does not meet at the race-course. The Severn, which has lent its name to one of the noblest bulls that ever grazed in its pastures, wound humbly along amid its sedge and willows, crossed here and there by a rustic hand-bridge. About 200 acres of clay and loam interchanging along its banks, furnish Mr. Naylor with good grazing ground for his Herefords; but the majority of 1500, which form the Leighton Hall Farm, consists of Long Mountain and High Sheep land, all of which has been gradually enclosed. Not many years since it was clothed with heath and furze, and wiry tufted grass, among which Welsh sheep and ponies worked hard for their living, and mountain flax flourished. The plough has crept stealthily up its sides, and although the highest part is too cold for wheat, it is kindly enough for oats and barley. It must have required some nerve to settle under that bleak Moel-y-Mabb, but Mr. Naylor forecasted well. Year by year, the handsome design of Mr. Gee, built of the blue

stone of the district, and pointed with light grey coigns and dressings from Ruabon, have become more and more embedded in its groves of larch and fir; and while a "Capability Brown" has been busy among the terraces and gardens without, Sir Edwin Landseer and cunning ornithologists have furnished many of their choicest treasures for within.

The farm buildings, which occupy no less than six acres, and lie about half a mile away from the house, were begun in '52. The five vaults for roots are each two yards in height, by three in breadth, and forty yards long, and another root house occupies the entire space above them; and it is as much as two men with a horse and cart can do to clean up the daily manure. Water collected from the dingles and drains on the farm plays a sixty horse-power part, in accordance with the cunning triple arrangement. It is worked through turbine No. 1 in the top compartment, which drives the thrashing-machine and chaff-cutter; then it is returned thirty-two feet below to No. 2, which is attached to the flour and pulping mills, and the sawing machines; and lastly, to a much lower level, where No. 3 grinds bones and pumps liquid manure into the tank on Moel-y-Mabb, 500 feet above the level of the folds. Eighty tons of bones are ground annually. The pulped roots and other prepared substances are conveyed over canvas working on a succession of rollers into bins below, where they are mechanically mixed in proper proportions, and conveyed by tram-roads to the feeding stalls and the winter houses. The liquid manure is carried through iron tubes over nearly seven hundred acres. It has more effect on the alluvial soil than the clay; but go where we might over the farm, we saw pipes ready to receive the hose for its application, and its liquid arch busy at work on the young grasses.

The herd was under the charge of the bailiff, Mr. David Williams, who has always been on the estate,

and known no other love than the Hereford and the Shrop. The herd, which is to Herefords what the Sittyton is to shorthorns, numbers about 320; and about 1200 Shrops are annually brought to the clipping stools. They have averaged about 5½lbs., and have thriven well on the high ground. As for the cart-horses, which were principally of Royal Oak and Brown Stout blood, we have seen very few to equal them in England or Scotland. The Hereford blood is a combination of Jeffreys or whiteface with Yeld or Tomkins, which is founded upon the Tully Grey. In Mr. Yeld's hands it became a complete union of light and dark grey with mottle face, while the use of The Knight (185), Sir David (349), Big Ben (248), &c., introduced the whiteface element in its highest strength. The Knight and the Big Ben cows (which might be known by their curly coats and dark muzzles) hit best to Silvester (797), who had a double dash of Silver (540) in his pedigree.* As to the hardihood of the Hereford, Mr. Naylor has had the most convincing proof, as he purchased a score of Galloway heifers to cross with them, and found that their produce, which were blacks with white faces, thrive still better than their dams through a Long Mountain winter.

No nurses are kept, and the period of nursing, even with the Royal in view, seldom extends beyond four months. Mr. Naylor has taken two firsts, &c., at the Royal with Laura and Adjutant (1480), and eight firsts and seconds, as well as a gold medal at Birmingham and the Smithfield Club. With the exception of Shrewsbury, the herd does not visit provincial shows, but a Napoleon medal in the hall shows that its representatives did not cross the Channel in vain. A Silvester cow was in training for the next Christmas, and the stages of her girth were duly chalked above

* Since then Salisbury (2204), Tom King (2830), Patron (2669), Victor (2857), and Prince Arthur (3344) have been used.

her. On January 2nd, she began at 6 feet 11 inches, March 2nd found her expanded to 7 feet 7 inches, and April 4th to 7 feet 9 inches, and there seemed every reason to hope that she would touch Variety, who finally filled the tape at 8 feet 8½ inches. This comfortable-looking daughter of Mistletoe was red and white in large patches, but Mr. Duckham proved her rigid orthodoxy of descent in reply to a newspaper doubter, and her two first prizes at Baker-street and Bingley Hall were suffered to remain unchallenged.

CHAPTER XV.

"But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pry'thee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile, I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade."

Thackeray.

Shropshire Sheep—Lord Berwick's Herefords—Sir Bellingham Graham—Coursing at Sundorne—Mr. Corbet—Old Bob Luther.

SAMUEL MEIRE and George Adney may be said to have been the great founders of the "Improved Shrop." To hear many of the breeders talk one might fancy that there had never been any "alloy blood"—no quality from the Southdown, no fat back from the Leicester;* but that the Shrop as it now exists is the original "image which fell from

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* As far as we can ascertain, the first cross tried by the late Mr. Meire in 1810 was that with a Southdown bred by Mr. Tench of Bromfield, and as the fleece became very important, a Leicester was used soon after with the best effect as regards wool and mutton. This was all done before ram-breeding in Salop was studied, and its sheep considered a distinct breed. Mr. Samuel Meire brought rams out after

Jupiter." We are told that many Southdown rams have gone into the county, and the modern men are said to have been to Mr. Rigden on the same sound mission, to keep up their quality. We have also heard of them purchasing Hampshire Down as well as Oxfordshire Down rams. Still many of the best flock-masters deny that they use them, and there it must rest. They can take their honest stand on the fact, which no one can gainsay, that as regards breeding and folding, liberal fleece, and power of thriving on damp lowlands no sheep pay more per acre than the "Shrops." The sort were once more park-ranging, and difficult to fence against. The rams of the speckle-faced breed of the country had large horns, and the wethers of the sort were stubborn in coming to maturity, and best for "mutton-eating kings" at three. The long-necked and narrow-sided speckle-faces were more confined to the limestone districts; while those on the gritstone bore much more resemblance in look and height to a Leicester, but with very inferior wool. Some breeders are rather fond of forcing the lambs, and putting them to the ram about a month behind the rest of the flock. The result is to open the milk veins to such an extent that they will nurse two lambs better after their second yeaning; but the loss of size and of life as well, when the lambs happen to fall large, does away very much with the profit.

"The Shrops" have spread very generally over Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, and many of the rams have found their way to Leicestershire, Essex, Cornwall, and Wales, and draft ewes to

losing all his Herefords with pleuro-pneumonia. He had attended Mr. Ellman's sales in Sussex, and saw how the Southdowns had been managed, and felt sure that he could produce a more valuable animal. The first auction of his rams was held in the Raven and Bell, and proved successful, then at the New Smithfield, and afterwards at Berrington.

Bucks and Cheshire. Foreigners, and even Norwegians, are fond of them, but in Scotland they have made no head. The damp soil of Ireland suits them to a nicety, and generally at the sales, if no one else will give 6*l.* for a ram, an Irishman is there to snap him. Sometimes a breeder crosses the Channel, and runs a cargo of rams. Australia and Canada occasionally purchase; but the flockmasters at the Antipodes consider them a little too large for their purpose. Five-and-twenty years ago 5*l.* was thought a great price for a ram, and so was 10*l.* within fifteen years; but of late they have taken quite a spurt, and no one has done battle so hard and so successfully to give them a position as Mr. Preece. At the Royal meetings they have gradually crept ahead. In 1855 they had special local classes at Colonel Clive's expense at Glo'ster; in 1859, at that of the Warwick Committee; and the following year they took up their ground at Canterbury, and have ever since had separate classes. Except it is an aged sheep, a Shropshire ram is safe to sell, and the Midland men especially bear testimony to their certainty as lamb getters. The Moores and Williams are great middle-men, and buy them all through the county.

A Roman nose is not liked, and it seldom indicates a nicely-covered sheep. Some of the breeders attribute it to a cross with Hampshire, and others with Cotswold. The true Shrop ewes should have prominent hazel eyes, short faces rather hollow in the forehead, with not too much whisker, but well covered with short, soft wool, and "speaking" ears rather wide apart. "The muffle is a great catch" with some buyers; but where it exists, the back is often not so well covered, and narrow loins and a deficiency on the top of the rump often accompany it. As in many other breeds, transparent ears, light scrag, and delicate head indicate fat on the back and along the sides. Irish buyers like the faces dark, while the home

breeders are more for a little speckle in the grey, and dead against a fallow face. The grey tip on the nose is quite a Salop hall-mark, and, as it gradually increases, it gives the ewes a look of extra age. Lambs will sometimes fall perfectly brown in their coats; but, if true-bred, they come to the right shade before twelve months are over; and if their faces are white to begin with, it gradually shades off into the Shropshire brown-grey. The breeders get them as wide in the chest as possible, and not too small in the bone, and a very large scrag too often goes with thin and flat sides. Many of them are sheared in March, and clothed till the weather is kind. A well-fed shearling tup will cut 10lbs., and we have known them touch 15¼lbs. It was once the practice to shear the lambs, and get off about 1lb. all round; but it was found that they did not winter so well, and they are now dipped instead.*

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* Mr. Samuel Meire's Magnum Bonum holds a high place among the tups, to which reference is made in many a fire-side council. He was used for eleven seasons, and his dam, who was so large in the rumps that no Southdown could serve her, lived till she was twenty. Perfection, the first-prize shearling at Chester, was one of his sons. Mr. Adney's Patentee, by his Buckskin, was beaten in the older class at the same meeting. The Patentees were rather light in their faces, and generally with a speck on their off-hind leg, and with wonderful hardy constitutions. Worcester Patron was his nephew, and is remembered for his capital scrag, and one of Patentee's sons, which was let for 120 guineas, did a great deal for Mr. Byrd. He also did something towards setting up the flock of the Brothers Crane, who are as great in the Shropshire ewe classes at the Royal Agricultural Society, as Mr. Horton in the rams. Liberty, Nobleman, and Celebrity have been the Brothers Crane's best ewe sires. Celebrity was by "Jukes's Sheep," who was always a great wool getter. The Cranes began their career as Royal shearling ewe winners at Canterbury, and they took five firsts and three seconds in 1860-65. Their Leeds seconds are the biggest they ever showed, and were by the sire of Commonwealth. Their ewes by Nobleman came in at Plymouth. Mr. Thornton's Laurel was also a great ewe getter for them. Mr. Maunsell's Macaroni was very celebrated for his fine coat and rumps. Mr. Coxon's Duke of Newcastle was the first shearling at the Newcastle Royal in a grand class. He was purchased by Mr. Coxon for 80*l.*, from his breeder, Mr. Thornton of

It is a great sight to go into the Shrewsbury market during the Ram Fair, and find Mr. Preece, that St. George of the "Shrops," at work among his "grand rams" and his "superb ewes." Above you, perched as it were in a little eyrie, is the school which Butler and Kennedy have made so famous, and where France, Riddell, Cope, Bather, Druce, Gifford, Munro, Clark, the Mosses, and Hallam, &c., are among the well-remembered names of first-class classic renown. Mr. Preece speaks in "headlong galloping anapæsts" below, as, with a variety of air sawings which remind one of the yeomanry cavalry at sword exercise, he knocks down his 200 rams in six hours. Each ram goes up at five guineas, and on go the biddings by half a guinea to ten guineas, and at a guinea beyond that. Purchasers can't hang half a second, or down

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Pitchford, who had let his sire for 65 guineas; and he did his new owner good service, as he let 22 rams at 22*l.* 7*s.* one season.

According to the Shropshire men, the cross with Hampshire or Southdown shows a tendency to run to gut, and the Hampshire black comes out on the tail and behind the ears. The Southdown has always added quality, and the Hampshire has strengthened the bone and frame generally, and improved the wool. Oxford Downs did the same; but no Shrop man will allow that they improved the flesh. In some flocks the crossing has been rather wild, and a touch of Lincoln is said to have been introduced. The original speckle features are more due to the sheep on the Longmynd hills, and the dark features and clean, snaky heads, bare of wool on the cheeks and poll, seem to throw back to the Cannock Chase sheep.

The Clun Foresters may be cousins-german to them; but they run much more into the Welsh sort, of which there are two quite distinct —one with tups whose heads are not much bigger than a jack-hare, and hornless; and the other with horns, mane, and beard. The original Clun Foresters are gradually disappearing before the Enclosure Commissioners, and many of them are not above 3lbs. a quarter in excess of the Welsh. They are only brought off the Forest once a year to shear, and then they don't reach 3lbs. Some are kept on the Forest till they are six or seven years old. They are thick, round-rumped sheep, and perfect stoics in enclosed fields, when compared with the Welsh, which have the cunning of the monkey in breaking bounds. They have generally a dark brown face and legs and small horns, with lots of hardihood for the hill, and are capital nurses for early lambs by the Shrop or Leicester, when they are bought for park-feeding.

comes that remorseless stick tap, and another ram is in the sale-pen. Mr. Preece begins at eight A.M., and only ten minutes is allowed for refreshment; and if you look in again at three, expecting to find his tones like those of a raven in bronchitis, you find him going freer and better than ever. The lover of red mullet, who longed for a throat from London to the Antipodes, with swallow all the way, might rest contented with having such a windpipe.

We could not pass Shrewsbury without seeing Lord Berwick's Hereford herd. At any other time we should have delighted to linger in those rich pastures, to which Walford, Attingham, Albert Edward, and Severn had lent so much renown; but the shadow of death was on the house, and the agonies of an illness such as few have borne were about to receive their grand relief at last. His lordship was able to attend the Canterbury Meeting; but he made no secret of his conviction that he should leave home no more. He retained all his old pleasantry despite his suffering; and when he was asked why he thought one of his bulls had been passed over by the judges, he said, "They are so fond of me, they are determined to see me again."

For a short time after his return he managed to creep out, and look at the Herefords; but since the beginning of the barley harvest, he had never been seen by his men. Farming was not his only delight when in health. He loved to rear the choicest fowls, and drive the best American trotters, and he made a rifle at his own forge, which one of our first makers, who was in ignorance as to its origin, pronounced to be nearly faultless. He had succeeded to an encumbered estate, and knowing how to "scorn delights, and live laborious days," he had the courage to be content with his little home at Cronkhill, instead of the stately hall at Attingham, and accomplish the purpose of his life, to leave a clear inheritance for

those who were to come after. Sir David had but just left his box, and yielded up his beef of sixteen summers; the framework of old Albert Edward, a Royal winner at Gloucester and Lewes, was there; but Severn looked as beautiful as when, after being defeated by Claret at Warwick and Hereford, he met and vanquished him at last in the show ranks at Ludlow.* Will o' the Wisp was also a wonder, with his twist below his hocks, and so was his daughter Adela from Agnes; and as you loitered through the boxes, you would sometimes see three great yearling bulls of the heavy-fleshed Silver or the larger Rebecca tribe amicably hob-nobbing together.

At Attingham the deserted stable-yard looked big enough for the Quorn stud; but it was a sad scene of decay. Part of that fine square was wattled off for the lambing, and as we walked in under the main archway, a troop of rats dashed into cover among the wood heaps and nettles. The rooks were cawing their vespers on the elms, and the old hall, with but one

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* Claret (11,761) by the Knight (185) was bred by Mr. Richard Hill at Golding Hill. Mr. Hill kept, like his father, to the Grey Knight blood, and took a Royal first for bulls at Salisbury, Chester, Warwick, Leeds, and Battersea. Milton by Chanticleer (1173) was his Battersea gold medallist, and Lady Ash his Smithfield gold medallist. His uncle bred a Hereford, which was fed by the Earl of Warwick, and won against some ninety opponents, and his horns are kept in Warwick Castle as a trophy. His cow Shewers also won the first prize at Smithfield in 1859, when it was Pitt—Hill, Hill—Tudge, and Tudge—Pitt, at three fat shows. Jenny Lind, the dam of Milton, hit to no less than eight bulls. Claret was sold for 52 guineas, when he became too fat to work, and was raffled and won by a maltster, who sold him to the late Mr. Bowen of Shrawardine Castle. People bet who had never bet before about his getting calves; but he became fine enough to "go through the eye of a needle," and got several score. He went about at Shrawardine with an iron mask and a chain to his leg, but eventually he turned very savage, and having fulfilled his mission, he was sent to the butcher.

The foundation of Lord Berwick's herd was laid in February, 1844, at the sale of Mr. Salwey of Ashley Moor, who went entirely for the Knight Grey blood, which his lordship crossed with the white face.

small lamp burning faintly in its regiment of windows, stood out gaunt and drear in the twilight. It was

> "The sad, old story
> Of Whig and Tory"—

of that fierce rivalry at the poll, which has laid the axe at the root of many an oak, and left so many old county homes, which once never lacked a fox from the family gorse, or a horse for the County Cup, to the keeping of two old servants.

We have heard the question put to many a hunting man from eighty to twenty-five, "Did you know Sir Bellingham Graham by sight?" and the invariable answer was, "No." It would have been strange if they had, as, after achieving a name in nearly every sport, he had given them up, like Sir Charles Knightley, full forty years before he died. After that he was hardly ever seen in public, and passed his time between his Yorkshire seat of Norton Conyers, and Boodles, where he was quite a Lyndhurst on points of

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Tom Thumb (243) of the Knight Grey sort, and of whom his lordship always averred that he would get fat on nettles; Hotspur (855), bred by Mr. Jeffries; Wonder (420), sire of Albert Edward, from Mr. J. Hewer; The Count (351), from Mr. Carpenter of Eardisland; Walford (871), the sire of Attingham, Severn, and Napoleon 3rd, from Mr. Longmore; and the eternal Sir David (349) were the principal patriarchs of the herd. His lordship won 27 firsts and seconds at the Royal Agricultural Shows—at first more with bulls, and latterly with females. Attingham was first at Carlisle, Walford at Windsor, and Albert Edward at Gloucester and Lewes. At the sale in September 1861, there were 176 lots, and the males averaged 40*l.* and the females 28*l.* Silver was sold for 65 guineas with her calf, and seven of the tribe made 373*l.* 16*s.* Jewess, the youngest of the Rebeccas, stayed at Cronkhill with Conqueror by Sir David, and Apple Blossom (40 guineas), the highest-priced grey, went to Leighton Hall. Carlisle (40 guineas), a daughter of Silver's, became Mr. G. Porter's, and then Mr. Duckham's, and turned out the most lucky of speculative bargains. Severn made 46 guineas, or a trifle over butcher's price. Will o' the Wisp (47 guineas), Albata (53 guineas), Eva (52 guineas), Agnes (Mr. Baldwin, 51 guineas), Beauty (Mr. J. Hewer, 43 guineas), Adela (Her Majesty, 57 guineas), and Lord Grey (the only grey bull) departed for Downton.

hunting law, and seldom absent from the annual dinner of Masters of Hounds. He had enjoyed his baronetcy for just seventy years, and had taken his part in the days of the Regency, when the Prince's court sallied forth for their evening promenade on the Steyne; the ladies with their high head-dresses and spreading "peacock tails," and the tall young Yorkshire baronet, the two Mannerses, and Colonels Mellish and Leigh as their esquires.

He began his M.F.H. career with the Badsworth, and had a taste of the Atherstone and Pytchley. In the latter country, from some cause or other, he became very unpopular. His foxes were killed, and on one occasion the very mail was hung with their dead carcases as a sort of defiance. Still he fought on, and determined to have a grand field-day; he turned down seven brace one night, but not a hound could speak to it in the morning, and he drew every cover blank again. A gamer man never gripped a saddle, and he showed this in an eminent degree when he hunted the Quorn. He had a severe fall one day, and some of his friends propped him up against a stack, while a local practitioner almost bled him into a syncope, in conformity with the rude surgical view which then obtained favour on that point. He was taken thence to a farm-house; but he proved a very hopeless subject, and on the third or fourth day he had himself lifted on to his horse, and tried, pale as a ghost and hardly able to sit upright, to hunt his own hounds.

His great hunting name was made as Master of the Shropshire and the Albrighton, and it was there that he had Will Staples and Joe Maiden as his whips on 300 guinea horses, and latterly Will in command, with Tom Flint and Jack Wiglesworth as his lieutenants. Woodman and Virgin were his favourites in a pack, which was composed of the drafts of his own, which he sold to "The Squire" on leaving the Quorn,

and that which "The Squire" brought with him from Notts. His hunters had been always more his pride than his hounds, and "for great, good horses" up to fifteen or sixteen stone his stable has perhaps never been equalled. A man cannot for love or money get together nowadays such horses as Freemason, Beeswing, The Baron, Jerry, Paul, Treacle, Cock Robin, &c., in his boxes at one and the same time. After he had given up hounds, he bore part in the merry hunt evenings at The Tiger at Beverley, and it was he who went to have a look at "little Mr. Bethell" in bed with Mr. Tom Hodgson to hold the light. Curiously enough he did so "because I have heard of him all my life and I never saw him," and that was just what people said about him in turn. Mr. Bethell sat up speechless with amazement, when his curtains were drawn aside, and two gentlemen in scarlet appeared to scan him, but he accepted an apology very graciously next morning. Mr. Tom Hodgson delighted in telling the story, and wondering at his coolness, but old port had to bear the blame.

In 1816, after five seasons, during which Sir Bellingham had only won one race and received forfeit for a match in several attempts over York and Doncaster, he achieved the St. Leger at the third time of asking, with the Duchess, late Duchess of Leven. The good Yorkshire colours of Bishop Burton harlequin, and Hornby Castle chocolate, were next to him on half brother to Altisidora and Rasping by Brown Bread, and twice over subsequently the mare showed them that there had been no mistake in the matter. The mare had lost no form when she was brought out to meet the two-year-old Blacklock over two miles the next September, and with two to one on her she won in a canter. These odds were shifted on to Blacklock, and in fact became twenty to one when the pair met over four miles the next year, and the mare

(then Mr. Lambton's) was pulled up completely beaten half a mile from home.

We have not space to speak of half of the good coursing grounds in England; but we cannot pass by Sundorne. If the supply of hares could be depended upon, it is a more delightful spot than any, with its old grass and elms—the ancestral home of the Corbets, which brings back to fox-hunting hearts the thoughts of Will Barrow, "another cheer for the blood of old Trojan," and the mouldering mullions of Haughmond Abbey. The coursing takes place in the park and on the home farms; the hares are all driven out of the ploughs, wood hurdles are placed against the wire fences, and the crowd have to stand like soldiers. Some of the finest coursing comes off when the hares are driven from The Wood and past the house, for a straight gallop across the park. The little beech tree, with the seat round it, where Tom Raper has often crouched in his red jacket, and bided his time, once with Riot and Hopbine, and again with Hopbine and Reveller in the slips, is as full of venerable associations in its way as "The Bushes" at Newmarket. The hare must be a cracker indeed if she can reach the old oak refuge of Haughmond Hill.

But Mr. Corbet has gone, and Sundorne coursing days are not what he left them. His father hunted Shropshire as well as Warwickshire; and his Norman ancestor was not only "a most cunning marksman against hart or doe," but his valour at Acre secured him, from "Richard, the Lion Heart," permission to bear the two ravens on his shield. Another ancestor, one Peter Corbet, was a mighty hunter in the reign of Edward the First, who granted him letters patent to take wolves in the Royal Forests. Being thus bred, as it were, to every phase of the chase, it is no wonder that the late Mr. Corbet took to harriers as soon as he returned from college, and hunted five days a fortnight. He was also a staunch guardian of foxes, and

very fond of private coursing, which Mr. Henry Lyster of Rowton Castle, near Alberbury, and Mr. Robert Burton, of Longner, whose estate adjoined Sundorne, always shared with him.

"The Squire" was a tall, good-looking man, and always dressed for these field days in a cut-away black coat, Bedford cords, and long black Hessians. A chestnut roan cob was his favourite mount, and with his trusty eye-glass affixed to his hat, no one enjoyed the sport so much. His staff of coursing retainers were staunch enough to please Will Shakspeare, if he could have once more taken his "fallow greyhound" and gone forth to "find him a hare on Cotsale," as Morris the huntsman, Caywood the keeper, and Warwick the Master of the Horse,* were the leading three. He had once twenty brace of greyhounds, and four rare puppies. Cricketer, Coronet, Colonel, and Collie, in one season. Cricketer ran in Mr. Warwick's name, and won nearly 300*l.*; but Hughie Graham bowled him over in the Waterloo Cup.

Rich and poor, all lunched alike in the ruins of Haughmond Abbey on the public coursing days. The beaters would begin under the Ring Bank on the seeds and wheat, and come inside the drive on to the grass, and work gradually up to the Abbey for one o'clock. Mr. Burton, in his white cords and green coat, and mounted upon one of his 16st. hunters, was the field director. His claim was indisputable, even on mere kennel grounds, as he was the breeder of Mocking Bird by Figaro out of Malvina. She was sold at his sale for nine or ten guineas; but run where

* Mr. Warwick gave his maiden judgment at Coombe, in 1853, and wore the scarlet thrice at the Sundorne meetings, before his good master died. Canaradzo's year (1861) found him at the Waterloo meeting, and he has judged there ever since. In the season of 1867-68 he judged 101 days, and decided 2677 courses, and his practice is not diminishing.

she might, north or south, he was always there to look on. He was very intimate with Mr. Lawrence. Butterfly, by Lopez, was another of his breeding. Mr. Randell's dogs bore a great part in the Sundorne Cup struggles. Will Nightingale loved to tell of a run up between his Rival and Mr. Jebb's No Hurry. It was run off on the Drawbridge Field and The Springs, each of them about forty or fifty acres, and No Hurry killed and won the Cup. Riot and Avalanche was a capital give-and-take course under the Ring Bank, and the black bitch, who made two wrenches and a splendid kill, had just the best of it. Rhapsody had some rare racing stretches in a great course with Ajax, from the "Race Course."

The Challenge Cup (which was in reality a tea and coffee service of some 60*l.* value), to be run off between the winners of the Haughmond and the Pimley stakes, produced some very fine contests. One was in the Autumn of 1856, when "The Squire" was on his death-bed. He loved to hear of every course to the last, and each evening Mr. Warwick, who was first slipper and then judge, went to his bedside and told him of them, point by point. On this last occasion the recital had more than its wonted interest. Reveller won the decider for the Pimley Stakes against a fawn dog, Judge, which was hardly in the course, and then Hopbine and Riot ran their last course for the Haughmond Stakes on the lawns before the castle. The hare was driven from the coppice, and every inch of the run was on grass. Hopbine, slightly favoured by the slip, led Riot to the hare, and was quite as clever in all the after work. The Challenge Cup was not run off till the next morning, and then only half-a-dozen met to see it at eight A.M. It was fixed for that hour, that Mr. Warwick might go to judge at Chartley, and hence, although the rain came down in torrents, they were obliged to go to work. A hare was found in Gregory's Coppice, and the pair had a

very long slip, and Hopbine led Reveller, with five to four on him, two lengths to his hare. The dog got the second turn, and then the bitch took possession, and drove her hare to Albright Lea plantation and won.

The meeting dwindled away after The Squire and Mr. Burton died, but Mrs. Cartwright renewed it in 1864. It was there that she laid the seeds of the illness which killed her, and as she was too ill to go to Meg's Waterloo Cup, it was there that her active coursing life ended. A more kindly and energetic woman never breathed. Her stakes were never advertised, and yet she always filled them. Her meetings were Longford, Sundorne, Vale of Clwyd (where Sea Pink and Sea Foam came out and won), Talacre, Abergele, with its fine Radland Marshes, and Sudbury, with its one-hundred-acre Great Hayes, where, as she used to tell with such pride, Ciologa went through a thirty-two dog stake, and had only one point made against her by Klaphonia. She thought that after that performance of Canaradzo's sister she must really give up her idol Riot in her favour. Oddly enough she hated a large greyhound, and yet her house pet was a 65lbs. one, by Beacon from Avalanche. He was given to her by Mr. Ainsworth, and had once the honour of beating Sea Rock in a bye at Abergele. She never ran him in public, but yet she never left him at home; and her photograph was taken with him in her hand.

"*In memory of Robert Luther of Acton, who died Sept. 7th,* 1862," was the inscription on a funeral card, which was received with sorrow by every fox-hunter in the United Hunt. "Robert" was essentially a character, a tall, grey-headed elder, sixty-two, and fifteen stone, and Earl Powis had no farmer of whom he felt more proud. He held a thousand acres under his lordship at Acton, three miles from Bishop's Castle, and was nearly as good a judge of

"Shrops" and Herefords as he was of fox-hunting. The Hereford bull Chieftain was his property for three seasons before that celebrated steer getter went to Mr. Monkhouse. "Robert" generally contrived to unite business and pleasure, and he made his bargain for the bull just after he had broken up a fox. He might be said to hold the United country in fee simple, and never did man work harder to maintain his possessions. On Tuesday he would be at Stanner Rocks, near Kington, and on Friday he would trot up to the meet fifty miles away at Panty Fryd, Montgomeryshire, all fresh and ready on the Tuesday's horse. Once upon a time another pack was set on foot near Kington, and a claim was made to part of the country, but nearly all the landlords stuck to Robert and his "divine right of kings," although the usurpers did cause him a few blank days in his best covers. He dated his introduction to fox-hunting from the days when he joined in without a saddle, and "*wrapped my long legs under the horse's belly.*" Then he became acquainted with Mr. Beddows's father, and entered so well that he at length hunted the hounds for him. The hares had to stand the brunt up to Christmas, and he often boasted that on the last day he hunted hare, some twenty seasons before his death, he came home with his seven brace.

The hounds were partly the property of Mr. Beddows, and were strengthened by the purchase of Mr. Gittas's, a step which brought Luther into the Radnorshire country. He always hunted twice a week, and was generally at it from the latter end of September till the first of April, and left off happy with five-and-twenty brace of "noses." He liked to breed from the "old Welsh blood" of Jones of Cwmbreath, and would let no one have a dip into it. The dog hounds were not very large, but those who stood on the hills and heard them come up the valley like a peal of Lancashire bellringers, cared for no other

music. Some of his long and low bitches went a better pace and said much less about it. He kept them under very little control, and they were so eager that when they came near a cover they would break away and throw tongue as if they were on a drag. Luther always waited for the body of the pack, and generally seemed to drop on them at the first check, and he did not speak in D minor if any one was meddling with them and getting up their heads. Letting them make it out for themselves was his maxim. He always fed his hounds himself from "the offal of the farm and tail ends" as he expressed it; but whatever that comprehensive mixture might be, he generally had them in bloom, and if his temper was at "set-fair" he would draw on till dark. He dearly loved a meet at Pilleth or Monaughty Gorse in the Knighton district. "*I like the country, and I like the buoys in it,*" was the phrase through which he invariably denoted his preference. Although it was in his country, he never went to Breidden Rocks till within three seasons of his death, and then he had five or six brace of foxes on foot round the Rodney Monument.

He hated to have a red coat in the field; and when he saw a fresh one coming he would sidle up to some of his green brigade, whom he could depend upon, and say, "*Mind that man, he'll be sure to show you the way along!*" If he couldn't have a cut at them himself he liked to have it done by deputy. Still he knew the country so well that he was generally close up at the finish. Top boots were quite as much under his ban as a red coat, and it was only during his last eight seasons that he appeared in a velvet cap. A green swallow tail with light metal buttons, jack boots, and white cords, which he made a point of smudging well with blood at each Whaw Whoop! were his chosen apparel. His voice in cover was a very melodious one, and his horn shake when he did

find was worthy of Herr Kœnig. He jumped nothing; and "*Get the hurdle up, or I'll have to get down,*" came over and over again in a run. "*I never jumped a hurdle in my life: Yes, I did do it once; I saw two ladies jump a flight in the Stratton country, so I was obliged to follow,*" was a great saying of his. He never omitted the sequel: "*I put my arms round my horse's neck, and saved myself when he knocked the hurdle down.*" For his weight, he had good wind and action to the last, and generally led his horse down hill but never up. Rheumatic twinges made it rather hard for him to get into his saddle again, but when he was down and warmed to his work he ran well.

Latterly he was rather short of heavy weight carriers, but the rat-tail mare, the big bay horse Forester, and old brown Boxer did him good service. Boxer carried him well to the last, and went the same pace all the way, and crept through the most unlikely places. It was "*Now, Boxer, come along!*" and Boxer would crawl a bit and then "pick himself over" like a very Leotard. The Herefordshire men once sent and asked him to come and have a turn at some foxes which had beaten them at Shelford Bridge, and Luther said it was "*like asking advice of an old doctor,*" but his horses were knocked up at the time and he had to frame an excuse.

For nearly thirty seasons he never missed a meet save twice, and on one of those days he was obliged to attend a funeral. Some said that he was unwell on the other day, but very few believed them. Heat, wet, and cold seemed to have no effect on him; and his fine constitution and abstemious habits made him proof against his habit of rough-drying. He would come home from hunting or farm work wet to the skin, and stand and dry himself before the fire till you could hardly see him for vapour. He lived in an odd, old place, but he kept a good table, and sat at ease with his coat off, his shirt collar and waistcoat

wide open, knee breeches, short boots, and generally pipe in hand. "Robert is an immortal" said the United men, although his hair grew greyer beneath the rusty velvet, but they reckoned him up wrongly. Inflammation settled upon his lungs in August, 1862, and he kept trifling on with it, in defiance of his doctor, and so the strong man bowed his head at last. An hour or two before he died he sent for Bumper and two or three more of his best hounds to his bed-side, and they were almost the last objects on which his eye rested. The pack reverted on his death to Mr. Frank Beddows; and Mr. John Harris, who had acted with Mr. Amiss as amateur whip to them, took poor "Robert's" horn.

CHAPTER XVI.

Flush with the pond the livid furnace burned
At eve, while smoke and vapour filled the yard ;
The gloomy winter-sky was dimly starred ;
The fly-wheel with a mellow murmur turned ;
While, ever rising on its mystic stair
In the dim light, from secret chambers borne,
The straw of harvest, severed from the corn,
Climbed, and fell over, in the murky air.
I thought of mind and matter, will and law,
And then of him who set his stately seal
In Roman words on all the forms he saw
Of old-world husbandry : I could but feel
With what a rich precision *he* would draw
The endless ladder and the booming wheel !

Did any seer of ancient time forebode
This mighty engine, which we daily see
Accepting our full harvests, like a god
With clouds about his shoulders—it might be,
Some poet-husbandman, some lord of verse,
Old Hesiod, or the wizard Mantuan
Who catalogued in rich hexameters
The Rake, the Roller, and the mystic Van ;
Or else some priest of Ceres, it might seem,
Who witnessed, as he trod the silent fane,
The notes and auguries of coming change,
Of other ministrants in shrine and grange,
The sweating statue, and her sacred wain
Loud-booming with the prophecy of steam !

Charles T. Turner.

Clayton and Shuttleworth's Works at Lincoln—Lincoln Flocks—Tom Brooks and John Thompson—Aylesby Manor—Tuxford and Sons' Works at Boston.

NO one who has been in Lincoln can fail to have heard of Clayton and Shuttleworth's works "down hill." The twelve acres on which the present premises stand were once a complete morass, and there was nothing for it but to drive down piles

wherever a foundation was to be made. A walk of rather more than half a mile from the High-street and down the Witham-side brings you to the door of the works, the mess-room of which is approached from the outside. It is furnished with rows of ovens at each end, and about 300 of the outlying workmen take their meals there every day—a fact to which the heap of milk-cans, each with its curious "hall-mark," bear ample testimony. Just inside the gate grows a vine, facing the south, the only bit of nature that we see in that great workshop of art. Both water and rail are most handy. A canal, running by the centre of the main yard, opens up communication with the river Witham, the Foss Dyke, the Trent, and Humber, for the conveyance of pig-iron from Scotland, deals from the Baltic, &c.; and a branch line communicating with the various railways is laid down throughout the works, and is furnished with an hydraulic lift and cranes for hoisting the engines and machines on to the trucks.*

It would take a jury of mechanics two good days to

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* This firm had its origin in 1842, when the brothers-in-law, who had been in a different line of business on opposite sides of the present Stamp End Dock, began to make thrashers and portable engines on a small scale. The nucleus of the manufactory was a row of workshops on the side of the Witham, with offices above them. The treacherous nature of the soil is proved by the crumbling state of some small walls which are not built on piles; but all those difficulties were overcome, and gradually six acres have been covered with buildings, while the other six are devoted to yards and the stacking of timber. Much of the earlier business was confined to the casting of water-pipes (including those for the many miles of water-service from Miningsby brook to Boston), and general railway work, as instanced by a bridge across the Trent for the Nottingham and Grantham Railway; but in 1849, when the firm commenced exhibiting their portable engines and thrashers, and were awarded a prize by the Royal Agricultural Society at the Norwich meeting, they determined to take up this branch of agricultural engineering as their specialty, and devote their whole energies to its development. The result was that the plain thrashing-machine gradually received the addition of shakers, riddles, blowers, elevators, and screens, and stood forth as the complete finishing machine of 1854. Gradually the firm has lengthened and strengthened its stakes until above 1200 workpeople are

compass the twelve acres and report upon the things which they had seen and heard. To us the task seems about equivalent to describing Niagara. The first shop we enter is the turning, fitting, and erecting department, filled with lathes and slotting and drilling machines in great variety. Three cranes traverse the top of the erecting-shop, and lift all the heavier engine-fittings on to the boilers. Here we counted twenty-eight portable and two fixed engines in process of erection, and three old ones in for repairs. A side-door leads into the stores, where a large number of connecting-rods, cylinders, chimneys like huge inverted hats, governors which regulate the pace by their ball-laden arms, and all the other component parts of engines,

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employed at Lincoln, and about 400 more at the branch workshops at Vienna and Pesth.

The first catalogue was published in 1850. In 1855 it was translated into German and French for the Paris International Exhibition, and gradually into nearly all the European languages. It had to record no common triumph, the firm having taken a leading position at all the international exhibitions—namely, the prize medal in London, 1851 ; the first-class medal at Paris, 1855 ; two prize medals in London, 1862; and a gold medal at Paris, 1867, for portable engines and thrashing machines. At the Royal Bury Meeting, in 1867, every first prize for steam-engines (against twenty-five competitors), as well as 15*l.* for a finishing thrashing machine, and a silver medal for special improvements, fell to their lot. Besides these, a great number of medals and money prizes have been gained by them at Royal and local shows in England and on the Continent. Up to the present time the firm has sent out over 9700 engines and 8600 thrashing machines. The great corn-growing districts on the Danube have been one of its principal foreign spheres, and for more than ten years past it has supplied Hungary, Wallachia, Bessarabia, South Russia, Australia, Chili, &c. Besides the branches at Vienna and Pesth already referred to, the firm has established agencies in all parts of the world. Their finishing machines and their engines are to be found, as a writer in the *Mechanics' Magazine* puts it, "not merely in the happy homesteads of England, but also in the steppes of Russia, the pusztas of Hungary, the Canadian prairies, and in the Australian bush." In short, by the system of complete division of labour which has been adopted, and the introduction of special machine tools classified according to the variety of work to be done, a degree of perfection in the workmanship is reached which can be attained by no other means.

are held ready for the erector's use. Each set of fittings is ticketed with the name of the man who put them together, so that he is at once responsible for his judgment if anything goes wrong. So completely is this system carried out that each engine as it leaves the shop, receives a number, and is registered in a book, with the position of the tubes and every particular. Hence if repairs are needed there is no difficulty in identifying and sending off what is wanted to any part of the world. We glance at the brass-casting house and its clay cores and boxes full of red Mansfield sand, and carry away with us from another place the recollection of some open sand-castings on the floor, which look like a gridiron of fire, sacred to the departed Beefsteak Club.

Now we are out in the open once more, with three graceful chimney-stalks, each 100 feet above us, and winding our way among the engines in the test-shed. They are tested to double the working pressure by means of cold water through a force-pump ; and, as it has not the same expansive power as hot, all danger of explosion is avoided. The great forge house, of some 180 feet long by 80 feet wide and 20 feet in height, was our delight. Its white walls and chimneys, under each of which a couple of the fifty-two furnaces stand, give the whole a cool and pleasant look, while the smiths, with their white nightcaps, are busy at their anvils, and six steam hammers do their wondrous and remorseless part. The most beautiful process is fixing the tires on wheels. A tire is taken red-hot out of the furnace, and fitted on to the wheel, above a sort of tank. In an instant the whole edge of the wheel is one mass of flames, and then it sinks suddenly beneath the water. For a minute or more the surface is covered with graceful wreaths of white smoke, and the union of wood and iron is made ; and some rivets complete the work. There is one little smith's shop under the roof of the turning department

in which merely the tools are made ; and its neatness is such that we seem to fancy that we have some picture catalogue in our hands, and have just arrived at " Interior of a Dutch Smithy." We also marked the mode in which the pattern is withdrawn from the mould by machinery, without any of the risk which attends the handling of even the most experienced and skilful workman. The boiler-shop is a most spacious apartment, 255 feet long by 190 feet broad, where punching and shearing machines are doing their work with a gusto which seems almost human. After a little more experience of the clatter of hammers and the deep, dull thud of the steam rivetters, we are glad to change to the " lagging" house, and witness the casing of engines with felt, wood and iron ; and then we quit the birthplace of these green-with-chocolate wheeled monsters for the painting-shop, where the thrashing machines are receiving their drab-and-red facings. Four are there, radiant with paint, and destined for England, Wallachia, Bessarabia, and Bohemia. Their framework, when intended for use in Europe, is composed of oak, and when in Egypt, India, &c., of teakwood. In the lighter departments hard by, the workmen are busy with tin cups for corn elevators, and wire riddles ; and anon we are among huge barrels of raw linseed oil and other delights of the kind, which would no doubt make a Russian or a Laplander desire a tasting order on the spot.

One side of the works is pretty nearly devoted to shops for wood-drying, when it has come in from its weather probation in the yard ; and upon each stack of wood, oak, ash, elm, and pine in the yard, the date of stacking, the quantity, and the thickness are marked.* The oak which is intended for the spokes

* Situated in the centre of the woodyard is the woodshop, where are vertical, circular, and band saws ; tenoning, mortising, and planing

of wheels is all split, so as to get it along the grain. This wood, which principally comes from Herefordshire, Warwickshire, and Northamptonshire, is also exclusively used for the frames of thrashing-machines. The axle-beds are made of ash, and so are the felloes of the wheels, as no wood, save the old witch-elm, which is hard to get, can rival it in elasticity. Mahogany is also required for the riddles, but it is of the Bay-wood kind, and perfectly free from knots, which is not the case with the Honduras. We might have lingered for hours as a silent watcher in the wood machine-shop, where the steel arm and that of thew and muscle combine in planing, and finishing, and drilling holes, and other curious arts; but it was Saturday, and the dinner-bell was sounding the close of the labours of the week.

About fifty thousand Lincoln wethers are generally brought out at Lincoln Fair, which is held on the Friday after the last Tuesday in April. It is just the time when the marshes and the rich lands of Boston and Spalding want the hoggs from the turnip fields of the wold and heath. The Silver Cup given by the Lincolnshire Bank for the best five-score of hoggs, has fallen into disuse, as the flockmasters learn the strength of their neighbour's hand, and will not try. The late Mr. Greetham won it for several years, and he has

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machines, for preparing the frame timbers and boards of the thrashing machines before they are laid in the above-mentioned seasoning-sheds. Here, also, all the wood wheels required for the engines, thrashing machines, and straw elevators (from 100 to 160 per week) are made. Amongst the special tools in this department we noticed a clever spoke-lathe, which is prepared to turn any shape, whether round, square, or oval, according to the pattern given to copy from. The refuse timber, sawdust, and shavings made by the machinery in this shop drop through holes in the floor, and are used for heating the steam boilers. There is still the "case-hardening" to notice, by which process a surface as hard as steel is produced on such of the working parts of the engines and machines as are subject to wear. This consists in heating them for a number of hours in a furnace surrounded by a composition, and plunging them, while hot, into cold water.

made 4*l.* 18*s.* for a hundred.* Some few put Lincolns on Leicesters, but it is the more common practice to use the Leicester tup, and Mr. Greetham had a strong dash of Aylesby blood on his fine Lincoln foundation. Manchester, Wakefield, and the manufacturing districts are the largest consumers of Lincoln mutton. There is plenty of it to spare, as Lincolnshire has but one large town in it, and being thinly populated throughout, it is a larger exporter of farm produce than any other county in England. The Lincoln tup hoggets will regularly cut half a tod of wool (14lbs.) on turnips. Mr. Walesby has dangled in vain before the breeders' eyes for years a prize for a tod (28lbs.) tup-fleece, but none of them have taken it. The wool goes principally to Bradford to make bombazines, or to be worked up with Continental short wools. Some of the manufacturers are buying the best lustre that they can to replace alpaca. The finest lustre wool is

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* The Biscathorpe letting was not so successful as usual in 1869, but Mr. Dudding of Panton, took an aged sheep for 66*l.*, and the plum of the shearlings went to Mr. Going of Ireland for 65*l.* The joint average for the 60 shearlings, 32 two-shears, and 28 three-shears, was 12*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Kirkham's letting average in 1864 was 22*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* for 150 rams. The ram which headed the lettings at 160*l.* was let for 137*l.* in '65. Very few breeders like to lack a Chaplin sheep, as the flock is about the oldest in the county. In 1869, the ten shearlings and four aged sheep let at Panton averaged 19*l.* 2*s.* 1¾*d.* Two of the former made 31*l.* and 30*l.* Sixty-six shearlings and old sheep were sold at an average of 17*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, three of them making 40*l.* each, and another 36*l.* The Panton flock has been bred on the Panton farm for ninety years. Old Panton, who has done yeoman service in improving the breed, was bred by Mr. Dudding, sen., about twelve years ago, and sold to Mr. Kirkham, when four years old at 70 guineas. His produce may be safely averred to have made more money than any sheep in England. The Messrs. Dudding (who sold fifty rams at an average of 20*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* this year, and made the best average in Lincolnshire) lamb 800 ewes, and clip, with hoggs, over 1200. The other leading ram breeders in the county of Lincolnshire are Messrs. Morris, Clark, Kirkham, Chaplin, Vessey, Casswell, Davy, and Gilliat; the old flock is now reduced and in the hands of Mr. Walker of Durham; and the largest flockmasters are Messrs. Sowerby, Bramley, Ealand, Fieldsand, Chatterton, Welsh, Tharpley, and Martin, who lamb from 1000 to 500 each. In 1866, the

at once the produce of the strong chalk and the marsh land. It flourishes on the east side of the county, beginning from the Barton marshes on the Humber side, and so by Caistor and Louth to Spilsby. It also follows the rich land from Lincoln to Peterborough, by Market Deeping, and over the marsh-land tract of Spalding, Holbeach, and Long Sutton, to the very borders of Norfolk.

Lincolnshire lost a fine old sportsman in Mr. Thomas Brooks, or "Tom Brooks" of Croxby, as he was familiarly called. For many years past Tom had officiated as judge at the Royal and other great shows. He liked being among the hunter or the blood-horse classes; and his stalwart figure, with his rather high broad shoulders, thinnish legs, and somewhat small, weather-beaten head, made him a man of mark in the centre of the ring. He knew his work thoroughly, and would not brook "veterinary dictation;" and his rejoinder when one of them raised his

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late Mr. Greetham sold 220 hoggs off his Riseholme Farm at the Lincoln April Fair at 5*l.* each.

We read in the *Farmers' Magazine:* "In 1826, Mr. Dawson, of Withcall, killed a three-shear sheep, weighing 96½ lbs. per quarter; a two-shear weighing 91lbs. per quarter; and a shearling, 71lbs. per quarter. Mr. Robert Smith in his report of Lincoln sheep at the Warwick Show, states that 'he has known 14-months-old lamb-hoggs slaughtered at Lincoln April Fair, thirty together averaging 351bs. per quarter, and one hundred together clipping 14lbs. of washed wool each.' It is not the common practice for breeders of Lincolns to have them fit for the butcher at 14 or 15 months old; but they are generally kept until they are 22 to 28 months old, when their weight will be from 30 to 40lbs. per quarter, and they cut a second fleece weighing from 10 to 14lbs. The weight of wool of an entire flock, under fair average management, is about 8½lbs. each; in some cases, especially on good layer, this weight no doubt is exceeded. Mr. John Clarke's Lincoln prize ram clipped 51¾lbs. of wool in three years, an average of 17¼lbs. each year; while a neighbour of his, in 1859, clipped 327 hogget fleeces, which weighed altogether 130 tods, an average of over 11lbs. per fleece. The Lincoln breeders consider the mutton of admirable quality, having less fat, and a greater portion of fine-grained lean flesh, than the Leicester. The ewes are good breeders, but like the Cotswolds and Leicesters they are not good sucklers."

hat, and remarked, "It seems then that I may retire —I am not wanted here," caused many a laugh among those who "could see Tom saying it." To the last he could go a burster in the hunting field for a short distance, and no one loved the sport better, or remembered more accurately the work of every great Brocklesby hound. Old William Smith's name brought up many a racy story, told in a dry, quiet way. He bought a large number of hunters for Baron Rothschild; and although he did not bother about breeding blood stock, he liked a race dearly. We well remember meeting him in the paddock on Caractacus's Derby-day, and his telling us that he "didn't quite see the winner," but he had his eye on Lord Clifden, as a regular clinker for the next Derby, and that he should never see such a two-year-old again. He was also a capital judge of cart-horses (although he hated the job), and a grey he met at the Worcester Royal was the apple of his eye.

A few weeks before his death he had the misfortune to have one of his little fingers chopped off in a circular sawing machine. It did not heal well, and at last he applied some salve, which cured it, perhaps too quickly. After that he burnt the back of one of his hands severely. Both of these accidents told on him; and then he got very wet over a farm valuation. On reaching home he took to his bed, and lay there from the Tuesday to the next Monday, when he died. Lincolnshire will long think of her fine old hunting "worthy."

Mr. John Thompson, on the other side of the Humber, died not many weeks before him. For some time past he had been complaining slightly of illness, and Mr. Teale, the celebrated surgeon of Leeds, had warned him that his heart was affected, and that he must beware of all excitement. However, Sir Clifford Constable's staghounds came to look for an outlying deer, and to uncart a fresh one if they failed to

find it. He came out on a horse which his son had purchased from Captain Percy Williams, and was delighted with his mount, as he did not previously think that it was up to his weight. His friends were surprised at his wonderful spirits; and there is no doubt he over-exerted himself in clambering up the side of one of the Holderness drains. He chaffed an old friend who followed, and required some help from a hunting whip. Five minutes after that he must have felt dizzy and dismounted for a minute. Only one person, a girl, saw him; and she said that he stood for a minute or two holding his horse's rein, and then sank down as his hand slackened its hold. He must, in fact, have died as he stood. There were few men more beloved and honoured, and the Royal lost a very useful shorthorn and sheep judge by his death.

Hull was plenteously placarded by its four expectant M.P.'s, to prove that "Codlin, not Short, 's your friend" in Downing Street; and we were glad to be over the Humber, and among the sixty-eight big and thick-fleeced rams at Aylesby Manor—Quid, Patron, Rifleman, Romulus, and Co. These Leicesters are from the flock of eighty years' standing, which the Philip Skipworths made with Garrick, Granby, and Aylesby A (for whom the Leicestershire Society made a 300*l.* offer in vain), and which Mr. Torr has kept up by constant resort to head quarters at Normanton, Barrow, and Holmpierrepont. It was the ram-letting day, but some familiar faces—John Booth, Nainby, Frank Iles, Gibbons, and Tom Brooks—were lacking when we sat down in the old barn, whose rafters once rung with their merry jokes and speeches, and we could only drink to their memories. The old kennel yard below is full of yearling Booth bulls. Few could recognise in it now any traces of its original mission; but even before the days of the Pretender, the combined packs of Pelham and Tyr-

whitt sallied forth from it at dawn, to try the furzes for fox or hare, and had miles upon miles of unenclosed breezy wolds for their hunting grounds.

Aylesby Manor is pretty nearly the centre of the 2300 acres which Mr. Torr has in hand, principally under Mr. Drake and Colonel Tomline, M.P. He has also 300 acres of grass, and 250 of marsh on the Humber side near Immingham and Stallingboro', and an outlying farm at Rothwell, where three sycamores mark the highest point of the Lincolnshire wolds. However, when behind "the iron horse," or flying over the grass by the roadside on the "woldsman's pony," he makes very little account of time and space; and what with home—to wit, calling his orders out of his bedroom window at 5 A.M.—and county and Royal Agricultural business, few men have thrown such an intense earnestness into life, or worked so hard for others. At home, if you see a distant and ever-moving figure in the park, and not unfrequently in shirt-sleeves for coolness, among the heifers or the ewes, there is no mistaking "Torr of Riby," although he is not exactly "composed" after his presentation portrait by Knight, R.A., a 340 guinea tribute from his friends. Inventing a prize gate, or sketching out a new set of farm buildings, or planning a model cottage, or giving evidence on cattle transit before the Privy Council, or making an after-dinner speech, or rising on a point of finance or a change in the prize-sheet at the Smithfield Club and Hanover-square, come equally natural to one "with the concentrated energy of half-a-score of men." Riding-horses he does not keep; but the old black pony by Highflyer had thirteen Primo foals, all black, with white ticks, seven colts and six fillies, and averaging fourteen three. Dr. Beevor's Bobby was used on these fillies, and from them the present riding-stud had its origin. Everything must be unique and pure of its kind. At Aylesby the cats are all black, and the game-cocks

and hens black-breasted reds; Captain Barclay's Dorkings flourish at Riby and the Dales; Rouen ducks at Rothwell and Riby; and in the long sedgy lake at the head of Irby Dales Glen scores of black Buenos Ayres ducks, with their burnished green heads, are disporting themselves along with the water-hens.

The grand array of Vanguard cows—Gloamin, Gleamy, Glittering Star, Golden Gem, Glisten, Genuine Gem, and Gauntlet—have died out, and in the Church pasture we looked on the massive white Bracelet 4th, the last of the old cow's descendants in female tail, and ripening to go off on grass at about 90st. Guide Post and Genoa, with the fine old head, were "up" for Christmas; Lady Zillah and Warrior's Plume were the North Lincolnshire prize heifers of the year; but still the buxom Cherry Queen 4th, with second Royal honours awaiting her, was the dainty queen of the cow yards. There too was Blink Bonny, the good thick matron, with the short tail. She was once put up for fat, and honourably earned her reprieve by being in calf. Weal Royal with the true Booth loin, Fair Dane, the pale red Flower of Denmark, Clarence Flower, Mountain Flower, and Bright Queen were among the beauties in the park, and Weal Bliss was ripening for future shows in Canada.*

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* Mr. Torr commenced hiring bulls from Killerby and Warlaby in 1844, and began with Lepnard for two seasons. Since then he has had Baron Warlaby, Vanguard (for six seasons, and again to help Hopewell), Sir Leonard, Crown Prince, Hopewell, British Prince, Fitzclarence, Prince of Warlaby, Royal Bridegroom, British Crown, and Governor General, with Helmsman, Roseberry, Thornberry, Leonidas, Brideman, Clarence, Monk, Lord Blithe, and Mountain Chief in aid. Dr. M'Hale and The Druid were hired from Mr. Barnes in Ireland; and Booth Royal, Breast Plate, Killerby Monk, and Blinkhoolie have been the home-bred Booth bulls in use. Vanguard got no show bulls but Grey Gauntlet. His cows, of which we have mentioned the finest, had great size, fine hair, and deep flesh. Several of the above were amongst the 16 cows and one bull which died of splenetic apoplexy a few years since. Water Nymph is the last of them; and, one with

From Aylesby Manor, its claims of long descent from Burgess and from Booth in field and fold, and the sum-total of its other agricultural activities, we pass to Boston, or the metropolis of the fens. Time was when we thought nothing of getting out of the train at Louth and walking ten miles west, for an hour with Jack Morgan on the Southwold flags; but we have no such mission now, and leaving Spilsby, a little red-roofed town on a hill, to our right, we cross the Witham, whose pike have "none like," hard by the big sluice gates and the glorious lantern tower of St. Botolph's. It looks down on a diocese of count-

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another, Vanguard left full 200 head of stock on the place. During the year that Vanguard was exchanged for Crown Prince, he got Bride Elect at Warlaby. Fitzclarence left grand cows, and British Prince good substance and ribs on his stock. At one time there were 26 heifers by him, all very light roans with cherry necks. Baron Warlaby and Royal Bridegroom both got good bulls. Dr. M'Hale's stock had a fine outline, but were a little too high on the leg. Mr. Torr has sold upwards of two hundred yearling bulls, at an average of more than 50*l.*, to all parts of the world, not excepting Bessarabia and South Russia.

The herd has sprung from nine tribes. (1) The *Sylphide*, which represents Killerby, became extinct with Bracelet 4th. (2) The *Rose* dates back to Rennet and Blanche 2nd, and represents Studley. Rennet by Fanatic was bought for 40 guineas at Mr. Marjoribanks's sale, and bred three bulls, which were sold for 440*l.* Her heifer Riby Rose by Vanguard brought the tribe out. Blanche 2nd by Zadig came from the Greys, and there was only a cross or so difference between hers and Sylphide's pedigree. Blanches are all "Brights;" and Bright Queen and Bright Dew by Fitzclarence are the best of the sort. (3) The *Barmpton* herd has descendants through Sweetbriar or rather Flora of Farnsfield, a daughter of a very good cow Formosa by Sir Thomas. From her sprang the flower tribe, a particularly favourite one with Mr. Torr. Of these Flower Girl by Londesboro' was the chief; and there were three good Vanguard sisters—Flower Nymph, Flower Maid, and Flower Lady. (4) The *Woodford* is composed entirely of descendants of Sylph through Lady of the Manor and Lady Mary Bountiful, daughter of Belinda by Ranunculus. They are another branch of the Milcote Charmer or Sweetheart tribe. (5) *Fawsley* was only represented by the Garland tribe, but they are all gone. They sadly lacked hair and style. (6) There are only three Telluria females to represent the once leading cow at *Wiseton*. (7) The *Hartforth* goes back through Cherry Duchess 3rd by Second Grand Duke to Old Cherry. Cherry Queen 4th by Royal Bridegroom is one of the most promising

less towers and spires. They stand in serried rank like martello outposts all along the Wash, from Sutton to Fishtoft, where John Conington of Boston, one of the very foremost classical scholars of the century, has just been laid to rest at only 44. It has needed cunning chartsmen to map out the shifting channels amid all that treacherous sand; and we marvel as we read the sea-lore, which tells how "if it be night, you should keep Lynn Well Light E.N.E. until Hunstanton Light appears a deep red, and then anchor in 7 or 8 fathoms," *et cetera*. Drains and sluices have done a wondrous work on that once dreary level, and made it a land of rich farms and pleasantly-shaded gardens instead of a

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heifers in the herd, to which this tribe has principally contributed females. (8) *Kirklevington* is represented by the Water Witches, whose dam Water Witch by Fourth Duke of Northumberland was bought at Rev. T. Cator's sale. She had seven females, which have swelled to forty. Baron Warlaby crossed best with this Waterloo tribe, as Vanguard was too big for them. Warrior's Plume by Breast Plate is quite a crack amongst them. (9) Mr. Robson of *Cadeby*, near Louth, furnished a tribe from Moon Beam and Gold Beam. They are all G's and M's, but the G's are the best of the two.

The flock consists of 1200 breeding ewes, of which 500 are pure Leicesters, kept entirely at Aylesby. No lean stock is sent to market, the whole of the lambs being fed on the farms, as well as some lean ones in addition, which are bought in the autumn to make up for losses, &c. At Riby the proportion of gimmers annually introduced into the flock is fully one-third; but at Aylesby it is less, as fine breeding ewes are kept on to an indefinite age. The crop of lambs is about ten per cent. in excess of the number of ewes put to the ram.

In 1848 Mr. Torr succeeded the younger Philip Skipworth (whose father gave 600 guineas for a ram from Leicestershire) in the occupation of Aylesby, and bought the pure Leicestershire flock of 400 ewes for 1500*l*. Since then the tups used have been almost entirely hired from Burgess and Sanday; one or two others, however, have been obtained from Buckley and Stone. All the new blood has, therefore, been obtained from the purest flocks of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire.

The letting-books of the last twenty years show how much, and how widely, Aylesby blood is appreciated. A very large number of rams have gone to Ireland, some to France, Australia, and California, and a few even to Jamaica and St. Helena; while Mr. Torr numbers amongst his home customers residents in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and most of the English counties.

home for the wild duck and the hern. Its inhabitants, contrary to the old belief, are not web-footed, and ague is unknown. Oats have long since lost their monopoly of the soil. The carrot yield has been thirty tons to the acre; and wheat on warp land has touched nine quarters. Woad with its seven-inch leaves, springing from a carrot-like root, yields its triple harvest for three years, and when pulled and dried on wicker flakes is packed off to Leeds as a mordant for blues and blacks. It lays no tax on the wheat-feeding properties of the soil, and hence wheat can be taken after it for three years in succession.

The warrens on the wolds above Alford have been enclosed and cultivated within the last thirty years. At "Hairby Hill" thousands of rabbits were slaughtered yearly for the sake of their silver-grey pelts, which were forwarded to St. Petersburgh, and their carcases disposed of for 4*d.* to 8*d.* a couple at Louth, Alford, Spilsby, and Boston. Between Burgh or "Boro" (as many term it) and the sea is a portion of a tract of marsh land extending from Grimsby to Boston, which is considered the finest grazing land in England. It is truly the land of "twenty thorpes," and a tale still lingers among those parishes of a parson who resided at a distance from his cure, and was called to account by his bishop for having omitted to hold service for several Sundays. He replied to his lordship after this fashion, "The roads are so bad, my lord, that I defy the devil himself to get to the parish; but when the spring sets in and the roads are passable, I promise to be there in time, and give his majesty a dusting." It was in this neighbourhood that an eccentric farmer lived, who, rather than pay the nag-horse tax, which was levied in the height of the French war, sold his nag-horses and rode regularly to Spilsby market on a saddled cow. Spilsby was the early home of Sir John Franklin, and a few miles further

west is Revesby Abbey, the residence (before it was rebuilt) of Sir Joseph Banks, who "stocked the park with kangaroos." The old baronet sent a lot of them to Brocklesby, where Lord Yarborough allotted them a paddock, and every comfort and convenience. In fact they were one of the lions of the place.

Seventy years ago, before Mr. William Wedd Tuxford, senior, erected his eight-sail mill in Skirbeck, no fine wheats were grown on the fens, and it was long after that time before millers ceased to send for their finer flour into the Stamford and Spalding districts. "Velvet Red" was then sown, and in due time it had a successful rival in "Red Porky," or hog-backed wheat. This humble windmill, which "all the bugle breezes" only kept at work on the average for every third day, until steam power stepped in, was the germ of the works of Tuxford and Sons. It stands still keeping watch and ward over the busy life which it called into being, and not far from it is the grey tower of Skirbeck church, which has borne many a hundred months of that "hard grey weather" which blows from the Eastern sea. The first mechanical link between "the wind wheel" of the past and the finishing machine and portable engine of the present was on this wise: During a very wet summer Mr. Tuxford had been at great trouble to separate the sprouted wheat by hand, and hence his flour made 10*d.* per stone beyond any in the Boston market. As his business increased, he had to consider how the same process could be effected in machinery, and after much thought he solved the problem of the double motion reeing sieve. He then applied to a craftsman in the town to make the castings for his machinery, but that philosopher dreaded a rival at his very doors, and refused. Even the offer to give him the Birmingham price, *plus* the carriage, failed to persuade him, and the first reeing machine was built without his aid. A picture of it, well worn with time, still holds the pride

of place in the Skirbeck Works' office, and at one corner of it is the scoop with which the attendant watched the machines, and at intervals skimmed off the smut-balls, sprouted, and lighter grains which worked their way to the centre of the sieve. With a variation in the size of the wire, it has been used for grass seeds, linseed, and coffee berries, and sent to Egypt for lentils.

A short ride from the Boston market-place—where the statue of Herbert Ingram, who knew, if ever man did, as the poet of his own county has said,

> "The seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand,"

tells its sterling lesson to the lads of his own town—brings us to the Skirbeck Works, which now occupy an area of six acres. An Italian ship was discharging its freight of linseed, as we skirted the Witham on our route, and then we turned inland past the site of the mother church, the old red Hussey Tower, whose flagstaff leans in its decay over the battlement, and the pasture close of the Augustine friars. A few girders and plates for the Thames Embankment are stacked ready for departure to the order of Mr. Webster, who began his rapid upward career sixteen years ago as a master builder in a small village near Boston.

The Skirbeck Works may be said to date from 1841, when they furnished a portable engine and thrashing machine to the late Mr. Robert Roslin, of Algarkirk, at a time when farmers hardly dared to think of a fire in their yard. The machine was driven on a frame, with the engine after the old fashion, and was equal to thrashing-out eighty quarters of wheat a day, with seven cwt. of coals. The firm's first portable combined machine was ordered by Mr. George Holland of Wigtoft; and having made their ground sure on that point, they introduced their patent housed engine with vertical cylinder at Exeter in 1850. Five

years after they were first for portable engines at Carlisle, where the fuel was diminished from 8lbs. to 3¾lbs. per horse per hour.

Skirbeck has scattered its products far and wide. In Hungary, France, and Austria more especially, it finds its great European markets for engines and finishing machines and centrifugal pumps; and New Zealand, Pekin, the Burra Burra Mines, Shanghai, Cuba, Australia, Peru, and California have also sent many an order. Its sawing-machines may be found in Burmah, in whose wood yards elephants are taught to pile the teak. It has sent traction-engines and trains of waggons to Calicut, on the Coromandel coast, to bring coffee down the ghauts from the plantations, as well as steam packing machinery for wool to the Queensland Government, and an engine to spin wire for the telegraph works at Bengal. Two fibre mills with hydraulic presses have gone out to Loanga in Africa, to squeeze the juice of the giant reeds. No ships can come within a mile of that coast, and no horse can live there by reason of the Tsetse fly. Hence the negroes had to draw the engine when it was taken off the launches, and carry the other machinery in pieces on their heads. The "river horse" holds his revels among the reeds, and his flesh is cured like bacon for sale.

The draftsmen were busy with pencil and compasses in a long upper room, marking-out the line for the busy colony of ten-score workers in wood and iron below. A mysterious glass vessel filled with an oil-like fluid on one table was bearing its part as an experimental model for some giant double-actioned road-rammer, fated to descend with three-ton emphasis at each stroke. Among the wood models were water-wheels furnished with different-floats; and we had "our first warning" of the water-wheel for Natal, whose presence haunted us go where we might. Two or three small waggons linked together stand idly on

the shelf, now that their mission is over of settling the point of connexion between each, so as to cause the whole train to take the same course on a straight road or round curves. A traction engine with an endless railway attached is taken on its journey across the floor for our benefit; and we also hear of an adaptation of the half section of an Archimedean pump to "a worm" for the transference of grain in a mill.

Pigs of iron are piled in the yard below, and workmen are breaking them up for the furnaces. The cold-blast iron comes from Shropshire, and Middlesboro' and Scotland furnish the hot-blast, which is not so strong in its texture, but has come into much more general use on account of its price. Part of the Natal wheel rests under a large shed, waiting for its buckets; and crossing over the yard, we are in the dark sand regions among the moulders, who are busy at the Thames'-side balustrades. In this shop, puddlers with brawny sinews and "auctioneers" (which election bullies have not cared to meet twice) are bending over huge casting boxes, or treading in the clay for a girder mould, as if they were working in a wine vat. Thomas Sampson, who, like Ellis Maddison, has grown grey with forty years in the service, comes forth from his nook in the wall, to tell us of the giant cranes overhead and the mysteries of "proper granulation" at furnace tapping. The craft is of a less gentle kind in an adjoining shed, where we find some grand left-handed hitters among the quartets which gather round the anvils, or close up the rivets of the engine boilers. It is here that iron owns its remorseless conqueror in steel and man's device. A small bolt descends upon an iron sheet and punches out a hole the size of a lozenge, while another half-inch sheet, which is held up to the tender mercies of an adjacent huge instrument of torture, is cut as calmly as a bit of brown paper. "The coach house" is across the yard, and there stand upwards of forty engines ready for going out,

and some of them packed for Japan. Blue was once the body colour, but of late years the taste of customers has run in favour of green. An exact counterpart of the one with two cylinders which did the best duty at Bury—viz. (3 pounds $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of coal for each horse power per hour), stands in the outer room, and others are drawn up in a shed, along with sections of centrifugal pumps, which are equal to discharging from 350 to 5000 gallons per minute.

Leaving the Iron King's dominions we enter those of Wood, where seven combined finishing machines are receiving their last touches, and we try to penetrate the mysteries of the adjustable screen. Patterns of wheels hang on the wall like shields, and for the third and last time we light on our Natal-bound friend with his thirty-feet diameter. A word to a carpenter in a mysterious model gallery running along the centre of the roof, brings him down with the wood coping model, and placing it on the balustrades which are built up into form as they come in from the founders, he shows us a portion of the parapet of the Thames Embankment. All the wood is seasoned for five years, under rain and sunshine in the yard. The elm and the ash are nearly all from the fens, and have 33 per cent. more gravity in that rich clay loam than when grown on lighter soils. Revesby and Kirkstead have furnished many a stately oak, and there was a memorable purchase at Pinchbeck of three oaks growing from one stool, which fell before the wind in a night. It was some time before the bargain was closed, and then the fallen monarchs would never have seen Skirbeck, if a traction engine had not been sent to drag them across the fens.

THE END.